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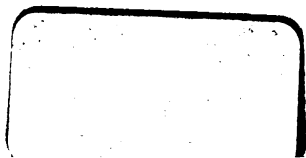
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# SKETCHES

OF

HISTORY, POLITICS, AND MANNERS,

IN

DUBLIN,

AND

THE NORTH OF IRELAND,

IN 1810.

BY JOHN GAMBLE, Esq.

---

Long from a country ever hardly used,  
At random censured, wantonly abused,  
Have Britons drawn their sport with no kind view,  
And judged the many by the rascal few.

CHURCHILL.

---

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THIS work, which is again with great deference submitted to the Public, was first published several years ago; and, I trust, in its present form, it will be found still more deserving of their attention. It is written in a similar manner to "Sketches in 1812;" and by short tale, by slight sketch, and brief dialogue, rather than by formal dissertation, it endeavours to make known a very peculiar people, and a state of society, unhappily unparalleled on the civilized earth. It has been honoured with the approbation of many distinguished individuals who have visited this country; and it has had a mark of approbation, if possible, more unequivocal still,—for it has been freely borrowed from by all descriptions of my contemporaries, speech-makers as well as writers; and that too with as little notice taken of me, as Vesputius took of Columbus.

It may be thought, that in some instances I

have carried levity too far; I can only say, in excuse, that the History of Ireland is a melancholy history, and that he who contemplates it must be merry, if he would not be mad. When the cypress at every step waves mournful over our heads, we may be allowed, without harsh censure, to turn a little aside, to pluck the violet and daisy which grow near our path. I might further urge, that my little work was written on my recovery from severe illness, and that glad release from the confinement of a sick chamber, and gay interchange of hill and valley, gave me an hilarity of heart which I rarely ever had before, and never have had since.

But be its faults what they may—and, like every human production, it doubtless has many—it is, I flatter myself, in connexion with its Continuation in 1812, the most faithful representation that has ever yet been given of a large portion of the Irish people; and I say this with the less scruple, because accident, more than any merit of my own, has had share in this. I left Ireland early; I lived out of it long; my prime of life (and in no other respect do I compare myself with the great man who first said

this) was “ spent in wandering and in care :” I passed several years in distant lands ; and when the state of my health would no longer allow me to discharge the duties of my situation, I returned home, with the strongest testimonials of my services, that perhaps were ever bestowed on an individual of my profession and rank. In my frequent visits to this country, I carefully examined various parts of it, and have often resided at the sequestered spot where I write this ; but ever regarding myself as a stranger and sojourner, and belonging to no party, sect, club, or denomination of any kind.

Even under these circumstances, it would be presumptuous in me to say that I have none of those national predilections, which time and distant association, though they weaken, rarely thoroughly destroy ; but I can confidently declare, that if, in what I have written, I have been led astray by any motive of prejudice or partiality, I am myself unconscious of it : I think I have represented things as they were ; I am sure I have represented them as they appeared to me to be.

In the same spirit was written “ Sketches in

1812;" (those in 1818 were only gleanings, perhaps, of an over-reaped field;) which, should I be enabled to lay them again before the Public, will form, with the present volume, a complete picture of the Presbyterians of the North of Ireland. In the mean time, I shall appeal to those who have favoured that work with a perusal, whether I have not—particularly in the concluding chapter—predicted much of what has since occurred in Ireland; and whether I have not pointed to the remedy (if indeed there be a remedy), in the direction in which able statesmen have subsequently sought it.

*Strabane, June, 1826.*

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# SKETCHES,

&c.

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## CHAP. I.

Departure from London—Stage-coach reflections—Irish passenger—Arrival at Liverpool—Theatre—Cooke—Young—Indecency of a certain part of the audience.

*Liverpool, August, 1810.*

EXHAUSTED with sickness I left London, in the hope of finding in distant and rural scenes some relief from pain, and some alleviation of suffering: whether I shall have my expectations realized, or whether a work undertaken under such circumstances can afford much amusement to the reader, is, I fear, a problematical business.—Books of travels have multiplied in proportion as the countries where travellers could resort to have diminished; and have left nothing new either to see or to say. In former times, when the desire of change, or the love of amusement, influenced a person to travel, he had the whole continent of Europe to resort to; where, amidst the festive scenes of Paris, or the romantic scenery of Switzerland, on the top of Vesuvius, or amidst the ruins of the Capitol, on the Rhone, the Tiber, or the Brenta; names endeared to the imagination, not only by the grand ideas annexed

to them, but by fond association with the days in which these ideas were first acquired, he might find a remedy for a "mind diseased," and sick of the world as it is, riot in an imaginary one, the glittering offspring of his own fancy; but thanks to the ambition of the great ones of the earth, who have kept the world in a pretty constant state of warfare for the last twenty years, and may, perhaps, for twenty years to come, the British tourist has now a narrower range. Spider-like, he must spin his web out of the materials of the British empire only—with bird-eye prospects of Cadiz and Lisbon, as long as we are permitted to occupy them. There is no evil, however, without its good: one advantage attending this is, that it brings Englishmen better acquainted with their own country; every nook and corner of which have been so often described, that they are now as well known as Hyde-Park Corner. Should a similar knowledge of Ireland ever come to be generally diffused, it would be attended with infinite advantages to that ill-fated country; as many of the evils under which it has so long laboured may be traced to the ignorance in which Englishmen have lived of its true character; with which, until lately, they were almost as much unacquainted as with Thibet or Japan. Most happy should I feel myself, could my feeble production remove one abuse, correct one error, or soften one prejudice, that keeps asunder two nations whose interests are so inseparable, and which, united by God and nature, it will never, I trust, be in the power of man to cut asunder.

I left London at six o'clock on Monday evening, the 29th of July, in the heavy coach, for Liverpool, from which place I knew I could have a speedy con-

veyance to Dublin. Nothing remarkable happened during our journey; for it would be almost as wearisome to the reader, as it was at the time to myself, to recount all the jolts and hardships of an overloaded coach during a journey of upwards of two hundred miles. My fellow-travellers were mighty commonplace people; they had neither sense to instruct, beauty to charm, nor wit to enliven. Our principal speakers were a smart Liverpool milliner, a little addicted to Methodism, and, I suspect, more than a little addicted to love; and a Greenock shop-keeper who had been in London for the first time, and left it with a firm conviction of its inferiority to the part of the world of which he was a native. The streets, he said, were nothing to those of Glasgow; the London porter was not to be compared with Bell's beer, one bottle of which (this was the highest panegyric he could bestow on it) would make a man drunk at any time—some brick-kilns we passed gave him an opportunity of remarking that the bricks about Glasgow were of a much better colour. The vice of London, particularly its ill observance of Sunday, which they termed the Sabbath, called forth severe animadversions from him and the fair Methodist. I verily believe they considered it another Gomorrah, devoted to immediate destruction; and as I endeavoured to soften the asperity of their censures, and besides, took a wishful look of it from Highgate Hill, I presume they found in me the pillar of salt, necessary to complete the picture. Sick of their unmeaning conversation, I took refuge in sullen silence; though I could not forbear sighing as I surveyed the little group around me, and contrasted the present scene with the picture which, in early

youth, my romantic imagination had drawn of a stage coach ; where the most uncommon adventures were to happen, and where some forlorn damsel, flying for the sake of love, was to be met and comforted by some interesting personage—such as not unlikely I then imagined myself ; but this is but the stage coach of a novelist or a poet ; an English one at present (so much are commerce and romance at variance) gives us laughing, not crying heroines, who care as little for refinement as they do for Epictetus, and sedate male passengers (grave and sober men), who talk about the price of stocks, and the comforts of a good dinner, and care a great deal more about a leg of lamb, or breast of veal, than either taper limbs or panting bosoms, were they even aided by “ the lightning of the eye, the clustering tresses, the white and rounded arms of Miss Owenson’s choicest heroine herself.”

The company on the outside, as is usual in Liverpool coaches, consisted of a number of seamen, who drank, sung, and quarrelled during the whole of the journey ; I do not suppose there ever was a more noisy coach, since coaches were first invented ; a mill was the temple of silence in comparison. One of them, an old Irishman, had been in the navy upwards of twenty years, and was then returning with a pension of sixteen pounds a year to his wife, who kept a small shop in Liverpool ; he had three guineas, and a seven-shilling-piece, which he showed with great exultation, and seemed to consider an inexhaustible mine. With the generosity natural to his profession and country, he insisted upon treating every one, both in and on the coach : and by way of doing the honours of it the better, and setting his company a good example, he got so

drunk, that in crawling round the top in pursuit of his brandy bottle, he tumbled off, and narrowly escaped being killed.—He was very much stunned with the fall: the first use he made of his tongue, was to inquire after the unlucky bottle which had caused his overthrow: and, on the Scotchman's telling him he should rather return thanks to Heaven for his deliverance, he poured forth a volley of execrations at his ill luck in returning (after so long an absence) to his wife, with a face covered with scars. He was hoisted (not without some difficulty) on the top of the coach; and as he continued very outrageous at the thoughts of his lost beauty, as well as brandy bottle, the coachman thought it prudent to secure him with a large chain to the roof, where he sat grinning in terrific majesty. When he got sober he was released, and I could not help being struck with the courage he displayed in a very dangerous situation in which we were placed, by the partial overturning of the coach—the company inside scrambled out as well as they could, the outside passengers jumped off, and he only remained. While the coachman was engaged in getting up the fallen horse, he managed the reins with admirable coolness, and succeeded in extricating the coach from a situation, in which the slightest error would have overturned it and himself along with it.

We arrived about five o'clock on Wednesday evening, having been forty-seven hours on the road; the coach stops at the Talbot Inn, in Water Street: a house which, however well it may be adapted to the man of business, is rather too noisy for a studious man, and too slow in its attendance for a hungry one. After a fatiguing journey, we naturally look forward to the

comforts of a good dinner; I had regaled myself with the thoughts of it for the last twenty miles—it was lucky I had so well feasted in imagination, as I was doomed to experience the reverse in reality: the dinner was bad, and the wine worse; the fish was too little, and a mutton chop was too much, done; the mustard was sour, and had I tasted the vinegar, I dare say I should have found it sweet: besides all this I was obliged to wait a couple of hours for it, because the whole house, mistress, servants and all, were engaged in preparing a dinner for a great gentleman. I was curious to know who this great personage was, who thus caused me to fast without any religious merit: he was no less a person than a great Birmingham gunsmith, and, as the waiter told me, worth upwards of fifty thousand pounds—wealth being the only standard by which a man is estimated here: seeing me, however, look rather disconsolate, he admitted, with great candour, I had some reason to complain, but requested I would suspend my opinion till the next day at four o'clock, when, at the travellers' ordinary, I should get a dinner (to use his own words) fit for a prince, and wine—worthy, no doubt the Birmingham gunsmith himself; my opinion, however, was already formed—I did not choose to sleep in a mill, or to eat in a caravansera, I therefore removed the next day to the Crown, in Red-Cross Street, where I now am, and find myself much more comfortable.

As I am fond of the theatre, I asked the chambermaid at the Talbot, immediately on my arrival, if Mr. Young was performing there? she answered No; but after hesitating a moment, said the drunken man was: I had no difficulty in understanding who she meant,

and had this night a very rich, though not a *spirited* feast, in his performance of Shylock : his excellence in that part, however, is too well known to require any comment of mine. I was very much pleased with the appearance of the house, and with the performers in general. The Liverpool actors were very respectable, and besides Mr. Cooke and Mr. Simmons, there were some female performers from London : Miss Bolton was highly interesting in Jessica, and sung several songs with great taste and feeling : Mrs. H. Johnston played Portia with great propriety, though I should suppose it a part to which she is not much accustomed. The part in which she pleased me the least was that in which she laboured the most, I mean in the last scene of the last act, where Portia torments Bassanio for having given away her ring. Indeed I have remarked, that in the expression of humour, this lady almost always fails ; a circumstance the more extraordinary, if it be true, as I have heard reported by those who know her, that the character of her own disposition is gaiety ; this is a proof, among many others, how little connexion there is between the real and artificial character of a performer, and should serve to check an opinion, too prevalent (which, for the sake of my friend Cooke, I trust is unjust) that to portray successfully a villain, one must be a villain himself. Mr. Young, in whose disposition the milder virtues predominate, is most generally admired in parts of energy and force : though I have good reasons for believing he conceives his strength is in the pathetic ; but in this instance (no uncommon thing with the greatest men) he has mistaken his own character ; his Beverley, though a good, is an inferior performance to many of his others ; his



element is the sublime, the gloomy and terrific, the gigantic that appals, the sorrow that rends, but does not soften the heart; in the struggle of contending passions, the horror of remorse, the agony of guilt, and phrensy of despair, this actor stands unrivalled; nor can any age or country, in my opinion, boast of a superior performance to his Sir Edward Mortimer, in the Iron Chest; a piece rejected and neglected as a feeble and spiritless composition, till he embodied himself with it, giving light to darkness, order to chaos, converting a dry and sterile sketch into a rich and finished picture, and giving to the lofty, but indistinct conceptions, the grand but half-formed ideas of the poet,

“ A local habitation and a name.”

I sat during the play in the pit, but afterwards went to the upper boxes, where I witnessed a scene fully as farcical as any that could be performed on the stage.— It seems it is essential in this theatre, to keep the clean and unclean, the modest and immodest parts of the female sex, as much apart as possible: whether the virtuous are improved by this deviation from the London mode, I shall not take on me to determine, but I am sure the other description are injured by it; as they displayed an immodesty and indelicacy that was disgusting: a parent might have brought his children there for the same reason that made the Spartans make their Helotes drunk before theirs.—If, as Mr. Burke (with more attention to good-breeding than morality) remarks, the great sting of vice is its grossness, the Cyprians of Liverpool are the most venomous creatures alive. I was accosted by several: whether I am to attribute it to any thing particularly

prepossessing in my physiognomy, I shall not take on me to determine; but I received several hearty embraces, while, to my shame be it spoken, I remained perfectly neuter: reversing thus the order of the sexes, or if for a moment active, struggling to save myself from the gripe of these Lancashire amazons.—The lobby exhibited tumult, riot, and drunkenness—sailors, mates, and captains of vessels, uncoated, unshaved, covered with filth and tar, “with all their imperfections on their head,” walked about drinking grog, and smoking tobacco.—I could not forbear remarking to the friend who accompanied me, the miserable situation of an elegant female like Miss —— obliged to exhibit herself for the entertainment of such an audience, adding, that if I was a young woman, I would rather throw myself into one of their own docks—“*la tête la premiere.*”—I extricated myself from the fair syrens I had got entangled with, though from the shoving and pulling I experienced, I was very near, Joseph-like, leaving my skirt behind me.

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## CHAP. II.

Liverpool—Remarks on quackery—Theatre—Lear—Mr. Roscoe.

*Liverpool, August.*

I AM still here, and as the wind continues obstinately in the N. W. here I am likely to remain. I learn from the waiter, who, seeing me chagrined, kindly undertook to comfort me, that he has known instances of this wind blowing for weeks together—a comfortable prospect truly. But this is not a solitary instance of

my ill-luck—the same evil fortune has followed me in almost every journey I ever undertook ; I never went to sea, no matter at what season, or however fine the weather was before, that a storm did not rise immediately afterwards. I hardly ever got on horseback that I did not run the risk of having my neck broken, nor did I scarcely ever set off on a walking-party, that the rain did not set off along with me. I remember in one of those excursions through Wales, I had three ferries to cross ; I was detained a day each at two of them, and was nearly drowned in crossing the third. Some people, says the proverb, are born with a silver spoon in their mouth, and others with a wooden ladle—I fear I am of the latter description ; I am sure at least I am none of those who (as I have read in some old French play or other) if they were thrown naked into the sea, would rise up again with a bag-wig and sword.

Of all things, I detest a sea-port the most ; and here I am left in this great bustling place, where every one seems busy but myself, with hardly a single acquaintance ; for I cannot reckon as such the stupid drones I meet with in the public room of my inn, whose whole conversation is the price of sugar and rum, Manchester cottons and Sheffield hardware, with occasional digressions on the scarcity of corn, and the price of black cattle.—“ How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford Fair ? ” without even the redeeming reflection, “ that we shall all die.”

After the declaration I have just made, that I have hardly an acquaintance in this town, it would be absurd to give an opinion of it ; I shall therefore barely remark, that it appears to me a mere sea-port. The

smell of tar assails one in every quarter—in Castle Street, and the squares, as well as in the docks; and, as we are told from high authority, that there is no touching tar without being defiled, it is no wonder we imagine we perceive it in the manners of the men, and the faces of the women. The streets in general are narrow, crooked, and irregular, though there some good houses in the town, and still more in the neighbourhood. The house of a celebrated medicine-vender, about two miles off, on the London road, is particularly distinguished for its neatness and elegance—a happy monument of his own craft, and the folly of the good people of England, who in this, as in various other instances, have proved themselves, “whatever he may be,” no Solomons.—I have tried the medicine, and find it pleasant to the taste, and harmless in its effects, which is more than can be said for many medicines highly vaunted; but had it been as nauseous as *asafoetida*, and as deadly as night-shade, there would have been found people enough to have swallowed it.—The credulity of John Bull is as great as the adventurers are numerous who prey on it; he is the great Leviathan of the ocean, whose blubber gives food to all the smaller fish: his is the true ostrich stomach, and luckily for politicians and quack-doctors, it will digest any thing.

I am just returned from the theatre—the play was *King Lear*, the part of *King Lear* by Mr. Cooke, *Cordelia* by Mrs. H. Johnston. Mr. Cooke and Mrs. H. Johnston are the great load-stones of attraction at present; they are coupled together in large characters on the play-bills, and always appear hand in hand like the two kings of Brentford. The last evening I witnessed a pleasant, this evening an extraordinary

performance: when the good old king made his first appearance, I was at a loss to know what to think of him—it was too soon for him to lose his wits from sorrow, I therefore feared he had from brandy; I feared that the natural had been too strong for the artificial character, and that the actor was sunk in the excesses of the man—I soon perceived, however, that I was mistaken, and that he was perfectly sober: I then imagined, that, despising his amphibious audience, and not liking to “cast his pearls before swine,” he was burlesquing the part; nor am I yet recovered from the astonishment I was thrown into on this occasion. His performance was not only faint, flat, and spiritless, which might be attributed to illness; but he seemed to have no conception of his author’s meaning: out of every hundred men in the habit of reading Shakspeare, ninety-nine, I have little doubt, would read the part better than he played it.—The other performers did not do a jot better than their venerable chief—they were truly

“*Cantare pares, et respondere parati.*”

Poor Tom played the fool to be sure, but it was in undertaking a part for which he was so ill qualified—he ran about crying “poor Tom’s a-cold,” until, as the weather was warm, he threw himself into a profuse perspiration. I do not know whether it proceeded from his, or the ladies’ exertions, but I was obliged oftener than once to put lavender on my handkerchief, to sweeten an atmosphere, which assuredly bore little resemblance to the “sweet south,

“*When it breathes over a bank of violets.*”

Regan and Goneril, with their inflamed eyes, daubed

cheeks and red noses, might have been mistaken for a couple of enraged landladies, quarrelling with an unlucky guest after having robbed him of his *half-crown* each; while the pious, the gentle, the soul-subduing Cordelia, with her smart air, cocked-up hat, cotton stockings, and short petticoat, looked more like a country lass decked out for a village fair than a king's daughter. To mend the matter, they were all imperfect in their parts, and after the prompter was heard first, came halting and hesitating the performer, a second or two afterwards. In short, a more miserable performance I believe was never witnessed in the barn of a country town—having “neither the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, they so strutted and bellowed, that they looked as if Bonaparte, or some of his journeymen, had made them kings and queens, and not made them well, they imitated royalty so abominably.”

I am just now summoned, as the wind is becoming favourable; I cannot quit Liverpool, however, without paying the humble tribute of my respect to a man whose virtues and talents are an honour, not to this town only, but to his country and to human nature: every reader I am sure will anticipate who I mean—the reviver of Italian literature, the mild advocate of freedom, the enemy of slavery, the friend of man—the humane and benevolent Roscoe. Born in a humble station, with no other inheritance than the sacred fire of genius, he has given himself wealth, and rank, and consideration; he has done more—he has given refinement to grossness, knowledge to ignorance, taste and humanity to cumbersome and overgrown riches; he has transfused a portion of his own spirit into the

heavy matter that surrounded him. Orpheus-like, his soft and harmonious soul has softened the rugged nature of brutes ; and a stranger of sensibility may contemplate Liverpool with some satisfaction, gracefully as he has thrown the rosy wreath of his own brilliant imagination round the massy pillar of rough and barbarous wealth. He has been the promoter of almost every institution (and it has many) that this town has to boast of—of societies to save, of hospitals to prolong, and of libraries to gladden and instruct life ; nor are his private charities less numerous, and would fill a much larger volume than this—they are written in the breast of the widow and the orphan, in the heart that melts, in the eye that overflows, at his approach—“ When the ear heard him, then it blessed him ; and when the eye saw him, then it gave witness to him.—The blessing of him that was ready to perish was on him ; and he caused the widow’s heart to sing for joy. He was a father to the poor ; and the cause which he knew not, he searched out.”

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### CHAPTER III.

Departure—Passage to Dublin—Remarks on sea-sickness—  
Dublin Bay—Hotel—Dialogue at a tavern.

*Dublin, August.*

WE sailed about an hour after I went on board, and for once Fortune has been propitious to me ; our passage was of the most favourable kind, and breezes, soft as the breath of love, wafted us gently to the emerald isle. The distance from Liverpool to Dublin

is about forty leagues, which we ran in something more than twenty-six hours. I passed the greatest part of the day on deck, and contemplated, with all the security an unruffled sea affords, the rough and lofty coasts along which our vessel glided: illuminated as they were by a cheering sun, these gigantic and craggy rocks inspired no terror; though it required little stretch of the imagination to picture them blackened with tempest, and threatening destruction to the mariner struggling, "often vainly struggling," to avoid their fatal shock. The whole of this coast is dangerous, even to a proverb; and many sea captains have declared they felt more anxiety in going from Holyhead to Liverpool, than in their passage from the West Indies to England. I would recommend every person who goes to sea for the first time to keep upon deck as much as possible: it is the most effectual method of avoiding sickness; and, if at length he is obliged to yield to it, the tone and refreshment, which the pure and cold air has given him, shortens its duration, and weakens its violence. It is, I think, impossible to enter the cabin of a packet without feeling nausea and disgust, the air is so confined and suffocating: the society in a Liverpool one is generally of the lowest kind, and that of the fair sex, so agreeable in every other situation, ceases to be so in this one. Ovid gives rules for the cure of love—he has omitted, or perhaps did not know, the most effectual of all. But I will draw a veil over this subject; I have no pleasure in dwelling on the dark side of a fair picture, and the fairest picture, alas! has its dark side. The writer of romance has great advantages over us humble authors of tours and voyages—in the calenture



of his working brain, he is not, like us, confined to sober realities—he dips his pencil in the glittering dew-drops of fancy, and decks, with all the colours of the rainbow, poor, naked, shivering human nature: his head is in labour; and, like Minerva of old, a full-grown goddess, with no human failings, and subject to no human weaknesses, bursts forth, ready dressed, and armed at all points: he conducts her, weeping and wailing, with a cambric handkerchief to her eyes, through four, sometimes six, thick volumes of distress, “through antres vast and deserts idle,” with no money in her pocket, often without a shoe to her foot, or a shift (if I may be pardoned so antiquated a word) to her back! But, such are the happy privileges of a poet’s offspring, she is never a jot the less lovely, or the less attractive—she is still an overflowing fountain of sweets, a hill of perpetual love; her food is ambrosia, and she transudes frankincense! Would (I cannot forbear saying) some such had been in our cabin! for I am sure it wanted sweetening prodigiously.

Sir George Staunton, in his learned (“learned and dull are frequently synonymous terms”) account of the embassy to China, has defined the nature of sea-sickness with great precision, and describes it with so much justice and minuteness, that it almost made me sick to read it.—(I have here to acknowledge the favours I owe this worthy author for the many sound sleeps his valuable work procured me last winter, when I was afflicted with a severe rheumatism, and every other opiate had failed.) As I am, however, no writer of folios, I have no pretensions to make my readers either sick or sleepy; I shall not, therefore, meddle with the history of this nauseous disease, but say a few words of the method

of treatment only.—When a person is compelled by sea-sickness to quit the deck and betake himself to his berth, he should stretch himself as much at length as possible, with his head low and firmly pressed to the pillow, endeavouring to lose all motion of his own, and to accommodate himself to that of the ship. Wine or brandy is bad; though, of the two, the latter, diluted with water, is preferable. The drink I should recommend is highly-taken bottled porter, soda or seltzer water: I have derived great benefit from a teaspoonful of æther taken in a glass of the latter; and once prevented sickness altogether by a small opiate plaster, applied to the pit of the stomach.

We got into Dublin Bay about four in the morning. The beauty of this bay has been often noticed. Some person who was a great traveller, or was willing to be thought so, remarked that it bore a striking likeness to the Bay of Naples, and hundreds have echoed the observation, who know no more of Naples than of the Straits of Thermopylæ. A brother tourist, who visited this country last summer, is of a different opinion, and says they are no more to be compared together than Brentford and Bath. I am sorry I cannot decide this important question—I never was in the Bay of Naples; and though I have just sailed through that of Dublin, I must candidly confess I did not see it. I was in a sound sleep at the time; but had I been even broad awake, and on deck, the matter, I fear, would not have been much mended—for I must take this opportunity of mentioning, that I am remarkably short-sighted—far too much so, indeed, for distinguishing prospects. Were I to attempt to describe the present one, I fear I should so confuse earth, sky, and

water, that it would be impossible for the reader to tell the hill of Howth from the silver cloud that rests on its head, or the blue waves that break on its base. I must therefore pass through this bay as quietly as our vessel did; nor has he any reason to regret that I do so: a description would be unnecessary for him who has seen it, and the best description would be unintelligible to him who has not.

We went ashore at a small custom-house near the Pigeon-house, lately erected for the examination of passengers' luggage. I had two or three steps to ascend to the pier: in an instant a couple of stout fellows in ragged great coats started forward to assist me, and helped me up with as much caution as if I were bent under the burthen of fourscore years: they kindly followed me to the custom-house, wishing me health and long life and a happy sight of my friends: unlike the bishop in the fable, they did not, however, choose to give their blessings for nothing—they hoped I would remember poor Pat, and begged a *tin-penny* or two just to drink my honour's health. The examination of the trunks was a mere form, and over in a few minutes—mine was just looked into and closed again. I concluded that the gentlemen of the custom-house sold their civility much dearer than my late supporters did their blessings, and had my purse ready to comply with the demand which I expected. I was disappointed, however; there was no fee either asked for or expected. A traveller sometimes sees strange sights, and almost always says he has seen them: I have travelled a good deal myself, but never till this morning did I witness the novelty of a disinterested custom-house.

I stepped out of it into the long coach, as it is called,

which was waiting for us : it was completely filled inside and out : it carried thirty passengers with all their luggage. There was little danger of being run away with, even with mettlesome horses : to do ours justice, they were not of that description : from their steady and venerable appearance, they might have drawn the archbishop of Dublin himself. As may well be conceived, the air in the inside was insufferably close and oppressive : from the paleness of many of the faces around me, it was easy to see that sickness had not subsided. One gentleman remarked that he was always *sea-sick* in a stage-coach. I regret I did not find out to which of the countries he belonged : his speech was what is termed Irish, but I think his accent was English. This, however, is not a certain criterion to judge by ; most travellers returning from England, to prove that they have been there, and to display their superiority over their untravelled countrymen, affect an English accent and pronunciation. As they are generally ignorant of the rules, they make ridiculous mistakes accordingly ; oftentimes pronouncing *het* and *hend* for *hat* and *hand* ; *teeble* and *steeble* for *table* and *stable*.—We passed through Ringsend, a small village almost in ruins. Though it is only a mile and a half from Dublin, we were more than half an hour in getting to the Mail-Coach Hotel, in Dawson Street, where the coach stops. The distance from the Pigeon-house is four miles : our fare for ourselves and luggage was three shillings and four-pence each. The Mail-Coach Hotel, I think, is a good house ; I am sure it is a dear one : we were charged *thrée* shillings English (three shillings and three-pence) each for breakfast : it is fair to acknowledge, however, that it was a sumptuous one

—tea, coffee, eggs, ham, &c. &c. : and I dare say some of the company, whose bowels were empty after their late evacuation, took the full value of their money.— This was too expensive a place for me ; I therefore took private lodgings.

I called in the course of the morning on some people I had formerly known ; they received me with all the kindness so congenial to the hearts of Irishmen.—I had two invitations to dinner for that day, but declined them. Both the gentlemen who gave them were married ; and Dublin dames, I knew, no more than London ones, like to be taken unawares : besides, the motion of the vessel was still in my head, and wine and whisky punch I feared would not make it steadier. I preferred, therefore, dining in silence and solitude in the Ormond Tavern, Capel-street. The last of these expectations was in some degree realised, for I had a box to myself, and I should have known better than to expect the former : silence is no more the virtue of man in this, than it is of woman in any country ; there were about twenty people in the room, all eating, all speaking, and, except myself, nobody listening.—I repeat, verbatim and literatim, a conversation which a gentleman held with an acquaintance in an opposite box :—“ Is this Doctor B. there ? I didn’t see you before, because I didn’t look that way ; I drink your health, sir.” “ I pledge you, sir, in porter : here, waiter, you d——d wriggled-eyed bastard, why don’t you bring me my wine, I say ?” “ Well, and how do you get your health, my honey ?” “ Troth, but middling ; playing at cards with you, and a drop of the native, has done it no good. Bad luck to your own soul for the head-ache you gave me yesterday ; with

laughing at your old stories, and drinking your new wine." "And how did you like the play the other night?" (It was *Love in a Village*, and Mrs. Dickons sang.) "In troth, I would have liked it better, only for you: you said you would meet me at the Cock, and so I went away to look for you before the singing began, but the devil a cock or a hen could I find you at." "How do you like Mrs. Dickons?" "How should I tell that, that had only set my two looking eyes on her, and went away just as she was opening her mouth like a lark in a summer's morning; but I can tell you one thing, by J—s, she has d—d black-looking gums of her own."—In addition to this treat of *calves-head*, I had a comfortable dinner of fish and stewed veal; (I must here mention, as an inducement to epicures to visit this country, that Dublin has fish in much greater perfection, perhaps, than any other capital in Europe) the wine was excellent; I drank more than I intended on going in, but the conviviality was so general, that I thought it did not become me to be an exception to it.—Foote was once asked if he had ever been at Cork, during his residence in Ireland? No, he said, but he had seen many drawings of it.—I witnessed a good number in the course of the evening, and nearly finished a bottle myself: no bad libation to the Zephyrs who bore me in safety among a people who unite, so gracefully,

"The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

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## CHAPTER IV.

General appearance of Dublin—Historical observations—The Castle—College Library—University—Severe studies.

*Dublin.*

I WALKED about the streets for some hours this morning, and saw little alteration in them since I was here last. It was predicted, by some of its violent opposers, that the Union would cause grass to grow in the streets of Dublin: these political prophecies have not yet been fulfilled; I see nothing green in the streets, though I do a number of geraniums in the windows, which give a delightful fragrance to the air, and breathe the perfume of Arabia on the banks of the Liffy.—There is something inexpressibly graceful in the appearance of this town to a stranger; he is forcibly struck with the strong likeness it bears to London, of which it is a beautiful copy—more beautiful, in truth, in miniature than the gigantic original. Like a watch set in a ring, it charms with its fairy distinctness, its light and airy construction: the streets are wide and commodious, the houses uniform, lofty, and elegant: Sackville-street is a noble avenue, a hundred and twenty feet wide, terminated by the Rotunda and public gardens; nor do I know any square in London that equals Merrion-square for beauty and uniformity of appearance. The river is open to the view in the whole of its course through the city; and the quays, when properly embanked, will form a walk superior, perhaps, to any thing of the kind in the uni-

verse.—The Liffy, however, is but an inconsiderable stream, and only remarkable for having the metropolis seated on its banks: it rises in the county of Wicklow, and discharges itself into Dublin Bay a little below the city, and is navigable for vessels of three hundred tons up to the new custom-house at Carlisle Bridge. This bridge is a very fine one; it consists of three arches,—the centre is forty-eight feet wide, and the two extreme arches, seventy feet, six inches. The breadth of this bridge is remarkably spacious, being sixty feet between the balustrades: it is therefore wider by ten feet than that of Westminster. There are several other bridges, none of which have any thing to recommend them, except Essex Bridge, first built in 1676, but taken down in 1753, and rebuilt, in an elegant form, after the model of Westminster Bridge.

Dublin is a place of great antiquity: Ptolemy, who flourished in the reign of Antoninus Pius, about the year 140, says it was anciently called Aschiled. In 155, Alpinus, whose daughter Auliana was drowned in the Liffy, changed the name from Aschiled to Auliana: it was afterwards named Dublana, and Ptolemy calls it Eblana. Dublana, whence comes Dublinum and Dublin, is evidently derived from Dub-leana, “the place of the black harbour or lake,” or rather “the lake of the sea,”—the Bay of Dublin being frequently so called. The Irish call it Dromchollcoil, “the brow of a hazel wood.” And in 181, Eogan, king of Munster, being on a royal tour, paid a visit to this place, which was then called Atha Cliath—Dubb-Line, “the passage of the ford of hurdles over the black pool.” King Edgar, in the preface to his charter, dated 964, mentions Ireland, with its most



noble city (*nobilissima civitas*) of Dublin. By the Fingallians it is called *Divelin*, and by the Welsh *Dinas-Dulin*, or the city of *Dullin*.—In 448, *Alpin Mac Eachard*, king of Dublin, and all his subjects, were converted to christianity by *St. Patrick*. In the year 498, the *Ostmen* or *Danes*, having entered the *Liffy* with a fleet of sixty sail, made themselves masters of Dublin and the adjacent country, and soon after environed the city with walls. About 1170, *Dermot Mac Murrough*, king of *Leinster*, having quarrelled with the other princes of the kingdom, a confederacy was formed against him by *Roderick O'Connor*, monarch of Ireland: *Dermot* applied to *Henry II.* king of England, who sent over a number of English adventurers, by whose assistance he was reinstated in his dominions; and in the year 1171, the descendants of the *Danes* still continuing to hold possession of Dublin, it was besieged and taken by a powerful party of the English, under *Raymond le Gros*. *Mac Turkill*, the Danish king, escaped to his shipping; he returned, however, soon after, with a strong fleet, to recover the city, but was killed in the attempt, and in him ended the race of *Easterling* princes in Ireland.—In 1172, *Henry II.* landed at *Waterford*, and obtained from *Richard*, earl of *Strongbow* (who married the daughter of *Dermot Mac Murrough*, and by agreement was his successor), a surrender of the city of Dublin. In 1173, he granted it his first charter, and by divers privileges encouraged a colony from *Bristol* to settle there. In 1216, *Magna Charta* was granted to the Irish by *Henry III.*, an entry of which was made in the red book of the *Exchequer* at Dublin. In 1217, the city was granted to the citizens, in *fee-farm*, at two hun-

dred marks per annum; and, in 1227, the above monarch ordained that the charter granted by King John should be kept inviolably. In 1404, the statutes of Kilkenny and Dublin were confirmed, in a parliament held at this city, under the Earl of Ormond. The charter of the city of Dublin was renewed in 1609 by James I.

Notwithstanding its antiquity, Dublin has few ancient edifices, either public or private: the massy labours of our fathers have given place to the lighter works of their sons; the houses have almost all the appearance of being built within the last century; and even the churches, with the exception of Christ Church and St. Patrick's Cathedral, are of modern construction. The Castle of Dublin, nominally an ancient, is in reality a modern building; it was formerly moated and flanked with towers, but the ditch has been long since filled up, and the old buildings raised; the chapel and wardrobe tower excepted, which still remain. The Castle at present consists of two courts, the principal of which is an oblong square, formed by four ranges of buildings: within a few years, an edifice, called Bedford Tower, has been erected; it fronts the entrance to the viceroy's apartments, and is connected with the building on each side by two fine gates: over that on the right hand is a statue of Fortitude; and over the left gate, which is the grand portal, is the statue of Justice.

Though Dublin Castle is pretty, and even magnificent in some of its parts, it is deficient as a whole; it has no uniformity of plan, and as it is so scattered, that the eye can take little of it in at once, it has no dignity of appearance—it bears too evident marks of

the various repairs it has undergone ; and like Sir John Cutler's worsted stockings, so often darned with black silk, that they changed their original nature, it has lost all traces of its venerable origin, in the grotesque embellishments of modern art.—Of the various other public buildings with which this metropolis is embellished, it is not my intention to speak ; they are too generally known to make description necessary, and so numerous, that even a faint one would swell this book to infinitely too large a bulk. I cannot, however, forbear saying a few words of the College Library, which I saw for the first time to-day, and which struck me, as I think it must every stranger, with its superb and lofty magnificence.—It is built of hewn stone, with an elegant Corinthian entablature, crowned with a balustrade and ornamented windows, and consists of an extensive centre and two advanced pavilions. In the western pavilion are the librarian's apartments, and the grand staircase, from which, by folding doors, you enter the Library, by much the finest room (so at least I was told) in the three kingdoms appropriated to such a purpose: the galleries are adorned with the busts of many illustrious writers and literary characters, executed in white marble by able masters ; and on the shelves are to be found an admirable collection of the best writers on every subject, in number exceeding forty-six thousand volumes, which is also daily increasing. At its further end, in the eastern pavilion, is the manuscript room, fifty-two feet long, twenty-six broad, and twenty-two high, wherein are many valuable manuscripts, particularly those relative to Irish history ; and some of high estimation in the Greek, Arabic, and Persian languages :

among the former are the celebrated Montfortian manuscript, and a copy of the four gospels, with a continued Greek commentary, written in the ninth century. Under this library is a spacious piazza of equal extent, out of which a gate opens into the Fellows' Garden.

This college, as is well known, was founded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is termed in the charter, "the College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity near Dublin;"—it is now almost in the centre of it: so much has Dublin increased in size in little better than two centuries.—It is governed by the provost and senior fellows, from whose decisions there is an appeal to the visitors, who are the chancellor of the University (the Duke of Cumberland), or his vice-chancellor, and the archbishop of Dublin. The number of fellowships fixed at present is twenty-two; seven senior, and fifteen junior. The emoluments of a senior fellowship are supposed at present to exceed seven hundred pounds yearly; the eldest of the juniors, if no objection lies against him, is elected by the provost and seniors, to a senior fellowship, within three days after a vacancy is known: but to a junior fellowship admission is obtained only by sustaining publicly one of the severest trials of the human faculties, of which we have any modern experience, or even knowledge from history.—The candidates are examined in Logic and Metaphysics, in all branches of the Mathematics, in Natural Philosophy and Ethics, in History, Chronology, the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew languages. The examination is in Latin, and the days appointed for it are the four days immediately preceding Trinity Sunday: none but young men of the brightest parts ever think

of standing for a fellowship: they generally read from fourteen to eighteen hours a day, for a period of five, often of seven years, before venturing to undergo an examination. Such intense application, as may well be conceived, has ruined the constitution of hundreds—many have become blind, many have lost their lives and reason, from the fatal effects of such continued mental exertion; nor is there perhaps a solitary instance of a Fellow, whose health has not been injured, and talents impaired by it.—The brain, like every other organ, after violent motion, requires long rest; after a great degree of excitement, it sinks into as low a state of collapse; and the high wrought fever of youth and hope, which sustains the mind through such gigantic and incredible efforts, the moment they are crowned with success, subsides into all the lethargy and imbecility of old age. A Dublin Fellow, fainting and exhausted from the wilderness of dry and unprofitable study, has no longer either talent or inclination for it. Like a painter seated before a difficult and dazzling picture, his eye seeks relief from the soft shade of light reading and agreeable society.—It is little to be wondered at, therefore, that we have so few works from himself, or the learned body to which he belongs; though it is deeply to be lamented, that a course of study should still be persisted in, which benumbs genius and paralyses effort; which almost makes knowledge useless, and learning contemptible; which puts the burden of Atlas on the gristly shoulders of youth; and plunges the present generation into the miry gulf of scholastic divinity, which has swallowed up so many preceding ones.

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## CHAPTER. V.

Physicians—Singular suicide—Mr. Colclough—Theatre—Deficiency of popular taste—C—— the advocate—Grattan.

*Dublin.*

I DINED with the gentleman who had accompanied me to the Castle and College: he was a practitioner of medicine in town, and had been a fellow-student of my own at Edinburgh. There were two other gentlemen, medical men likewise: we had a most excellent dinner; I question whether the provost, or even the chancellor himself (with all due respect I speak it), had a better;—the fish was delicious; though not a Roman Catholic, I actually kept Lent, in this instance I fear with no religious merit.—Our conversation was mostly medical: it is as impossible for four men of the same profession to meet without talking of it, as for four ladies to get together without a little scandal. The bottle circulated freely, but there was no constraint; every one was at liberty to drink as much or as little as he pleased, and, as is commonly the case when the liquor is good, every one (with my solitary exception) was pleased to drink a great deal. Dublin physicians do not forget that they are men and Irishmen: they converse, laugh, and drink, and have thrown aside the grave airs and formal manners, with the large wigs and gold-headed canes of their predecessors: they have a candour and openness of address, an ease and dignity of deportment, far superior to that of their London brethren. The truth is, a physician here is almost at the pinnacle of greatness: there are

few resident nobility or gentry since the Union, and the professors of law and medicine may be said to form the aristocracy of the place. They have, therefore, all the advantages of manner, which a lofty sense of superiority, along with much association with mankind, never fail to produce. A London practitioner is little better than a bon bourgeois, whom people of rank call in when they are sick, but have no intercourse with when they are well—the only exception I am acquainted with was the late Sir John Hayes, who was a highly amusing companion, and very much in company, certainly; but he was an Irishman, and patronized and brought forward by an Irishman, Lord Moira: I suspect that he was confided in less, as he was associated with more; and that though his jokes were always relished, his physic was often given to the dogs.

Doctor Johnson has remarked, that a book might be made on the fortunes of physicians in large towns; my own experience abundantly proves the truth of the observation: some of the stupidest men of my acquaintance have been highly successful; while many young men of the brightest parts have been compelled to relinquish the profession entirely:—having gradually journeyed from the first floor to the garret, they were obliged to go higher still, and from their airy “*Gradus ad Parnasum*,” to soar to the lofty regions of song. Apollo is the god of poetry as well as of medicine, and when his votaries fail in the one, they naturally turn to the other. To speak seriously, I hardly know a more pitiable situation than that of some of my young medical friends; compared to whom, a shoemaker or a cobbler is a happy and independent character. Without money

to defray the necessary expenses of a gentleman, they linger out the best years of their life in penury and sorrow ; in the most galling penury, which must display the appearance of riches, and in sorrow, which must wear the face of joy ; living in a state of constant dissimulation, talking of fees they never received, of patients they never had, and, though last, not least, forced to watch the humours and listen to the complaints of some antiquated matron, who has undertaken to recommend them to her friends, and whose party they durst no more desert at cassino or whist, than a soldier his colours in the field of battle.

I have mentioned above, that the gentleman with whom I dined was a fellow-student of mine at Edinburgh, about 16 or 17 years ago. It is a melancholy proof of the uncertainty of human life, that of twenty-five young men I was in habits of intimacy with, he and two others only survive—nor was the manner of many of their deaths less melancholy ; some were drowned, some lost their lives in the yellow fever, others in duels, and another because he could not get leave to fight one. He was a young high-spirited West Indian :—a short time after his return to the island (I forget which) of which he was a native, he was grossly insulted by a gentleman at a dance—he retired, and sent him a message—the offender, with the unanimous approbation of his brother (gentlemen shall I call them ?) refused meeting him, because his father (who, though a respectable man, was organist to the church) was no gentleman : the poor young man in a frenzy rushed into the ball-room, and in the presence of these enlightened judges blew his brains out. Had he turned his pistol on any of them, instead



of himself, this consequence could not have followed—for surely they had no brains to lose.

The fate of another was still more distressing, and as it may furnish a lesson to presumptuous youth to move in the orbit which nature assigns to it, I shall mention it here. His name was Colclough—he took afterwards a distinguished part in the Irish rebellion; and was executed—he was a young man of considerable talents and great gentleness of manners; but he had great vanity, and great ambition also. Vanity and ambition, more than conviction, have made many young men republicans. He who thinks himself qualified to govern does not like to obey, and the youth who, in the glowing visions of imagination, wields a truncheon, and hearkens to the trumpet, can have little relish for the pestle and mortar's more peaceful sound. Among the debating societies of the students, there was one in which general subjects were discussed, to the exclusion only of medical ones. Mr. Colclough was a great speaker there, and often displayed no mean oratorical powers. I recollect well one subject of discussion was the assassination of Cæsar—"Was it a justifiable act on the part of Brutus and the other conspirators?"—As may be supposed, he took the part of the great martyr of freedom; he made a long and brilliant speech, which was greatly admired and rapturously applauded by all who heard it. I have very little doubt that the praise he received that night gave a bias to his future life, and that the destiny of Brutus involved his own equally unfortunate one. He resolved to quit the profession of medicine, and betake himself to the bar, as a field where his abilities would have greater room. In the interval, however, a small

fortune was left him, and he married. Shortly afterwards, the Irish rebellion broke out: the stage was now erected on which so many thousands were doomed to perish; he flattered himself, no doubt, with being able to play a distinguished part, and was among the foremost who appeared on its reeking boards. He had talents, youth, and courage, which, well directed, might have given him the rank and consideration he so much coveted; but which, abused and misapplied, served only to conduct him to the gallows—to excite some sympathy in the hearts of others, and probably in his last moments to embitter his own. At the age of twenty-six his course was finished. After the re-capture of Wexford, he retired with his wife and child to one of the Saltee Islands, of which he was landlord, and chose for his temporary abode a cave, which he furnished with provisions, and hoped to remain concealed till the fervour of prosecution should abate: but Mr. Bagenal Harvey, knowing his place of retreat, followed him so incautiously, as to afford a foundation for conjecture and discovery:—they surrendered without resistance; though from the nature of the place they might have made for some time a defence. At his trial he displayed a calm intrepidity and dignity, tempered with mildness, which commanded the admiration and esteem of the spectators; at the place of execution he did not evince less fortitude; he called, it is said, for a glass of wine, and drank his Majesty's health. I hope this is not true. About to be launched into eternity, the most outrageous loyalist troubles himself little about kings; but in a man of his prejudices and opinions, such a toast could only have been dissimulation, and if ever given, must have proceeded from some faint hope

and lingering expectation of mercy. Mr. Colclough was a remarkably handsome man, elegantly made, though rather heavy in the limbs, as Irishmen not unfrequently are; his face was round and fair, with an expression of great sweetness; he was a Catholic, though, when I knew him, ashamed to acknowledge it—he thought it degrading as a philosopher and republican, to wear the shackles of so contracted a religion; yet so difficult are early habits to be rooted out, so much do the tales of the nursery influence the man, that what he denied with his tongue, he venerated in his heart; and he has been often known to steal privately to the only Catholic place of worship Edinburgh then afforded; he was then very young, however, and his religious opinions might have undergone many changes previous to his death—little did I imagine at that period it would be his fate to undergo such a one, or that it would be mine thus to record it.

After our party broke up I went to the play: it was the *Three Knights*, which I was desirous to see; not, as will readily be believed, on its own account, but, as I had seen its first representation at Covent Garden, to compare the Dublin and London performers. The first act was over when I went in; this was so far convenient, that it gave me an opportunity of surveying the house and audience:—as a public building, Crow Street has little in its external or internal appearance to recommend it to notice; there were some allegorical paintings on the ceiling, of which I did not fully comprehend the meaning, nor did I think it worth while to inquire—the audience was brilliant and numerous: as we are now in the dog-days, the atmosphere was not over and above salubrious; all the foreheads around

me glistened with dew—one very large gentleman seemed completely in the melting mood, and, as he either had no handkerchief, or could not get at it, “the big round drops

“ Cours’d one another down his rubicund nose  
In piteous chase ;”

I could not help looking on the audience with pity, not unmixed with contempt ; nor can I conceive how a number of beings, pretending to be rational, could forego the beauties of a delicious summer’s evening, to sit for hours in a heated atmosphere, unfit for respiration and injurious to health, listening to a wild farrago of absurdity, in comparison with which, Guy Earl of Warwick, or Jack the Giant-Killer, are rational productions ; but such is the force of fashion. This play was approved of by a London manager, and was received as the newspapers were pleased to tell us, “ by a brilliant and overflowing audience with the most unbounded applause.”—The good people of Dublin were therefore earnest to see and applaud likewise ; and to prove themselves as profound critics as their sapient brethren of London. The truth is, amidst much noisy loud-tongued nationality, the people of Ireland, and in an especial manner, the people of Dublin, are as provincial a people as perhaps are anywhere to be found. On no subject of taste, nor (with the exception of politics) scarcely on any of literature, have they an opinion of their own. As good, as fashionable, as beautiful as in England, is the climax of praise ; nor has any thing a chance to be reckoned either good, or fashionable, or beautiful, unless it comes from England, or has been approved of there. The after-

piece was the *Budget of Blunders*, a farce which met with much illiberal opposition last winter in London, for no other reason, I believe, but the opinions its author was supposed to entertain on the riots which a short time before had disgraced Covent Garden;—it was highly and deservedly applauded here. A Mr. Farran exerted his talents with much effect in *Dr. Smugface*; I should have seen him I dare say with more pleasure, had I not seen Liston in the same part; but his humour is of so truly comic and original a nature, that every actor of his parts sinks in the comparison—in a particular sort of dry and quaint humour, in simplicity pretending to cunning, in vivacity that affects to be grave, in vacuity that seems to think, in the wisdom of folly, and the folly of wisdom, this actor stands unrivalled.

Their excellencies the Duke and Duchess of Richmond were present; they came in before the commencement of the play, and I understand were received with the highest applause: the duchess is a plain-looking middle-aged woman. The duke I did not distinctly see, nor did he, I fancy, see much of what was going on—he seemed little taken “with the cunning of the scene;” indeed, from the posture he sat in, I thought he was sleeping; but this is no imputation on his grace’s taste; I know by experience that the *Three Knights* is a very powerful narcotic. He brightened up, however, at the farce, and laughed so heartily, (in which the audience, as in duty bound, accompanied him) that the author himself, had he been present, would have been satisfied, and pronounced him a most judicious critic and enlightened lord lieutenant.

This was a day of meeting with great people; in

the morning, as I was walking with a friend in Dame Street, he desired me to look at a man who was coming towards us: I looked both at him and after him—"Do you see any thing remarkable there?" asked he. "Very," I replied; "he is remarkably ordinary, and remarkably mean-looking." "He is remarkably clever," said my companion; "that is Mr. C——, the celebrated advocate!" Bodily and mental beauty (though I have known some instances to the contrary) seldom go together. If Mr. C——'s talents are as great as his appearance is unprepossessing, he must be one of the brightest men in the world: he is little, and dark complexioned; but as he was dressed in a full suit of black, probably looked less than he really is.

A few moments afterwards I was lucky enough to meet with Mr. Grattan, whom, though I had heard him once or twice before in the House of Commons, I might be now said to see for the first time. I viewed, with mingled sentiments of respect and admiration, the man, whose transcendent abilities reflect such lustre on the country which gave him birth; which his talents have ennobled, and his eloquence freed; and who, during a period of thirty years, has proved himself the steady and inflexible patriot, faithful to his country, but loyal to his king. During his long political life, Mr. Grattan has often experienced the uncertainty of popular favour: in turn praised and abused, he was pronounced the saviour, and afterwards the betrayer of his country: his picture was put up with shouts and acclamations in the common-hall of this city, and afterwards taken down with curses and execrations. Regardless of ephemeral and evanescent popularity, he still held the even tenor of his way; unterrified by the frowns of government, and unseduced by the erroneous

judgments of the mob. He acted from the dictates of his own conscience, and found in the approbation of his own heart, the best reward of virtuous deeds.

As an orator he is in the foremost class ; he is not only the first at present in the House of Commons, but, perhaps, the greatest who ever had a seat there ; he is not a frequent speaker however—he is neither a fluent nor eloquent haranguer on the common business and details of parliament : on such occasions his manner seems trifling and insignificant ; his action ungraceful, and his words studiously sought, and obtained with difficulty : but on a grand question of justice or morality, which involves the existence and security of government, the happiness of the present and of succeeding generations, his mind grows with the subject ; he is wrapt and carried away as it were out of himself ; and he seems to his astonished hearers, something more than human. Like Achilles, his arguments scatter death upon his opponents ; the fire of his eloquence dries up and withers opposition like the lightning of heaven : the power of generalizing, which Mr. Grattan possesses, is most extraordinary, and is the true criterion of the orator as well as of the poet, “ who are of imagination both compact.” Every sentence is an aphorism on which pages might be written ; a text on which sermons might be preached ; he reviews the past, he dives into the future, which he foretells with almost prophetic exactness ; and in the bold frenzy of his oratory, as he pours forth the heavy denunciations of impending punishment on folly and misrule, he seems rather an oracle in the act of inspiration, than a public speaker. I remember well on the speech he made about two years ago on the Catholic question—(a speech which in my opinion might have impressed

conviction even on Bœotian stupidity), the whole gallery stood up as a spontaneous and involuntary tribute of admiration. Mr. Grattan is a thin and delicate-looking little man, but his eye is full of genius and fire—he is, I believe, considerably upwards of sixty, though his step has all the lightness and elasticity of youth: he lives at a beautiful place about nine or ten miles from Dublin: he is, I learn, an excellent husband and father, and as distinguished for his private as his public virtues.

I would strongly recommend to the perusal of my reader his letter to the citizens of Dublin, published in the year 1797. It is almost as interesting at the present as at that period, and to England as to Ireland.

Mr. Grattan by this eloquent letter subjected himself to much obloquy and some danger—as a composition it was severely criticised; and by many pronounced as deficient in reasoning as in loyalty. In the glowing language of oratory, which stops not to examine, he had said, “a naked man, oppressed by the state, is an armed post;” this was pronounced an absolute bull; and certainly though a strong, it is a singular expression. This, however, if we are to credit Mr. Boswell, is not the first instance of the same imputation being fixed upon him: some person repeated with enthusiasm before Dr. Johnson, the following passage from one of his earliest speeches—“I will persevere in my efforts until there is not one link remaining of the chain of English slavery to clank on the rags of the meanest peasant in Ireland.”—“Nay, sir,” said Dr. Johnson, “that is a bull; if there is only one link, how should it clank?”



## CHAPTER VI.

Search for Earl Strongbow's house—His monument in Christ Church—Barracks—Dublin and London mobs—Duel between Mr. Colclough and Mr. Allcock—Irish beggars—Palmerston fair—Hospital—Field's burying-ground.

*Dublin.*

AT the house where I breakfasted this morning, I was inquiring after curiosities—"I will show you one," said the gentleman, "and a very wonderful one too—the very house where Earl Strongbow lived, and for aught I can tell, built, for houses made of stone and lime were not very much the fashion, when he came first amongst us." This was something worth looking at, and we set off immediately after breakfast to see it: he took me to the street which contained this rare treasure; we walked several times up and down, but saw neither castle nor palace, neither shattered column nor decayed gateway.—The houses were mean and old-looking enough; but after surveying them all, with more exactness than they deserved, we could trace no more resemblance to a Gothic edifice than to a Chinese pagoda. We stopt every passenger to inquire after the house Earl Strongbow built; nobody could give us any information about it; we inquired at several shops; they were not a whit better antiquarians than the passengers; we might as well have asked after the house that Jack built. My friend, in a passion, swore he would stay there to doomsday, or he would find it out.—He might have stayed to doomsday, and been

no nearer his purpose—there was no such house there, though there had been an old one taken down some time before. It appeared, however, from an inscription on one of the beams, that it was not of earlier date than Queen Elizabeth: so that not even poetic licence could make it the residence of Earl Strongbow.

Disappointed in the purpose we came for, we were resolved, as we could not see the house in which this great warrior had lived, to see at least the one in which he was laid; and went to Christ Church accordingly. The monument of Earl Strongbow has a lofty and venerable appearance, and bears all the marks of great antiquity; the statue of the son is continued only to the middle, with the bowels open and supported by the hands.—He was a youth of seventeen, and, as tradition records, so terrified at the first onset of the Irish army, that he fled to Dublin in the utmost consternation, declaring that his father and all his forces had perished; that when, convinced of his mistake, he appeared before the earl, and congratulated him on his victory, the father rigidly condemned him to death for cowardice, and executed it with his own hand, by cutting him in two. There is the utmost reason to suspect, however, that this narrative has no other foundation than the fiction of some Irish bard, who invented it for a people delighting in the marvellous and affecting; and who would readily credit any evil story of a man, who had inflicted so much evil on themselves.

After having completed our survey, my friend proposed going to Palmerston fair; I readily consented.—I have more pleasure in contemplating the moving picture of man, than the stationary one of statues and monuments. At the fair where we were going, many,

no doubt, in the words of Shakspeare, would "put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains." But clowns, even without brains, are better than heroes without bowels. As the day was fine, we resolved to walk,—to avoid the crowd, we passed through the Barrack squares, and from thence into Phoenix Park. The Barracks are esteemed among the largest and most commodious in Europe. They consist of four squares, situated at the west end of the town, on the north side of the river; three or four regiments are constantly quartered here. The Dublin mob have at all times been rather unruly, and now more than ever a watchful eye is kept over them; a regiment of dragoons is always stationed in the neighbourhood, whose formidable appearance is a peculiar object of their terror. The nerves of a London mob seem to possess similar sensibility: though armed so strong with zeal for the worthy baronet and the cause of freedom on a recent occasion, they immediately dispersed at the sight of the immense sabres and large cocked hats of the horse guards: the most vociferous clamourer took to flight, and I know one instance of activity in a courageous and unwieldy friend of mine, that would reflect credit on Captain Barclay himself;—he was a great admirer of Sir Francis, drank his health, and wore his colours; abused his enemies, and swore, "let others do as they chose, but he would never forsake him." He was huzzaing with great strength of lungs in Piccadilly, when one of the dragoons gave him a smart blow with the flat side of his sabre across the shoulders:—all his zeal, like Acres's courage, oozed out of his fingers' ends; and he ran, without stopping or looking behind him, to his lodgings in Holborn. For some evenings after, he drank his

porter with a much less warlike air than formerly ; though now, I understand, he gives himself great credit for the desperate battle he fought with an armed dragoon.

The day was fine, and we had a delightful walk through the park, where there is a charming assemblage of rural beauty.—I was glad to be in it for that and other reasons.—I wished to hear my friend's voice and my own, which, in the streets of Dublin, is impossible ; the wheel-cars follow each other in a long line like a flock of wild geese, with a nasty kind of teasing and jingling noise that is insufferable ; the heavy sound of a London cart is not half so bad, and commands something like respect ;—a Dublin car is not much larger than a wheel-barrow : we endure the barking of a mastiff, but lose all patience at the yelping of a cur.—My companion is surgeon to a regiment which has been stationed in Ireland for several years ; he has been in all parts of it, and speaks in the most favourable terms of the kindness of heart he has met with every where ; obscured as it too often is in the lower classes by poverty and ignorance, and in the higher by habits of dissipation and the want of a good education. In the course of his peregrinations he has been very much employed in his profession ; the country surgeons in Ireland being in general no *Æsculapius's*. In the unfortunate duel which took place about three years ago at Wexford, between Mr. Colclough and Mr. Allcock, he was engaged to attend as surgeon by the latter : he told me the whole business exactly as it happened ; and as it contains some circumstances not uninteresting, and to a certain degree

illustrates the present state of manners in Ireland, I shall mention the heads of it.

Mr. Colclough was a young and amiable man, a relation of the Colclough I mentioned in a former chapter; he was in a delicate state of health, and strongly attached to a life of rural retirement; his friends, however, overcame the reluctance he felt at becoming a public man, and compelled him, by their importunities, to stand candidate for the county of Wexford, at the last general election. As he was of a catholic family, and whatever his outward professions might be, supposed to be in his heart and prejudices one himself, he was supported by the catholic interest.—Mr. Allcock was the protestant member. When religious and party spirit was thus added to the irritation of election, the contest, as may be supposed, was violent, and carried on with great bitterness on both sides;—there was an estate of a Mrs. Chimeny, generally resident in England, of which Mr. Allcock was certain, as she had given directions to her agent to make all her tenants vote for him; they were mostly Catholics, and the influence of party was stronger than the fears of a landlord: at the instigation of their priests, who were the most active partizans of Mr. Colclough, they all gave their votes to him; this Mr. Allcock considered a dishonourable interference of Mr. Colclough, and spoke to him with great asperity about it;—the other denied, with the utmost solemnity, having ever tampered with any of his voters. Mr. Allcock said he considered him accountable for the conduct of his agents, and becoming more outrageous, appointed a meeting in half an hour, to decide the quarrel. His

committee, however, when he reported what had happened, disapproved highly of his behaviour, and insisted on his sending an apology: this part of the business is involved in darkness, but it would appear that he did comply to a certain extent, and that Lord Valentia was sent with an apology: he was refused all access to Mr. Colclough, by the friends who managed his election: his lordship repeatedly said, "I am the bearer of an apology, which I think ought to satisfy."—The gentleman, who was afterwards Mr. Colclough's second, pulling out his watch, said, "No; Mr. Allcock gave Mr. Colclough half an hour, and we will keep him to his time."—They met exactly at the time appointed, in a field near the town. The business had now become known, and several thousands of both sexes, and all descriptions, assembled to see it. Doctor P—— thinks there were no less than fourteen or fifteen magistrates present, who stood unmoved spectators of this open violation of law.—When the ground was measuring, Mr. Colclough's friend objected to Mr. Allcock's wearing glasses, and requested him to take them off: this he refused, saying, "I am known to be very short-sighted, and even now am not on a footing with other men." It had been previously agreed that in case of either party being killed, the other should not prosecute; Mr. Colclough's friend, in a loud tone of voice, then said, "In that case, sir, I beg of you to understand, I consider the agreement lately made as broken." Mr. Allcock bowed his head as if in token of assent, but said nothing. The parties now took their places at twelve paces asunder. Mr. Colclough's second placed him—squared him was the expression my friend made use of, in the attitude in

which he should stand, and putting a pistol in one hand, bade him adieu by shaking the other—an eternal adieu—for the next instant Mr. Allcock fired, and Mr. Colclough fell lifeless; he fell on one side, and then rolled round on the face. Doctor P—— ran forward; with difficulty he got off a tight high-crowned hat; he felt all over the head, thinking, from its instantaneous effect, that the wound was there: finding it unhurt, he ran his hand under the shirt, and got hold of the ball under the left breast; at that moment the blood came rushing like a torrent even from the tops of his boots, staining the earth on which he lay, “making the green one red.”—The ball had passed through the body, wounding some of the great blood-vessels, probably the aorta, or the heart itself; which, in a few seconds, poured forth all its crimson contents. An awful silence and stillness for some moments pervaded the immense multitude; they were overwhelmed with the suddenness of the shock: when they recovered their recollection, there was an almost universal cry of anguish and sorrow. He had no longer any enemies, and the spirit of party faded before this melancholy scene; the Protestant now acknowledged his virtues; the Catholic bewailed his advocate, patron, and friend; and the poor, with clamorous sorrow, their humane and generous benefactor. Mr. Allcock was removed from the ground by his friends; they feared the rage of the people; but there was no reason—sorrow had subdued and softened their hearts; nor did sweeter incense ever embalm departed worth than the tears which bedewed the body of this virtuous man, from hearts which perhaps had never softened, and from eyes which had never wept before. He was carried to

his own house, and the body laid on a marble slab in the parlour, which was preparing for a grand entertainment, to be given on his election, of which he was assured. By a singular coincidence he was carried there in his own gig, gracefully decorated with flowers and oak-leaves, for a far different purpose ;

“ Flowers meant to deck his triumph,  
And not to strew his grave.”

Mr. Allcock was afterwards tried and acquitted: the judge conceived the rashness of the original provocation in a great degree expiated by the subsequent apology ; while he commented with the greatest severity on the conduct of Mr. Colclough's second, whom he considered as in reality the murderer of his friend, by the obstinacy with which he resisted all accommodation. Sir Jonah Barrington, as counsel for the prosecution, after alluding to Mr. Allcock's well-known excellence as a shot, reprobated in the strongest manner his putting on glasses. “ Gentlemen of the jury,” said he, “ he levelled his pistol with murderous exactness against the bosom of my unfortunate friend, who, until that fatal hour, had never raised his arm in enmity against man, bird, or beast.” It is reported that Mr. Allcock is now in a private mad-house in London.

We passed through Chapelizod, a large handsome village, two miles from the Castle of Dublin, on the banks of the Liffey, with a barrack, formerly occupied by the artillery, but now by a regiment of infantry. We now recognised the wisdom of our choice in taking the park rather than the great road : we got here into the very thick of the throng, and were surrounded by an immense number of people, mostly of



the lower class, proceeding in carts, cars, and gingles, on horseback, and on foot, to the happy spot. We were very much annoyed by the dust, and still more by the beggars, who were seated on the road side, and exhibited the most disgusting sores to excite compassion. The address of an Irish beggar is much more poetical and animated than that of an English one; his phraseology is as peculiar as the recitative in which it is delivered: he conjures you, for the love and honour of God, to throw something to the poor famishing sinner,—by your father and mother's soul, to cast an eye upon his sufferings;—he is equally liberal in his good wishes, whether you give him any thing or not; “may you live a hundred years, may you pass unhurt through fire and water, may the gates of Paradise be ever open to receive you;” are common modes of expression, which he utters with a volubility that is inconceivable.

Palmerston is a small village of a mean appearance, which, however, is amply compensated by the beauty of the surrounding scenery: the fair is held in the town, and some surrounding fields. The people on the ground were mostly of the lower class; yet the tents were laid out with a neatness, and even elegance, that bespoke the expectation of better company: long tables were covered with cloths of the most perfect whiteness, and plates, knives, and forks, were laid out with all the regularity of a tavern. Beef, ham, and fowls, were exposed in a little larder in front; wine and spirits, in goodly decanters, were ranged by their side, presenting a very tempting spectacle to the hungry and thirsty traveller. I was not of the former description; I had swallowed too much dust on the road:

but I was very weary and very thirsty ; we therefore sat down and called for some wine and water, which was either excellent, or we thought it so, which is the same thing : nor was our gratification confined to the sense of taste only—our eyes and our ears were equally delighted. We saw *pas de deux* and *de trois* innumerable ; not done with the grace of *Vestris* or *Angiolini*, but to the full with as much spirit. As the dancing was on the declivity of the hill, little accidents sometimes occurred : the fair one stumbled, and displayed, in her fall, a pair of limbs, stouter assuredly than would be shown in England on a similar occasion. The music in front of our tent was a pair of bagpipes ; another party was dancing to the sound of a fiddle. I got up and went nearer, to hear it more distinctly. It would have been as well for me, however, had I remained where I was. These *Palmerston figurantes* did not “trip it on the light fantastic toe :” one huge fellow laid his great heel, stuck round with hob-nails, as heavy as a cart-horse, on my foot, and almost crushed it to a mummy. He danced on, and I hopped back to my tent, where I took another glass of wine and water to lull pain, and listened to the drone of the bagpipes with the same intention.

The men and women in general were decently dressed ; the women in stuff and flowered cotton gowns, with ribands and mob caps. They almost universally wore white thread stockings : when a poor Irish woman wears shoes and stockings, she is always dressed ; worsted ones, therefore, are seldom used. The men wore coarse coats of a blue or brown colour ; several danced in great coats of grey cloth or frieze : though the weather was unusually warm, they did not

seem inconvenienced either by them or the exercise they were taking. The lower Irish are spare and thin—they are generally dark-complexioned, with black hair, and often with thick bushy eyebrows: this gives an expression of countenance very different from that of an English peasant. There is an air of vivacity and restlessness, of intelligence, and, perhaps, of mischief, in the former, totally unlike the fat, contented ignorance of the latter—though not more so than his harsh and disagreeable tones in speaking are to the soft and musical ones of a London accent.

We staid about an hour longer, and then went away—the scene, which pleased at first by its novelty, lost all its charms along with it. We were kindly pressed to stay dinner by the good lady of the tent where we were sitting—“ We should have a hot loin of mutton (she said), with a cut of salmon, and a rice pudding along with it, in half an hour: as to the wine, we had tasted it, and she need say nothing about it; and the whiskey, when we came to try it, would equally speak for itself.”—It did speak for itself at that instant, and in very *striking* language too. A couple of fellows, who were drinking in the tent, quarrelled, and came to blows—our hostess was in terrible trepidation for her plates and glasses; a more mischievous place, in truth, could hardly be conceived for two men to fight in—she implored them for the love of the sweet Jesus to be quiet, and not to *destroy* the credit of her tent, which was always under a good *character*: the supplications and even tears of this fair vender of whiskey had no effect in softening their hard hearts; we therefore joined our strength to her eloquence, and shoved them into the field, where they

boxed it very fairly out. "Didn't I tip it to him neatly in the bread-basket?" said the successful combatant to a friend who was congratulating him on his victory; "I could have shut up his peepers an hour before, but wanted to try what sort of game he was; and, by the Blessed Virgin, he is nothing but dung-hill." I was anxious to see the kitchen from whence the roast mutton and rice pudding were to issue: the landlady, who was full of curtsies and blessings for the service we had rendered her, showed us it:—it was a large hole made in the ground directly behind the tent: there was a blazing turf fire, large enough to have roasted an ox, covered with pots, and several spits were before it.—I am assured, had we stayed, we should have got an excellent dinner; but, as there is often in the evening a course of fighting, the *dessert* might not have been so agreeable. The custom of fighting, however, is not near so universal as it was—it is now pretty much confined to single combats with the fist, and does not, as formerly, involve the whole field in a general battle with shillelahs made of their native oak; which, in an Irishman's hand, is not a very gentle weapon, and has no pretensions to one property of a joke—namely, breaking no bones. I am told, in proportion as the influence of Mars has diminished, Venus has become the favourite divinity: an Irishman's love, like his appetite, is satisfied with plain food, and does not stand in need of piquant sauce to make it relishing: he is as careless about place as about person; he requires no couch of state, or costly bed of down; the sky is his canopy, the verdant mead, or daisied bank, the scene of his joys; where, in the delirium of love, he forgets his labours

and his cares, his sorrows and his wants : by a happy dispensation of nature, “ the cordial drop which makes the bitter cup of life go down ” is found in most exquisite concentration in the cup of him who stands the most in need of it.

Returning home, we looked into the hospital-fields' burying-ground : this is the burial-place of the lower class ; of the poor, the artizan, and the stranger ; of the unfortunate who ends his days in a hospital, the wretch who perishes on the high-way, and the criminal who dies by the executioner : the outcast who had no friend, the wanderer who had no habitation,

“ Who found no spot of all the world his own,”

here find at length an everlasting abode. We walked over their mouldering remains, which a little earth, loosely scattered, hardly concealed from our view : in some places it did not conceal them. Whether from the carelessness of interment or the ravages of animals, the graves of several were open, and the coffins exposed ; through the broken boards of which we saw their decaying bodies in almost every progressive state of putrefaction : in some the knees were falling from their sockets, and the eyes melting in their eyeballs ; the worms crept along their fingers, and the body and face was one great mass of corruption : in others an unshapen heap of bones and ashes only remained. We turned in horror from a spectacle so hideous and revolting, from a sight so dreadful and disgusting, so mortifying and shocking to mortality ; nor can I conceive how such a violation of decency and humanity could be permitted. I did not even stop to look at the tomb of Brian Barome, monarch of all Ireland,

who was killed by the Danes at the battle of Clontarf, and is said to be buried here. I fled with precipitation from this Golgotha, where the air is contaminated with the exhalations of death; nor did I seem to myself to breathe freely till I was some distance from it. A little further we met the Lord Lieutenant and his Lady, with their attendants and some other company.

Imagination could hardly form a greater contrast than this gay and gallant party to the quiet and silent group we just had quitted; yet they once were active and animated, though not so splendid, as these are; who in a few years, perhaps a few months, shall be mute likewise in their turn. Oh! could the wand of enchantment touch the slumbering bones, and raise before them these inhabitants of the grave; could they gaze on their fleshless arms, their putrid lips, their hollow cheeks, their eyeless sockets, where the worm has now taken its abode; could they behold, as in a magic glass, the reflection of what all that lives must be, how would they start affrighted and dismayed! how would their mirth and gaiety vanish, their pomp and consequence subside! how would the frivolous pursuits, the transient pleasures, the restless wishes, and busy cares, of this fleeting scene sink into the insignificance they deserve!

“ The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow’r,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e’er gave  
Await alike th’ inevitable hour;  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

These are melancholy reflections, and little in unison with other parts of this chapter: I have only to say I did not seek them—they lay in my way, and I stumbled over them. The odd coincidence of encountering

splendour and equipage, as I issued from the mansions of the dead, forced them from me with impulse irresistible: nor are such reflections without their use—they teach us to think and to enter into ourselves. “They are no flatterers, but feelingly persuade us what we are.” They teach us how to live when they tell us we must die.

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## CHAPTER VII.

Anecdotes of the Marquis of Ormond and of Lord Strafford—The Duke of Richmond—Lord Chesterfield—Lord Carteret—Regret of the Irish for their parliament—Caricatures on Mr. Foster—Public distress—Loyalty of the Common Council—Horrors of popular commotions—Various victims of the rebellion—Bond—Jackson—Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

*Dublin.*

THE Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is one of the greatest officers under the crown. He is the only viceroy in the king's dominions, and has the power of conferring knighthood, and other lesser vice-regal privileges. He is always now an English nobleman of high rank: there are no instances of a Scotchman being appointed, and I believe but one or two of an Irishman. Yet the exalted virtues and incorruptible integrity of one of these might have warranted a repetition of the experiment. Every person acquainted with Irish history will know I allude to the great Marquis of Ormond, as he was generally called: with inflexible fidelity he supported, for several years, the falling fortunes of his unhappy master: after his execution he shared in like manner the misfortunes of his son, and lived abroad in poverty and exile along

with him. He was so much at times straitened in his circumstances, that it is reported, on having occasion to send his peruke to the peruke-maker, he was obliged to borrow, and appear in public with, a large and unseemly one, until his own was repaired. On the restoration of King Charles, he was created a duke, and sent over Lord Lieutenant of this kingdom; where he was as much distinguished for the uprightness of his conduct as the splendour of his government. He was doomed, however, to share the fate of all the faithful and virtuous servants of the royal libertine. By turns, in favour and disgrace, flattered and neglected, he never lost the equanimity of his temper. Discoursing once of the ingratitude of King Charles, he jocularly added, "Well, nothing of this shall yet break my heart; for, however it may fare with me at court, I am resolved to be well in the chronicle." Notwithstanding the tempered mildness of his latter years, he was in early life remarkable for the impetuosity of his disposition. In 1634, Earl Strafford, then deputy of Ireland, gave an order that no person should enter either House of Parliament with a sword: this order was universally complied with both by Peers and Commoners.—The Usher of the Black Rod attending at the door of the House of Lords, insisted on Lord Ormond's compliance likewise: this he positively refused, adding, with a threatening air, if he must deliver his sword, the Usher must receive it in his body. He was summoned before the council to answer for this breach of order: he boldly defended himself, saying he had received the investiture of his earldom *per cincturam gladii*, and was bound by the royal patent to attend



his duty in parliament *gladio cinctus*: Lord Strafford, awed by the dignity and spirit he evinced, did not think it prudent to carry the matter further. This unfortunate nobleman was characterized by great inflexibility himself, which, carried often to headlong obstinacy, was in a great measure the cause of his melancholy end. Though in many respects a valuable chief governor, he was guilty of some acts of harshness and injustice. Much allowance, however, must be made for the age in which he lived, and the existing state of things in Ireland, where strong measures only could probably have been efficacious. The Irish parliament, which was his most servile flatterer in his prosperity, was the first, as flatterers generally are, to desert him in his adversity:—it entered strenuously into the prosecution against him, and sent several of its members to assist the committee of the English House of Commons in conducting it. Lord Strafford's defence was a very able one: the concluding part of it was highly pathetic, and would be pronounced eloquent even at the present day. "But, my lords, I have troubled you too long—longer than I should have done, but for the sake of these dear pledges, which a saint in heaven has left me."—Upon this he paused—dropped a tear—looked upon his children—and proceeded: "What I forfeit for myself is a trifle—that my indiscretions should reach my posterity wounds me to the heart.—Pardon my infirmity—something I should have added, but I am not able—and therefore I let it pass. And now, my lords, for myself. I have long been taught that the afflictions of this life are overpaid by that eternal weight of glory which awaits the innocent. And so, my

lords, even so, with the utmost tranquillity, I submit myself to your judgment, whether that judgment be life or death:—not my will, but thine, O God, be done!”

The king, whose cause he had supported, and whose orders he had obeyed, exhausted and overcome by clamour, signed reluctantly the warrant for his execution. The earl, when the fatal and unexpected intelligence was communicated to him, started from his seat, exclaiming, “Put not your trust in princes, nor in any of the sons of men, for they will certainly deceive you.”

The king could never forgive himself for his pusillanimity in thus giving up so faithful a servant;—in the hour of his own sorrow he remembered it in bitterness and anguish of heart:—“I suffer,” said he, “by an unjust sentence, for having allowed an unjust sentence to take effect on an innocent man.”

The present Lord Lieutenant is rather a tall and dark-complexioned man, about fifty years of age, or upwards. In early life he was well known by the name of Colonel Lennox and the duel he fought with the Duke of York: the duke had a very narrow escape, as the ball carried away part of his side curl. Whatever doubts were entertained of the reasonableness of his conduct, there were none of his courage: he displayed in this instance, as in every other, all the courage which is hereditary in the Royal Family. The Duke of Richmond is highly popular: his affability and condescension are the theme of universal praise: he throws aside, whenever he can, the cumbersome caparison of office, and rides, walks about, and converses with all the plainness of a private in-

dividual. Though appointed by an obnoxious ministry, the Catholics, in their dislike to it, mingle nothing offensive against him ;—in this they show their good sense—a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has now little more to do with the measures of government than the postman with the incendiary letter he is the bearer of ; he is a mere chair of state, and has little more real power than a village magistrate or parish constable : all he has to do is to fall in with the temper of the people, and keep them in good-humour, if he can. The duke possesses the indispensable qualification in a very eminent degree ; and is, by a bottle, at the least, the best Lord Lieutenant that has been in this country for half a century :—he has taken several excursions to the country parts of the kingdom, where he is as famous for his conviviality as his high rank. He is what is called here a five-bottle man, and after supper drinks grog and smokes tobacco like a West India planter.—Many stories are told of him, the truth or falsehood of which I have no means of ascertaining. I select one, without vouching for its authenticity. He was spending a few days at a gentleman's house in the south of Ireland ;—there was a good deal of other company, all great toppers, and invited for that reason : they were milksops, however, compared to his excellency ; who, having soon laid them under the table, was reduced to the unpleasant alternative of either drinking by himself, or not drinking at all. In this melancholy predicament, his host despatched a messenger for a young curate of good family, in high estimation for the strength of his head, who lived a few miles distant ; he begged of him, for the love of the Lord, the credit of the

county, and the honour of his country, to come to him immediately, and strive to keep company with his excellency. The clerical Bacchus did not refuse so agreeable a summons, and next day was seated at table opposite the vice-regal one. After the rest of the party were dispersed or fallen, the two champions were left alone. "This is poor pitiful work, your grace," said the curate: "the wine is getting cold on my stomach; what do you think of a bumper of brandy?" His grace had no objection to so *spirited* a proposition, and two large glasses were instantly swallowed; two others were as instantly filled up; Mr. ——— drank a part of his, but could proceed no further; his jaw became fixed, and he rolled motionless on the floor:—the duke coolly finished his own glass, and, smiling on his prostrate antagonist, walked steadily to his chamber.

This method of drinking himself into the hearts of the Irish is, however, not original with his grace: the Duke of Rutland silenced opposition in a similar manner; but unfortunately did not live to enjoy the fruits of his labour: he fell a martyr to his exertions for his country, and died of a fever, brought on by carousing and hard drinking. In his cups he had a good-natured propensity to making knights. As respectable men generally declined his favours, they were lavished on people of a different description, and many of his knights still sell soap and tobacco, noggins of whiskey, and farthing candles, in different parts of the kingdom. These poor knights have long been a subject of merriment in Ireland; ridiculed and jeered at by the men, and not much thought of even by the women.

The Duke of Rutland possessed all the munificence of his noble sire ; and, with all his faults, was, with one illustrious exception, the phoenix of modern Lord Liéutenants. I have looked into the history of several, but find nothing worth recording : the most of them were grave and formal courtiers, who wore bag-wigs and swords, turned out their toes, danced minuets, and laughed as seldom as they thought. Wit does not seem indigenous in the castle of Dublin, more than in the palace of St. James's. I suspect there is something in the air of courts unfriendly to it ; as the air of this country is said to be to venomous animals, and that wit can no more thrive in the one than serpents in the other. There is no rule without an exception, however ; and I just now recollect a very particular one. The Earl of Chesterfield was a scholar, and a man of wit, as well as an elegant courtier : his government of this country proves him to have been not only a man of an enlightened understanding, but of the most benevolent dispositions. He came over in the year 1745, a period remarkable for the rebellion which raged in Scotland, and made it necessary to have an able and prudent statesman at the head of affairs in Ireland. By the wisdom and lenity of his measures, the Catholics remained perfectly quiet : before his arrival, those in power had shut up their chapels in Dublin, and their priests were commanded to leave the kingdom by proclamation. These severities were offensive to Lord Chesterfield : convinced that harsh treatment alienates the heart, but that gentle usage inspires confidence and gains the affections, he permitted them the undisturbed exercise of their religion ; to accusations to their prejudice, resulting from dislike,

he paid no regard—rumours of plots and insurrections were listened to by him with calm indifference. One morning prior to the battle of Culloden, Mr. Gardiner, the vice treasurer, abruptly entered his bed-chamber with tidings that the papists were rising.—“Rising,” said his lordship, looking on his watch, “it is time for every honest man to rise; it is past nine o’clock, and I will rise myself. Lord Chesterfield, the day he embarked for England, was followed to the shore by the prayers and good wishes of a crowd of attending spectators; and to perpetuate his virtues and the gratitude of the nation, his bust was placed in the Castle of Dublin at the public expense.

Lord Carteret, who governed Ireland for several years, was likewise a man of knowledge and a scholar. In 1729 he issued a proclamation for apprehending the author of Drapier’s letters. Swift afterwards expostulated with his excellency on the impropriety of this proclamation; when Lord Carteret, with classic elegance, thus replied—“*Res dura, et regni novitas, me talia cogunt moliri.*”

Swift, prior to this interview, wrote on a pane of the window of the audience chamber in the Castle,

My very good lord, ’tis a very hard task,  
That I should wait here who have nothing to ask.

The Lord Lieutenant wrote underneath,

My very good dean, there is none who come here  
But have something to ask, or something to fear.

Swift at that time was violently in opposition; under the simile of the legion club, he thus describes the first session of the Irish parliament, held in the late parliament-house, College Green:

Not a stone's throw from the College,  
 Half the globe from sense and knowledge,  
 Near the Church—you know the rest;  
 Making good my grandame's jest.  
 Out they flew with horrid squall,  
 Beloved by few, accursed by all.

We never, however, know the value of any thing till we have lost it: the people of Dublin, who thought very little of their parliament when they had it, are now extremely clamorous to have it back again: it only loaded their shoulders, but the United parliament, they swear, breaks their backs with the weight of its burdens: whether with or without reason, they are at present in a state of great fermentation;—the storm which lately raised the billows of the Thames did not much exceed that which now agitates the Liffey. It is not, however, here on account of a speculative question, but one of paramount consideration—the heavy taxes laid on at the close of the last session of parliament. They are principally additional duties on wine, and a considerable augmentation of the hearth and window tax: as they have retrospective power, they are reprobated not only as oppressive but as unjust, not only as taxation but as robbery: several persons have refused paying them, and vestries are summoned in many parishes, to arrange the most effectual means of opposing their operation. This is a very unequal struggle, and it is not necessary to be a prophet to foretel the event—the government will conquer, and the vestries will yield; the inhabitants of Dublin may give their choler vent in words, but they must end where they ought to have begun—by opening their purses. Mr. Foster, Chancellor of the Exchequer for

Ireland, is considered the author of these obnoxious regulations—he is the universal subject of conversation and—benediction———“ The blessings of the evil one, which are curses, are upon him.” He is placarded and caricatured in print shops; and the fancy of Dublin displays itself in as many grotesque delineations as that of London on similar occasions. I meet with him as I walk along on old walls and gateways; sometimes hanging, and sometimes roasting; and lest it should be supposed it was temporal suffering only, some kind-hearted commentator on this flaming text writes underneath, in large characters, D——— to Foster for ever.

Popular commotion is like the hysterics; one person is affected, and thousands take it by imitation.—The Common Council of Dublin has not escaped this wide-spreading contagion:—at a turbulent meeting which took place a few days ago, his picture, which had been put up in the hall for his opposition to the Union, was ordered to be taken down. A member, who did not think this mark of contumely sufficient, proposed it should receive a kick from each person in its journey to the lumber room—another greater genius said, it should be kicked by every man in the nation. This playing at football with pictures is a harmless way of displaying resentment, and though not so well at present, would be no bad amusement for cold weather; it would show the world likewise, that the Common Council of Dublin does not want for *understanding*.

Dublin, however, must be allowed to be at present in a distressed situation: several thousand manufacturers are out of employment; and bankruptcies are so numerous, that credit is almost at a stand. Some of



these evils, doubtless, are occasioned by the union.—The talent and integrity of the Irish parliament can hardly, I believe, be under-rated; but frugality was not among its faults: it was bribed liberally, but it spent freely;—its patriotism could never, I fear, have much benefited the city of Dublin, but its money did.—Three hundred Bacchanals, whose sun daily set in claret, spending six months every year with their wives and children in Dublin, must have been of infinite service; and their loss would for a time be severely felt. Something must likewise be attributed to the improvident disposition of the Dublin merchants and shopkeepers, who live in great luxury and profusion; who too often adapt their expenditure to their highest income, and lay up nothing in a year of plenty for a year of famine;—but the effect of both these causes would have been transient; nor would the taxes have been severely felt but for the almost universal stagnation of trade, occasioned by the present perplexed and complicated state of commerce in Europe. The people of Dublin, however, whose vanity has been wounded still more than their interest injured by the union, persist in attributing to it all their misfortunes; and in private company, as well as at public meetings, vent their fury on it and its infamous authors, as they term them. At the Common Council just mentioned, an orator exultingly asked, where was Lord Clare now? where was Marquis Cornwallis? where was Mr. Pitt? Nobody answered him, nor did he answer himself; but as he pronounced them unworthy of life, and roundly asserted that their death was God's judgment upon them for the murder of the immaculate Irish parliament, it is to be supposed he meant they had taken the

broad road of destruction, rather than the narrow path of life. Mr. Pitt, though not much a fighter himself, was the cause of fighting enough in others: he had lived in a blaze; and fire, perhaps, this orator thought, was his natural element.

In general, however, the common council of Dublin is on the side of government; it is mostly, or I believe entirely, composed of protestants;—protestant and loyalist are in this country synonymous terms. Independent of the natural prejudice which attaches him to England, his own safety and supremacy depend, he thinks, on the connexion; nothing, therefore, but some grand question which at once wounds his prejudices, and attacks his interest, rouses him to opposition, nor does it ever last long.

“ He carries anger as the flint bears fire;  
Which, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.”

There are few good speakers in the common council of Dublin: it is the collision of opinions only which emits eloquence, and there can be little argument where almost all are of one mind. Several of the members, however, express themselves with fluency; and one of them with more vehemence and force than is usual among English orators: his name is Gifford, well known in this city by his high protestant ascendancy principles, and violent and indecorous invectives against the catholics:—his conduct has been stigmatized as the consequence of sordid considerations only; he is called a tool of government, or in local phrase, a castle hack. Mr. Grattan, in his strong and sarcastic language, thus characterised him:—“ In the city a firebrand, in the court a bully, in the field a

coward; and who is only endured by the party to which he belongs, because he does those vile acts which the less vile refuse to execute." But we must allow for exaggeration in an orator as well as in a poet. Mr. Gifford, I am told, is a worthy man in private life; probably not blind to his own interest: a regard to that may influence his public conduct as it does most other men's; but though interest does something, principle, perhaps prejudice, does more. A thousand a year may make him speak more violently against the catholics, but ten thousand a year probably would not bribe him to desert the protestant cause.

Government either is, or affects to be, alarmed at the irritation of the public mind. Some movements have been observed among the military, and private orders, it is said, have been given to the yeomanry to hold themselves in readiness—gossiping people, from the love of the marvellous, recount frightful tales of nocturnal meetings and large assemblies of men, that have no existence but in their own imaginations; timorous ones frighten themselves, and endeavour to frighten others, with ridiculous accounts of placards that are every night thrown into the castle-yard, inscribed Catholic emancipation, repeal of the union, or rebellion, and hold these boyish tricks decisive evidence of an approaching insurrection; as if when men are knaves enough to rebel, they would be fools enough to tell the world of it beforehand. These poor creatures who go about croaking about plots, and pikes, and the church, and papists, like Eastcheap fishmongers after the city was burnt, are not all old women, as one should suppose: some of them are men of good education, little use as they seem to have made of it. In reality, there is no

danger (I mean no immediate danger) either of rebellion or insurrection. Government knows it, and every rational man who thinks for a moment must know it likewise: the protestant will not rebel surely; no fears are entertained of him; nor will the catholic—the memory of the late rebellion is too recent; his sufferings are too fresh; his wounds are too green;—he may harangue, he may threaten, he may revile. Like Hamlet, he may speak daggers, but he will use none. A suppressed rebellion (as it is proverbially expressed) strengthens government: it cuts off the active and ambitious, it frightens the timorous, it sickens the humane, and for a time-lays the people prostrate at the feet of government. Reconciled to lesser evils by the recollection of greater, legal subjection, or even oppression, is scarcely felt by those who have just escaped from the insolence of military dominion;—the fury of lawless and unbridled will. Independent of all personal considerations, the horrors of the late rebellion must operate on the heart of every humane and thinking man, and deter him from rashly venturing on another. Were I a subject of Turkey, I would live contented under its government rather than run the risk of making it better by a rebellion, of even half its terrors. I happened, being then a very young man, to be in this town at the period of its breaking out; and were I to live to patriarchal age, I shall not forget the impression it made on me; nor the gloomy and sepulchral appearance Dublin presented; when all business and pleasure were suspended, when every man was a tyrant or a slave; a rebel that was suspected, a spy that suspected, or an executioner that punished; when malice and hatred, terror and doubt, fear and distrust, were

on every face, and all the tender charities of nature withered and perished before the breath of party; which made no allowance for error, had no recollection of friendship, felt no gratitude for kindness, no sympathy for age, sex, sickness, or sorrow; when almost every house was a barrack, every public building a prison, and every street a golgotha, or a shambles, on the lamp-posts of which some wretched fellow-creature was daily suspended; who, while his limbs quivered in the agonies of death, was the subject of brutal joke and unfeeling exultation.

It is some faint pleasure, however, to remember, that though there is so much to lament and reprobate, there is something likewise to admire.—Gentleness, mutual forbearance, and compassion, were consumed in the hot caldron of discord, so fatally working; but magnanimity, unshaken fortitude, and contempt of death, were still to be found; in the contemplation of which we may strive to lose the recollection of the savage excesses and midnight murders of the rebels; the vindictive and unrelenting vengeance, the floggings and torturings of the opposite side; as the Roman senate, when Terentius Varro presented himself before it, after the fatal battle of Cannæ, overlooked his pride, his errors, and his obstinacy, on account of his unsubdued and inflexible spirit—they thanked him for the fortitude he had displayed in his misfortunes, for the confidence with which he still hoped for success—“*Quia de Republica non desperasset*” were their remarkable words. The Irish parliament, in the midst of universal conflagration, continued its sittings undaunted; it is likewise to the praise of this assembly, that it rejected the proposition of some of its violent

members, to order the prisoners to military tribunals and instant execution. These unfortunate men, however, did not meet death with less certainty, though more slowly on that account: almost universally they met it with a courage which was never excelled. The two Sheares were, perhaps, the only exception; and as they were brothers, had an aged mother, and the eldest a wife and several children, a deep sense of their wretched situation was natural and excusable. When the jury brought in the fatal verdict, they burst into tears, and clasped each other in their arms, presenting a scene of distress, which subdued even the court itself, and melted hearts steeled by habit and prejudice against them. Mr. O'Byrne met death not only with composure but with cheerfulness: he was confined in the same cell with Mr. Oliver Bond. A gentleman, unaccustomed to such scenes, passed the night previous to his execution along with them; he declares, that on his entrance into the prison, the clanking of chains, the brutal and ferocious aspect of the keepers, the heavy and grating sound of the doors as the locks were opened, and the bolts slowly withdrawn; the gloomy and forlorn appearance of every thing around, so disordered his frame, that his teeth chattered, his knees bent under him, and his hair (he thinks) literally stood an end. Mr. O'Byrne during the night conversed with the utmost gaiety and indifference; he took a hearty breakfast, and eat a couple of eggs: when summoned to execution, he did not, by the least variation of voice or countenance, display even a transient uneasiness: he shook Mr. Bond affectionately by the hand, saying, "God Almighty bless you! you have but a day or two longer, and then your sufferings will be over as

mine nearly are.”—It is reported, so complete was his self-possession, that, in passing to the scaffold by the window of an apartment where Mrs. Bond was waiting to see her husband, he stooped so low as not to be seen by her, lest he should alarm her feelings, at that moment trembling for all she held dear.

Though considerably prior to the period I am writing of, I shall mention the fate of another of these unfortunate sons of rebellion; on account of the firmness he displayed.—He was a clergyman of the name of Jackson; he was tried and found guilty, but contrived to escape the penalties of the law, by swallowing a large dose of arsenic: the intrepidity with which he bore the excruciating pains of that poison was remarkable. A motion in arrest of judgment was made. He concealed the pangs he was suffering so well, that when he was called upon to know what he had to say, why sentence should not be passed upon him, though at the time actually unable to speak, with a smiling air he bowed and pointed to his counsel:—his fortitude did not fail him to the last, for it was scarcely suspected that he was ill, until he fell down in the agonies of death, in the midst of his counsel’s argument. The following anecdote is related of him in a work lately published by Dr. M’Nevin: while he was preparing for his trial, and was fully apprised of what would be its result, a friend was, by the kindness of the gaoler, permitted to remain with him until a very late hour at night on business. After the consultation had ended, Mr. Jackson accompanied his friend to the outer door of the prison, which was locked, the key remaining in the door, and the keeper in a very profound sleep, probably oppressed with wine.

There could have been no difficulty in his escaping, even subsequent to the departure of his friend, and without his consent; but he adopted a different conduct—he locked the door after his guest, awoke the keeper, gave him the key, and retired to his apartment. This is recorded by Dr. M'Nevin to prove he had a high sense of honour: the honour which remains to be hanged, when by opening a door escape is certain, appears to me romantic and unnatural; nor do I conceive such a feeling would operate, in such a situation, upon any human being. Mr. Jackson was probably bewildered and confused by the unexpectedness of the occurrence; and, stupified and infatuated, had not presence of mind to seize the critical moment of escaping from death, though afterwards he had fortitude to meet it undaunted.

But of all the victims of this unfortunate rebellion, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was the most generally deplored. A warrant had been issued against him, but he escaped, and remained undiscovered upwards of two months, in the city of Dublin; he was discovered, however, on the nineteenth of May, at the house of one Murphy, a dealer in feathers, who resided near St. James's gate. On the police officers entering the room, the unhappy nobleman made a desperate defence: though he had no other weapon than a dagger, he wounded two of the principal of them, Mr. Justice Swan and Captain Ryan: the latter died of his wounds shortly afterwards, and the former still, it is said, feels, at intervals, the effects of his. Lord Edward himself expired in great agony on the third of the following month, from the effects of this furious conflict, as he had been



wounded in the shoulder, by the shot of a pistol from Major Sirr. Lord Edward, who was brother to the Duke of Leinster, and married to a French lady, supposed to be a natural daughter of the late Duke of Orleans, was eminently qualified for the direction of revolutionary commotion: being a man of daring courage, a most active spirit, and of a family highly respected, for its ancient greatness, by the lower classes of the Irish. He had served in his Majesty's army, where he was highly esteemed for his courage and military conduct, his honour, humanity, and candour. Mr. Cobbett, as is well known, was serjeant-major of the regiment to which his lordship belonged. In a work lately published, he gives him the character of being a young man of the most perfect integrity. Mr. Cobbett does not do more honour to Lord Edward, than he does to himself, by this manly tribute of respect to the memory of a man, who did not become a rebel from selfish or ambitious motives, but from a warm, though mistaken, zeal for the good of his country, and of human kind.—Whatever may be said of the other conspirators,

“ He only, in a general honest thought,  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mixt in him, that nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, ‘ This was a man ! ’ ”

## CHAPTER VIII.

Theatre—Mr. Daly—The Belle's Stratagem—Mrs. Siddons—  
Advantages of the Dublin Theatre—Exhibition of paintings—  
Epigram on Sir H. Jebb.

*Dublin.*

IT has often been a subject of wonder that, in a city of such extent as Dublin, there should be so few places of public amusement: but one theatre, not very large, nor in general well filled: that it is not well filled, however, is not want of taste in the public, but want of good conduct in the managers. Monopoly is unfavourable to exertion, and where there is only one theatre, or one manufacture, the article is seldom good. The management of the Dublin Theatre has been long complained of; the managers were generally players; players are seldom men of business in any country, as seldom, perhaps, in this, as in any other. Mr. Daly, for many years the potentate of Crow-street, was an admirable man of pleasure, but an indifferent actor: he performed the lover both on and off the stage; on it with little applause; but off it with the greatest. These performances, however, were more agreeable than profitable: he was obliged to resign his sceptre, to extricate himself from his involvements; and, like the Mark Antony he had often mimicked, lost his little world for *love*. Mr. Frederick Jones succeeded him, and I believe has not *succeeded* much better.

Until lately Mr. Holman was acting manager: he is

The actresses are still better than the actors. Miss Walstein is a charming performer: her Letitia Hardy was an admirable piece of acting; she had all the airy graces, the playful elegance of the original; she was really a syren, who sung and danced men out of their senses. She would be a great acquisition to the London stage, where there is no good actress in this description of parts, now that Miss Duncan appears so seldom; and over Miss Duncan she has the advantage of greater youth and greater beauty. Miss Walstein, I believe, plays tragedy likewise; and her countenance is undoubtedly cast in a tragic mould; a witty writer objects to her smile in comedy, which he terms a sepulchral one, and compares to plating on a coffin;—he accuses her of having a great deal of vanity, which he attributes to the success she had in the character in which I had the good fortune to see her. I wish (he proceeds to say) she could get some of her male *acquaintance* to translate for her use this excellent precept of Horace:

“ Memento servare mentem

“ Ab insolenti temperatam

“ *Lætitiâ.*”

Miss Smith I have seen, for the third time; and am more and more confirmed in the opinion I first formed of her: she is a great tragic actress; such as Mrs. Siddons perhaps was, but is no longer. When Mr. Clifford and his committee undertook to correct the abuses of Covent Garden, I wonder they never asked the reason of her exclusion from it: she would be an acquisition, I will venture to assert, to it, or to any theatre in the universe. There may be said, at present, to be no tragic actress at Covent Garden.

Mrs. Siddons is no longer one: her powers are consumed, and her talents decayed, from the all-powerful hand of time; which overturns palaces and temples, as well as human intellect, and has no more mercy on actresses than on empires. No person, I will venture to assert, could see Mrs. Siddons with pleasure now, who saw her for the first time;—she pleases from the force of habit only, which reconciles us to the most nauseous things, and attaches us to ugliness, because when we knew it first it was beauty. This force of habit is of service to some of her near relations, as well as to herself. Like old Transfer, in the novel of *Zeluco*, a London audience find nothing agrees with them so well as what they are accustomed to;—could any thing else render tolerable a large unwieldy woman, upwards of sixty years of age, counterfeiting the appearance, and mimicking the light and airy tread of lovely and fascinating youth? If she could even be endured with her face to the audience, must not the delusion vanish the moment she turns her back? yet the back is not the least prominent part of Mrs. Siddons, and her friends may argue, with much plausibility, that she is still a great actress at *bottom*: even her face, though so generally admired, never pleased me—it is cast in too antique a mould—it does not show to advantage on a modern stage, or a woman's shoulders, though it might have done so in front of a Roman legion.

To a lover of the drama, Crow-street has one great advantage over Covent-Garden, which, perhaps, more than compensates for the greater magnificence and decorations of the latter: there is much more variety; the appetite is not palled with disgusting repetition;

a new piece seldom runs longer than a few nights, and pantomines are rarely brought forward. In Covent-Garden, last winter, that most intolerably vile, of this vile tribe, *Harlequin Pedlar*, was performed every night for six weeks together. I wonder what an enlightened foreigner would think, or say, of the English, if he judged them by its amusements! he could not think them philosophers, and his politeness would not allow him to say he found them idiots. Another advantage, which the Dublin theatre has, is its size: the immense buildings, which the avarice of London managers has induced them to raise, is as unfavourable to comfort as to natural acting:—they are too large either for hearing or seeing distinctly; the actor must raise his voice, and distort his countenance and action, to be seen or heard at any distance; his picture, like the scenes, must be larger than the life, or it will not be visible: if he wants to express surprise, a start will not suffice—he must jump two paces back, like a fencing master: if he wishes to display horror, he must throw his face out of all human likeness; if he speaks in anger, it must be in thunder; and even love and sorrow must be unheard, or delivered on the key of rage. The consequence of this is that the actor is deteriorated; his attention is diverted from his part to his person, from the natural display of passion to the artificial display of action: like a lady at court in her long train and hoop, or, rather, like the felon's dance in the *Beggars' Opera*, the shackles he wears are equally destructive of activity and grace. Nor is the effect it has had on the audience less considerable; the taste of the public is vitiated: unable to enjoy the wholesome food of the legitimate drama, they

have lost, with the small houses of former times, all relish for the plays of better days. Mr. Kemble himself is no mean sufferer by this:—I will venture to assert he never was half so rapturously applauded as the little fairy Dew-drop in the pantomime I have just mentioned. He was obliged to yield even to more despicable rivals—to the flutes and clarionets of his own theatre. I saw him one night last winter in *Macbeth*: he makes his first appearance, as is generally known, at the head of his army, accompanied by Banquo, and the music playing a march:—as he was beginning to speak, a gentleman near me cursed his noisy tongue for putting a stop to that beautiful Scotch tune he had been listening to. I observed, indeed, a very general impatience that night to have both him and Mrs. Siddons off the stage, in order to have the witches on; whose singing and grotesque appearance seemed to delight the house prodigiously. In truth, we seem fast approaching to the state of ancient Rome, when actors wore masks and used speaking trumpets; when spectacle and pantomime were alone considered, and the public sat whole nights looking at them. This was an important period in the Roman history, and well deserves the attention of every thinking man—dramatic representations, of little moment in themselves, are of consequence, as they denote the state of the public mind. Rome, with her taste for the ancient drama, lost her ancient virtues likewise; a nation, which loses its virtues, soon loses its freedom;—she was destroyed by luxury first, and then by the enemy. The period of pantomime was the period of her *fall*.

I forgot to mention that I visited this morning the

exhibition of paintings lately opened for the relief of the distressed manufacturers: the price of admission was a shilling; and I met with a number of well-dressed persons of both sexes. Though a few capital pictures by some eminent artists have been exhibited, the arts still appear in their infancy in this country. Comerford, as a miniature-painter, is in high repute both here and in London; and an artist of the name of Dunn, who is at present in London, has made very near approaches to the firm and characteristic style of the former, with a much greater delicacy of pencil. Mr. Dunn, I understand, is at present employed in painting the likeness of her royal highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales. Cummin is esteemed an excellent portrait-painter; and the landscapes of Gabrielli, an Italian artist, are remarkably fine, possessing all that richness and glow of tint in his skies and distances so much admired in the works of Claude Lorrain, and many of his countrymen. Several of the portraits appeared to me to possess great excellence, but that of Sir Henry Jebb (a celebrated accoucheur) by Robinson, an artist now no more, particularly attracted my observation. The impression it made upon me was not, however, so much occasioned by its merits, though the face was said to be painted by the late G. Romney, as by a witty epigram I had met with, on his being knighted by the late Duke of Rutland—which, if I recollect rightly, is as follows:

“ You made Sir Henry Jebb a knight,  
 He should have been a lord by right;  
 And then the ladies' cry might be  
 Oh Lord! good Lord, deliver me.”

These exhibitions, which heretofore, as I am in-

formed, were supported by the casual contributions of individual artists, have lately been put on a more permanent footing by the establishment of a society of artists, for the purpose of promoting the study of this delightful art,—but what may be its final success time only can discover.

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## CHAPTER IX.

Style of living in Dublin—Society—Professional men— Barristers—Progress of luxury—Hospitality—Inference from the number of beggars.

*Dublin.*

I AM come here at an unlucky period—visiting Dublin in August is as bad as going to the country at Christmas—the town is as bare of company now as the trees are then of leaves, or the earth is of verdure. Fashion has prodigious influence in this metropolis; and the gentry, merchants, and tradesmen, think it incumbent on them to pass the summer out of town, because the fashionables of London go at that season to watering places. Notwithstanding the gaiety of Dublin, I do not think a stranger would find it a pleasant residence after its novelty has subsided;—there is, no doubt, much hospitality, and, on slight introduction, he may get many dinners; but, as ostentation mingles in its full proportion with kindness of heart in these invitations, this hospitality is rather a holiday suit (if I may so speak) than a plain jacket; it is drawn forth on state occasions, but is too costly for every day's wear. The usages of Dublin



make it necessary to give dinners, often beyond the income of the entertainer; who, in his ordinary mode of living, probably pays the penalty of his occasional profusion. He never wishes, therefore, to be taken unawares, or to expose himself to the chance of being caught at his humble meal of mutton and whiskey punch by the man who a few days before had feasted with him on venison and claret: a stranger, therefore, does not find his hospitality a resource at the time he wants it most—in the hour of languor and lassitude, when it would be so agreeable to have a house to step into on the footing of unreserved intercourse.

Nor does the public life perform what the private denies: the *savoir vivre* is but moderately advanced in Dublin: there are none of those comfortable eating-houses in which London so much abounds, where one often meets rational and agreeable society, and has a good dinner at a reasonable price; without being obliged to swallow a quantity of sloe-juice, which the courtesy of England denominates wine. The taverns in Dublin are either so miserably low that a respectable person cannot be seen going into them, or are equally extravagant with the most expensive London ones. The lodging-houses, with some exceptions, and I have been lucky enough to get into one, are liable to the same objection: they are either barracks, which the mop seems never to have visited, or beyond all reason extravagant. In all these and various other conveniences, London abounds to a degree that makes it, of all other places, the most agreeable residence for a man of small fortune: nor is there, perhaps, a town in the world, where a man, who

hangs loosely by society, can glide more gently down the stream of time, or where, if he cannot greatly enjoy, he can *endure* life better. Dublin has another great disadvantage: paradoxical as it may appear, it is too small for retirement; a stranger can never long remain so; curiosity busies itself about his profession, his fortune, and manner of living, until every thing about him becomes known: he may be said, therefore, to be too much on his good behaviour. This, as far as morality is concerned, is perhaps an advantage; but in various minor matters of economy it is attended with many evils: a man, watched by eyes more numerous and wakeful than those of Argus, can neither eat, drink, nor dress, as he likes; he cannot live for himself, but for the world. Places of amusement are not numerous here—until lately there was but one theatre; and even that resource will not continue many days longer, as it shortly closes for the summer: drinking will then be the only amusement; and it is not half so good a summer as a winter one. The weather just now is insufferably warm, and wine is by no means so agreeable a beverage as water: I shall, therefore, leave this in a day or two, to breathe the cooler air of the northern mountains, where excessive heat is as rare as adultery. A traveller can no more quit a town, however, than he can turn off a servant, without giving it a character—like an epilogue, after a new play, it is always expected of him.—In conformity, therefore, to immemorial usage, I shall say a few words of the general state of society and manners in Dublin; though, when I speak, I had better perhaps remain silent; when I seem to move, I may make little progress; and when I flatter myself

with giving a group, I may only sketch a few individuals.

There are few resident nobility in Dublin. Irish Nobility is a sickly and delicate plant: like the myrtle, it does not do in this northern climate: it thrives only in the sunshine of court favour: it is not a noun-substantive kind of greatness; it cannot stand by itself; it leans for support on the minister, who often finds the propping-up of this tender vine an embarrassing and expensive species of gardening. People of large landed property are equally rare: these gentry, like swallows, take an annual flight to England, where they hop about from London to Weymouth, from Bath to Cheltenham, till their purses are as empty as their heads; when they return to wring further sums from the hard hands of their wretched tenants, who seldom see them but on such occasions. The learned professions may be therefore said to form the aristocracy of Dublin—law, physic, and gospel, take the lead here, and give the ton in manners, as well as in morals and literature. These three professions go hand-in-hand; though *haud passibus æquis*: law is always the foremost. A physician can be but a knight, or, at the best, physician to the Lord Lieutenant: a lawyer may be Lord Chancellor, and rule the Lord Lieutenant himself:—the wool-sack is a very comfortable seat, far softer than the bench of a bishop, and therefore much higher in public estimation.

The Irish bar contains many men of shining abilities: the eloquence of Mr. Curran is well known and generally admired; Mr. Bushe, the Solicitor-general, is considered an able reasoner and sound lawyer; and Mr. Plunkett, the late Attorney-general, is

an admirable public speaker, either at the bar or in parliament. The style of the Irish bar is different from that of the English. It is less solemn and decorous, but more lively and animated, more glowing and figurative, more witty and sarcastic; it reasons less, it instructs less, it convinces less, but it amuses more; it is more ornamented, more dramatic; it rises to the sublime, it sinks to the humorous, it attempts the pathetic—but in all this there is too much of the tricks of a juggler. I do not say that an Irish advocate thinks less of his client than an English one, but he appears to think less; he appears to think most of himself—of his own reputation, of the approbation of his brethren, the applause of the spectators, and the admiration of the court. I dare say I should be most gratified by specimens of eloquence taken at the Irish bar, but were either my life or my fortune at stake, I should like to be defended at an English one.

In society the Irish lawyer is equally amusing; there is a mixture of gentlemanly manners and professional acuteness; of gay repartee and classic allusion, which makes him often an instructive, and always an agreeable companion. Yet even here it is easy to remark the traces of the defects I have mentioned: a rage to shine, and disposition to dazzle; his wit cloyes by repetition, and his allusions are often forced and far-fetched—difficultly found, and not worth the trouble of seeking: he is too fond of antithesis, likewise, and says smart, rather than sensible things; specious rather than solid things. This disposition, however, to be witty rather than wise, is not confined to the gentlemen of the bar, but is universal through the city. In every party I have been in, talkers were many, and listeners were few;

and wit, or what was meant to be such, was banded about with the bottle, or the cards. As many of these would-be wits had little pretensions to it, we had often to laugh when there was no joke, and much merriment when there was little reason for it. They are great punners, and to do them justice, I heard some excellent ones. I should recommend the editor of a fashionable print, who seems so partial to this species of humour, to import a quantity for the use of his paper, as the stock on hand is of the vilest kind. I am not clear, however, but that this constant effort after wit produces beneficial effects in Dublin society. It animates the man and sharpens his faculties, and makes him alive to the approbation of those about him ;—he is the complete reverse, therefore, of the lazy, lounging man of fashion in London ; who holds it the essence of ton to be haughty, silent, supercilious, and indifferent ; who, unlike Falstaff, is not only not witty himself, but a damper of it in others ; who sits by the side of genius without a wish to be instructed by it, by the side of venerable old age without a desire to contribute to its comforts, and by the side of beauty, which he surveys with the scrutinising look of a jockey at a horse-fair, without the smallest effort to make himself agreeable.

The lower classes of the inhabitants of this city have afforded abundant materials to the dramatist, as well as to the tourist. They are represented as a wrong-headed and a warm-hearted, a whimsical and eccentric kind of people ; who get drunk and make bulls, and who cannot open their mouths that something funny and witty does not come tumbling out, like pearls, every time she spoke, from the lips of the fair princess Parizade, in the Arabian Nights' Entertain-

ments. I do not deny that there may be some foundation for this character; but if I am to judge from what I have seen myself, it is greatly exaggerated. A Dublin shoeblick, like a London one, may sometimes utter a quaint or witty saying, which the uncouthness of his appearance, and the singularity of his accent, may render more striking; but I should suppose most of the stories told of him are without any foundation; and that their authors give as recollection, what is only invention.

Luxury has made as great progress among people in business here, as in any other place I have ever visited. A shopkeeper gives splendid entertainments, and his wife elegant routs, in which her own manner and appearance, that of the females she invites, and the costliness and embellishments of her furniture, would bear comparison with persons of a much higher rank; nor does her husband acquit himself with less propriety at the foot of his table, or in the drawing-room. In this respect the Dublin shopkeeper has infinite advantage over the London one: in morals he is not, I believe, inferior, but in manners he is decidedly superior; he is cheerful and easy, frank and unembarrassed; in conversation he is lively and pleasing—he may not have much to say, but the manner is excellent; his ideas, from the nature of his profession, are not numerous; but, like the goods in his shop, he possesses the art of showing them off to advantage. The universal prevalence of good-breeding, among all descriptions of respectable people in Dublin, must strike the most unobservant spectator: to assign a plausible reason for it would not be easy. I should attribute it in a great measure to vanity; to a slavish

imitation, and servile admiration of fashion and rank, which lead them to adopt their prejudices, to echo their opinions, to copy their manners, and to boast of their acquaintance. Vanity, indeed, seems the prominent feature of every inhabitant of Dublin: he is vain of himself, vain of his city, of its beauty, of the splendour of its public buildings, and of its vast superiority over London. In this respect, doubtless, he is deserving of praise, which he would get more readily, if he did not demand it so imperiously. The difference between a citizen of London and Dublin seems to be this: the latter is vain, and the former is proud; he has a lofty opinion of his country and of himself; he never dreams that this can be disputed; and, satisfied with it himself, is indifferent even if it should: the latter is not so assured of a ready acquiescence to his claims, either for his city or for himself; perhaps he is not so well assured of them himself; nor if he were, could he exist so well on his own resources. His advantages and superiority must be reflected from the eyes, the tongue, and consideration of others, to make them truly valuable to himself. In this observation, however, I do not deny but that I may be refining too much, and that Dublin vanity only strikes me more, because I am accustomed to it less. In the account I have just been giving, I beg leave to be understood I only comprise the Protestants; I have not seen a sufficient number of Catholics to form a decided opinion of their character; though I have seen enough to be convinced that there is a considerable difference between them and the Protestants.—In their air and manner, in their ready acquiescence, and smiling civility, I think I perceive the traces of the thralldom in

which they have so long been held; while in the erect and upright step of the Protestant we recognize the freeman. We recognize something more—we perceive the lofty bearing of an individual of a cherished caste, situated in the midst of a rejected one. We may imagine an Englishman in the East Indies, or a Creole in the West; or if we wish to be further fanciful, we may try to imagine a Norman knight about two centuries after the Conquest, when he was beginning to regard those around him as his countrymen.

The citizens of Dublin (Catholics I believe as well as Protestants) are hospitable: how much of this is benevolence, how much ostentation, is an ungracious point for a man who has benefited by it to decide; nor does it admit of easy decision. I shall be tempted, however, to give them credit for a considerable portion of the former: if some alloy mixes with the gold, if the statue is partly brass, and partly clay, it is the same, perhaps, with most of our virtues, and most of our actions. This hospitality, however, compared to what it was in former times, is much on the decline:—writers like me, who cheerfully eat their dinners, and allow them no credit for giving them, may have some share in this; but the increasing pressure of the times, which makes it every year more difficult to support a family, is probably the great reason: along with this, hospitality is seldom to be met in excess in any town, when it comes to a certain magnitude, or in any community, at a certain point of civilization. But if hospitality has diminished, charity remains: were the faults of the inhabitant of Dublin ten times greater than I have described his foibles, he has charity enough to cover them all; his foibles he has in common with



others, his charity is peculiarly his own. I know of no spot in existence, of the size of the city of Dublin, where there is such unbounded munificence: in London, no doubt, there are many valuable institutions for the relief of distress,—and God forbid I should undervalue them,—but still it must be remembered, that much is compulsory, and not meritorious; much the mere consequence of boundless wealth: the man who rolls on guineas may well bestow farthings on the poor. But the charity of Dublin is not strained: it is not founded on acts of parliament; it is not weighed and measured by the standard of law; nor is it the gilded offering, the filleted and garlanded sacrifice of wealth. It gives not on compulsion, it gives not from a hoard. The waters of the Liffey do not bear, like the waves of the Thames, the riches of the two hemispheres; the inhabitants of its banks have no Eastern mines of gold; but they have what is better still—they have humane and benevolent hearts.

The number of beggars in Dublin is remarked by all travellers, and is said to prove its poverty. Admirable reasoners, who see nothing but on one side!—Does it not prove its charity likewise? There are few beggars in London: what is the reason?—there is little poverty, perhaps, will be the answer:—Is that so?—is that indeed so?—is there really little poverty in London?—Alas! there is much; much suffering, much sorrow, much want in every quarter, in every lane, and in every street—but there are few beggars—if there were many they would *starve*.

## CHAPTER X.

Departure from Dublin—Meeting with an officer—Author's reminiscences of the expedition to Holland in 1799—A young lady's appetite—Stage-coach conversation—Antiquity of the Irish nation—Drogheda—History and sieges—Cromwell's horrible massacre of the inhabitants.

*Drogheda.*

I LEFT Dublin at eight this morning in the Drogheda coach; I took my seat the day before, and was desired to be there by seven precisely: they hoped I would not take it amiss, but they assured me they would not wait a moment longer for King George himself.—I was punctual, and came at seven precisely, Though they would not wait for King George, they waited for a little hunch-backed passenger; and did not set off for an hour afterwards. We were surrounded by a number of beggars: every person, both on and in the coach, gave them something—a venerable personage, without a hat, and with a beard as long as a Jewish Rabbi's, divided it among the others. No doubt he made a fair division, for we heard no complaints. The country we drove through was level and tolerably fertile; the houses of the peasants had all the external marks of comfort; there were not many gentlemen's seats, but a number of gay little boxes, which looked like the summer retreats of the tradesmen of Dublin. We stopped a few moments at Swords, an inconsiderable place about seven miles from town—I got out to see it better. I was surveying it with more attention than it deserved, when a

gentleman came up and accosted me by my name. I did not at first recollect him ; but when he asked me if I had not come over from Holland in the year 1799 on board a transport with two wounded officers, I immediately recognized him ;—he was then recovering from the effects of two dreadful wounds, and was as thin as a skeleton : the hospitality of Ireland had now given him the look of an alderman or a churchwarden ; no wonder, therefore, I did not at first recollect him : he was a very young man then, and had been newly appointed a captain in the 17th foot. In the battle of the 19th of September, a party which he commanded attacked a French redoubt ; they were on the point of carrying it, when some confusion took place, and several began to run : he was endeavouring to rally them, when he received a shot in the body and fell, but instantly got up again ; his men were still retreating, and he was calling to them to stop, when he was shot a second time a little below the knee. As the bone was broken, he was then unable to move himself : he begged some of the soldiers to take him on their shoulders ; but, regardless of his entreaties, they ran on without giving him assistance. A moment afterwards, the French were on him ; they tore his gorget rudely from his breast, his sword from his side ; they even felt his pockets for money, and took his hat from his head ; in which situation they carried him into the redoubt, and laid him on the ground. About an hour afterwards, the redoubt was attacked by a fresh party, who forced their way in ; and a short but desperate conflict ensued ; during which he was trampled on both by French and English. He thinks he must have been inevitably killed, but luckily a

French soldier, mortally wounded, fell over him and protected him from the tread of others. He was at length in the hands of his countrymen ; by whom he was put into a hospital cart, and sent about two miles back to the surgeons : all his sufferings during the day were trifling compared to the anguish he endured from the motion of the cart—he fainted with the pain several times. The surgeon, after surveying his broken bone, pronounced the necessity of amputation, which was performed that instant at Captain G.'s own request. During the operation, he vomited blood several times, which poured likewise from the orifices in his back and breast. His recovery was long despaired of ; a mortification was apprehended in his thigh, and it was evident he was shot through the lungs :—youth, and a good constitution, however, prevailed, and when I met him first, he was almost convalescent.

This rencontre revived the memory of the time I had passed in Holland, and I amused myself on my return to the coach with the recollection of various incidents that occurred during that period. I landed in Holland the day after the Duke of York—I hope his R. H. found firmer footing than I did—the beach was a perfect puddle ; and, without a bull, I might be said “ to have stepped upon land to my waist up in water.”—What the interior of Holland may be I cannot pretend to say, not having penetrated far into the country ; but I did not like its first appearance—there was too much *water* in the *landscape* : for not to mention the sea and the earth, the sky was pouring down rain in torrents. There was some novelty, however, in a regiment of Cossacks, which was encamped a little higher up on the beach ; the sentinels on duty,

in front of their tents, in blankets fastened over their breasts with pins or skewers : though this had a comfortable, it could not be said to have a very warlike appearance. It is unnecessary, I believe, to mention that I did not belong to the fighting part of the army : an author is seldom a warrior ; his pen is his weapon ; and, like the two literary heroes who fought in London some time ago, his bullets are almost always paper ones. I was one of a numerous corps of young surgeons, sent over at the requisition of Sir Ralph Abercrombie : heroes might inflict the wound ; mine was the humbler task to find the plaster. I spent some weeks at Hunesden, where the general hospital was ; I had plenty of employment, hardly time, indeed, to take my meals : this however was of less consequence, as they were very easily taken.—The world has been called a great sepulchre—with equal propriety, the village of Hunesden might have been termed one vast hospital : churches and stables, houses and barns, were filled with sick and wounded soldiers ;—I was quartered in the house of an old fisherman.—I did not, however, fare much the better for this ; whether it was that Englishmen were plentiful, or fish scarce, I seldom tasted any. On the 26th of September, I was ordered up to the army with several others : a great battle was daily expected, and a number of additional surgeons was necessary. We were put into an old cow-house, where, having got our tourniquets and bandages in order, “ we hovelled us like swine and rogues forlorn ” in short and musty straw, eat mutton when we could get it, and drank gin, and smoked tobacco, when we could get none. On the first of October, general orders were issued for the battle, which was

to take place next day. About two o'clock, the Duke of York, attended by a groom, and accompanied by a single aid-de-camp, passed by the place where we were stationed. He conversed for some time with us, and displayed the most humane consideration about the means to be used for the alleviation of the sufferings of the wounded. Early the next morning, the army took up its position: I was attached to the right wing. It was not yet daylight, and I walked for some time backwards and forwards behind the ranks. At seven in the morning day slowly broke: it was a dark and dreary morning; the rain came drizzling down, and every thing wore a look of desolation: nature seemed to mourn the folly of her sons, who thus inflict such misery on each other;

“ And for a fantasy, and trick of fame,  
Go to their graves like beds.”

For some moments before the commencement of the action, the scene was a most awful and impressive one: all was solemn, silent, and sad: there was neither sound of trumpet, drum, or fife: an universal stillness prevailed, slightly interrupted by the commands of the officers, delivered almost in a whisper, and the sighs that burst forth involuntarily from some of the men; reflecting, no doubt, on the change which a few moments might produce. This languor, however, was soon dissipated by a most tremendous discharge from an immense number of pieces of cannon; and the line slowly advanced, loading and discharging their muskets. To describe the noise and disorder, confusion and uproar, that followed, would be impossible; nor was I any longer permitted to be a witness of it. I

was summoned to my station some distance in the rear ; a prudent man might still have found it not distant enough, a curious one would probably have thought it too distant : my curiosity was perfectly satisfied, and I found it quite near enough. The wounded were now brought in in considerable numbers, and our part in the bloody drama commenced. We were principally employed in putting on tourniquets to suppress hæmorrhages, which were sometimes so excessive that the patients died in our hands : the fate of one poor little drummer was peculiarly distressing—he had a leg and a part of the thigh shot away by a cannon ball ; he was instantly carried to us, the drum still suspended from his neck : he was a fine-looking boy, about fourteen years of age ; he looked as if he could cry, but thought it unmanly, and endeavoured to laugh.—“ This would be a poor sight for my father (said he, looking up in my face) ; but I am a soldier now, and must not mind it.”—I was busied about him, when, leaning his little head on his drum, he expired. Some of those brought in to us were wounded in the intestines. I know no part of the profession of a surgeon more afflicting than this. Soldiers are generally aware that wounds in these parts are mortal ; and their inquiring looks, as they gaze on the surgeon’s face and seek to read the fate they are afraid to hear from his tongue, must distress every heart of sensibility. Between one and two the firing slackened, and we had the pleasure of hearing that the enemy were defeated. I ran out of my tent to enjoy, for a few moments, the welcome sight. The day was now fine ; the smoke which, like a cloud, had enveloped the two armies, was cleared

away, and I had a distinct view of both of them. I do not know how it was in other parts of the French lines, but opposite to me they retreated in the most perfect order and regularity: their music was playing, and colours flying, and the whole struck me with the appearance of men returning from a review. This was a *hot* day's work for the British army, and it was followed by as *cold* a night:—it was judged advisable not to take possession of Alkmaar till next morning, and they were obliged to lie all night on the field of battle. Towards evening I walked over a part of it, which was covered with the dead of both armies—French and English, Russians and Dutch, lay mingled together; and the storm, which lately raged so violently in their bosoms, was now hushed in the everlasting calm of death. I could not contemplate such a scene without a deep feeling of melancholy, and soon turned from it in sorrow and disgust. I was returning slowly tentwards, when I was eagerly accosted by a woman in an accent that left me no doubt of her country. “Ough, sweet saviour of the world! (exclaimed she) who ever thought of seeing you in this purgatory of a place; and were you too in that devil of a battle? and did you escape without either scrape or scratch?” I assured her I was alive and well, which she was very much rejoiced to hear: she had been an attendant at a lying-in hospital where I had studied, and afterwards married a soldier. I fancy she was then looking round for what she could pick up, as her pockets seemed very much stuffed. I did not dive into them, but I can pronounce the contents of her bosom excellent: she drew from it a bottle of excellent gin, which she insisted on my



taking a mouthful of. I swallowed two; and never did spirits come at a better season, for I was very much out of them before. Albeit little disposed to the laughing mood, I could not forbear smiling at the strange contrast between the hospital where we parted and the field where we met;—in the one we were employed in bringing people into the world, in the other they were as busy, and certainly not less successful, in sending them out of it.

Of the subsequent proceedings of the army I am unable to give any account; as I was sent, on the sixth, down to the Helder, and from thence on board the Aid transport, to take charge of sixty-three wounded soldiers and two officers to England. One of these was Captain G——, whom I have already mentioned; the other was a Lieutenant-Colonel, a man of rank and fortune: he was a highly agreeable companion, as he had not only received a liberal education, but possessed the most perfect elegance of manners;—on the latter he perhaps valued himself too much—he had been educated abroad, and the coarse and clownish air, the awkward manners, and embarrassed address of a mere Englishman were often the subjects of his ridicule: we had frequent disputes on the subject; for which we had abundant leisure, as we lay three weeks in the Texel waiting for other vessels. On our arrival at Harwich he asked me to dine with him, which I mention for the sake of a characteristic circumstance which occurred. The house was so crowded with company that we were obliged to dine in a bed-room: the colonel was inditing a letter, which I was writing for him, to some of his friends, when the landlord came in, saying that Lord ——, who was

then in town with his regiment of militia, would pay his respects to him in a few minutes, if he had no objection. When the landlord retired, I said "I think I had better leave you:" he answered, "No, it is a mere visit of compliment, and will be over in a few minutes: besides," continued he smiling, "we may perhaps bring our everlasting argument to a conclusion; and you may have an opportunity of judging between the untravelled English lord and the travelled English gentleman." A few moments afterwards the landlord returned, and throwing the door open, said, "My Lord ——." Unluckily for his lordship, as well as for my argument, there was a step into the room, which was completely thrown into shade by a large bed that stood between it and the window: his lordship, in consequence, stumbled rather than stepped into the room; and his sword, which he probably was not much accustomed to, getting entangled between his legs, added still more to his confusion: his bow, therefore, was certainly not one on which Lord Chesterfield (had he been present) would have bestowed much commendation. We may readily, however, pardon him a false step at Harwich, if he never makes one in the situation which he now holds.

It was now eleven o'clock; we had rolled over hills and dales upwards of three hours, and had feasted our eyes on the beauties of nature; we became, therefore, impatient for a feast of a different kind, and breakfast was looked forward to as a most delectable occurrence. A young lady called out to the coachman to know how many miles it was to the place where we were to get it.—"Something better than two," he

answered.—“ Oh then, dear sir,” exclaimed she, “ drive as fast as ever you can, for I am very hungry, and want breakfast very *bad*.—I could eat (said she, pulling in her head and turning round to me) a young foal, or a child in the small-pox.” A few moments afterwards she asked me if I did not feel hungry myself. “ No,” I said ; “ my stomach was delicate in a morning ; and”—this, however, was aside—“ the young foal, and the other dish she had been so kind to mention, had taken away my appetite.”

We stopped at the Man of War, a large single house about half-way between Dublin and Drogheda. Whether it was long fasting, or the goodness of the fare, but I thought it one of the best breakfasting houses I ever was in. The bread and butter, tea, sugar, and cream, were excellent. In this country, 1*s.* 6*d.* (1*s.* 7½*d.* Irish) is the regular charge for breakfast, and includes every thing, eggs, ham, &c. ; the latter, however, is not generally called for, eggs being the favourite dish of the country, as well as potatoes. I eat one, some ladies eat one also : the gentlemen, however, took care none should be lost : some eat four, and one eat six, with a proportionable quantity of bread and butter. In Ireland, toast is rarely brought in swimming in greasy butter, in the disgusting manner too common at an English inn—it is cut into thin slices, and laid on the table with fresh butter, which every one puts on for himself.

On our return to the coach, we became much more conversable than before breakfast : good cheer generally puts people into good humour ; it not only made us good-humoured, but, what it seldom does, it made us learned also. We had much ingenious speculation

about the name of the house we just had quitted : one lady said she heard a man had been murdered in it during the Irish wars, and haunted it for several years afterwards—it might do very well to breakfast in, but she must confess she would not like to sup or to sleep in it. This fair believer in hobgoblins was neither young nor handsome ; and, in my opinion, might have slept in a churchyard without fear of molestation either from man or ghost. One of the gentlemen said he remembered hearing a story, when he was a *youngster*, of the mistress of the house being a very large woman, with a stately air and majestic walk ; for which reason the neighbours all called her the Man of War. Another ingenious personage conceived it was called so by way of a joke, because one met with so much good cheer in it. “ If this be war,” said the wit (slapping one of the ladies on the knee), “ may we never have peace.” I ventured, with great deference to these superior critics, to throw out the idea that the sign, perhaps, was formerly a ship ; but this was rejected with contempt, as too easy and obvious a solution :—like true commentators, they persisted in diving to the bottom for what probably lay upon the surface.

We talked afterwards of Ireland, which was unanimously allowed to be of wonderful antiquity, and a full-grown nation when the surrounding ones were scarcely out of their cradle. A grave black little man in the corner said it was recorded by tradition that Ireland was peopled a short time after the deluge by a grandson or great grandson of Noah. He admitted, however, that this hypothesis did not rest on the most unquestionable authority, and for his part he ques-

tioned whether they had at that day the knowledge necessary for sailing on a troubled ocean, or a sufficient skill in constructing vessels large enough to venture on it: he modestly, therefore, demanded no higher antiquity for his country than fifteen hundred years before Christ, when a colony of Phœnicians came over from Spain, and, having peopled Ireland, spread themselves into England and Scotland. I did not choose to say much in opposition to this, as I knew it would not be very patiently borne: if all nations have affected to deduce their history from the earliest periods, the old Irish have particularly indulged in this vanity; nor can this be much wondered at by any person who reflects seriously on what has long been their situation. Depressed for many ages, stung with the reproaches, the contempt, and the injurious slander of their neighbours, they passionately recur to the monuments of their ancient glory; and speak of the noble actions of their ancestors in the glowing style of indignation which would ill brook them to be questioned.

Nor is it to be denied that, from the species of honour which has its source in antiquity, Ireland fairly claims at least an adequate portion. The title of Lord of Ireland gave precedence to Henry the fifth, at the council of Constance, in preference to the ambassador of France. Nor is the evidence which the Irish adduce in defence of their Phœnician origin easily answered, nor does it admit of ready refutation. There are still remaining large pillars of rude stones placed erect, on the top of which there are fixed others in an inclined and horizontal position, resembling the altars raised by the Phœnicians in honour

of their god Balus. In several parts of the kingdom there are to be seen other monuments; and, even to this day, certain customs are retained among the native Irish, which seem to point out their ancient connexion with this nation. The opinion of their annalists concerning this point is strengthened by Sir Isaac Newton, who informs us, in his *Chronology*, that a nation of Iberians, from the borders of the Euxine and Caspian Sea, settled anciently in Spain; that the Phœnicians, who first introduced arts and letters into Europe, had an early intercourse with the Iberian Spaniards; a colony of whom, by the name of Scots, settled in Ireland in the fourth age of the world. To Ireland, Scotland was indebted for its first inhabitants. Of the latter kingdom, Edward the first, as has been often mentioned, destroyed the historical records. This shameful act of tyranny obliged the Scotch antiquaries to have recourse to the records of this country, which taught them to acknowledge it as their parent state. At an early period, Ireland, from the Iberian Scots, was called *Scotia*. Some have asserted that the use of letters was not known in Ireland until the time of St. Patrick. This opinion is unsupported by any convincing evidence. The Irish is altogether different from the Roman alphabet, with respect to the powers, the number, and the structure of its letters. It claims for its origin the *Celtæ*, from whom, as we are told by Aristotle, the Greeks borrowed their alphabet. Dr. Raymond asserts that it is exactly the same with the ancient Celtic: he has given a specimen of the Lord's prayer in both, where even a superficial observer must perceive a striking similarity. Sir William Temple says that the Celtic

dialect, used by the natives of Ireland, is the most original and unmixed language that yet remains in any part of Europe.

Nothing can be said with certainty in respect to their early writings, as no traces of them remain, except in monumental inscriptions. It appears, however, that a few centuries after the christian era, when the ravages of the Goths and Vandals had extinguished elsewhere the means of knowledge, and involved the other nations of Europe in the thickest darkness, Ireland, like Athens of old, was resorted to by foreigners as the only surviving repository of learning. At that period, seminaries of knowledge were erected in several parts of the kingdom: learning was encouraged and cultivated, more especially by the clergy, with a zeal almost approaching to enthusiasm: the salutary effects of this were experienced beyond the limits of their own country. Their missionaries passed over to the continent, where they were received with grateful approbation, and their labours crowned with success. Henrick of Saint Germaine, who flourished in the reign of Charles the Bald, writing on this subject, gives this flattering testimony: "Why," asks he, "should I mention Ireland? Almost the whole nation, despising the dangers of the sea, resort to our coasts with a numerous train of philosophers." We have the authority of Bede, that Oswald, the Anglo-Saxon king, applied to Ireland for learned men to teach his people the principles of christianity. In the seventh century, the learning of the Irish was celebrated so highly in Europe, that the emperor, Charles the Great, honoured them, very particularly, with his alliance and

friendship; a memorial of which was preserved until lately, and probably may be, to this day, in the paintings of the late royal palace at Versailles. It was about this period that Ireland attained through Europe the appellation of the Island of Saints, and sometimes the Island of Scholars: the latter she has long lost; the former she still retains, and probably has as good claims to it as any of her neighbours, though I do not deny but that there may be (as is the case in every assemblage of saints) many sinners among them.

We changed horses at Balbriggan, a fishing-town about eight miles from Drogheda: it is a pretty little place, and I am told has an excellent quay, where large vessels can load and unload. The cotton manufactory was carried on here to a great extent; but has now declined so much, that they have converted some of their principal mills into flour ones.

We arrived in Drogheda about two o'clock: the appearance of the town pleased me as we drove through it; it was market day, and the country people in general seemed comfortably, though not very finely, dressed. The women, however, were almost all ugly; they were sallow, pale, and thin; and at thirty had the look of old age. Scanty nourishment, hard labour, and much exposure to the air, are doubtless the causes of this. They wore short cloaks of a coarse grey cloth, with green or yellow stuff petticoats. The men almost universally wore great coats of the same colour with the women's cloaks; they wore them to keep out the heat, probably. It could not have been for the sake of heat, for the weather was remarkably warm. I did not see either man or woman without shoes and stockings. The distance from Dublin to Drogheda is



twenty-four Irish miles. The fare on the outside was 6s. 6d. ; in the inside 8s. 8d. It carried ten inside, and I believe a still greater number of outside passengers. The coachman got 10d. from each of the former, and probably from a number of the latter ; as many of them had in all respects the appearance of gentlemen. The people of Ireland have in this respect less vanity, or more economy, than the people of England. It is much more common to see gentlemen on the outside ; and they mix at breakfast and dinner with the other passengers, without any risk of being objected to. The coachman was decently clad, civil, and attentive ; he had none of the impudence of manner so common among his brethren in England, who now as generally assume the air of gentlemen, as the gentlemen do the air and look of coachmen. The coach, though not an elegant, was a comfortable vehicle ; fully equal to any coach carrying the same number of passengers in England. I could only have wished it had been a little less musical—there was a good deal of loose iron work about it, which kept a jingling kind of sound, like Dr. Slop's instruments about the neck of Obadiah. I am as fond of musing as he was of whistling, and would have given something to a smith to have silenced this troublesome music.

I had an introduction to a shopkeeper in the town, on whom I called immediately after quitting the coach—I was received by him and his wife with the utmost civility. They insisted on my living with them, and even taking a bed at their house. Some poet has remarked that he always found “ his warmest welcome in an inn ;” this is rather extraordinary, as poets, in general, do not possess much of what gives men wel-

come there. Had he travelled to Ireland, however, he would often, I am sure, have experienced the contrary. I devoted a part of this day to asking questions of my host, whom I found an agreeable and intelligent young man. I suspect, however, his answers, on some points, are to be taken, "cum grano salis." He is a Protestant, and a very zealous one: of course, not partial to the Catholics; to whose claims, of what is termed emancipation, he is a bitter enemy. He has the same idea of the superiority of Protestants over Catholics, that an Englishman has of his over a Frenchman: he piously believes that one Protestant is a match for two Catholics; and the consequence of this persuasion, which is common to the Protestants of Ireland, perhaps is that two are equal to three.

Drogheda is situated on the river Boyne, which carries vessels of 150 tons as high as the bridge of the town; inclosing within its old and ruinous walls the uneven shelving banks of the river on both sides. The two principal streets are large and handsome; but much of the ground within the walls is unoccupied by buildings, and the mud-walled cabins outside of these give no very favourable impression in the approach; though the spire of one of the churches is a conspicuous and beautiful object. Drogheda contains about twelve thousand inhabitants, and is a place of considerable trade, which must increase with the advancement of the inland navigation. It was formerly called Tredagh, and is a place of great antiquity. There are many ordinances in Prynne, in the reign of Edward the Third, by which it appears that it was even then of some note.

It is remarkable for the great battle fought near it,

in the year 1689, between the English and Catholic armies. It stood two sieges prior to this period, which reduced the walls to the ruined and shattered condition in which they now are. The first of these sieges lasted nearly three months; though the town was neither strong in itself, nor well supplied with provisions. It was at the commencement of the great rebellion, in the year 1641; and as it was the only barrier to Dublin on the northern frontier, it was placed under the command of Sir Henry Tichbourne, an active and gallant officer, who was ordered to use every possible means for its preservation. The Irish who, though very numerous, were, from their situation, unable to surround the town by a regular encampment, could not, with their utmost vigilance, prevent some supplies from getting into it. These being soon consumed, the citizens and garrison were reduced to great distress. Sir Phelim O'Neale, who commanded the Irish, made several attacks, but was repulsed. The garrison, inspired by the example of their governor, was determined to endure every extremity, rather than surrender a place of so much importance. One of these attacks was made in the night: some of the rebels had penetrated into the town, which was only preserved by an accidental circumstance, which is thus related by Sir Henry Tichbourne, in a letter to his wife: "God's workings," writes the pious warrior, "are wonderful, and oftentimes, especially in matters of war, produce great effects out of small and contemptible means. This night, my man following me hastily out of my lodgings with my horse, the horse being unruly at the best, suddenly broke loose, and made such a noise in running and galloping madly upon the stones in the dark, that it put the rebels to a stand,

believing we were better prepared to meet them than in truth we were; and thereby afforded us something the greater leisure to entertain them, as by God's blessing we did." The town, however, must at length have surrendered, had not the Earl of Ormond arrived at the head of three thousand foot, and five hundred horse. On the news of which O'Neale instantly raised the siege, and retired into the north.

About ten years afterwards Drogheda was besieged a second time, when it experienced one of the most dreadful calamities which ever befel any city. The cause of royalism, which was completely subdued in England, was kept alive in some degree in Ireland, by the exertions of Lord Ormond: he had formed a numerous army, composed of Catholics and Protestants united together, not so much by their zeal for the king, as their dread of the common enemy the Puritans. An army composed of such discordant and heterogeneous particles had little principle of attraction, but much of repulsion; difficultly combined and easily separated, it could afford but feeble resistance against the parliamentary troops, whose courage was heightened by fanaticism, and directed by discipline. On the 15th of August, 1649, fifteen thousand men, with a formidable train of artillery, and all other necessaries of war, landed in Dublin, sent by Parliament for the chastisement of Popish rebels, and the relief of their godly brethren. Cromwell was the leader of this formidable force; he had contrived, by his intrigues, to be chosen Lord Lieutenant, by an unanimous vote of parliament. Having appointed a governor of Dublin, and adjusted such matters as required his immediate attention, he put his army in motion, and laid siege to

Drogheda. Ormond, being aware of this, had taken care to repair the fortifications of that city, to furnish it with necessaries, and a garrison of two thousand foot, and three hundred horse, which he placed under the command of Sir Arthur Aston, an officer of distinguished reputation. He had likewise strengthened his little remaining army, with which he advanced to the neighbourhood, to be ready, if an opportunity offered, to give assistance to the town. But these precautions were useless: Cromwell led his artillery to the walls, in which he in two days made a sufficient breach. The assault was given, and his men twice repulsed; in the third attempt, led by Cromwell himself, the town was gained: quarter had been promised to all who should lay down their arms; notwithstanding which, by order of their most inhuman general, the conquerors put the garrison to the sword, without regard to sex, age, or condition. The governor, and all his gallant officers, were massacred without mercy—mothers were butchered with the infants at their breasts, and the infants torn from their nipples and dashed on the floor. A number of ecclesiastics, of the Romish persuasion, were found within the walls. Cromwell instantly ordered his soldiers to plunge their weapons into these helpless wretches. For five days this hideous execution was continued, with every circumstance of horror: thirty persons only remained unslaughtered, by an enemy glutted by carnage, and these were transported to the island of Barbadoes. Ormond, in one of his letters, on the subject of this horrid scene, says, “The cruelties committed by Cromwell on this occasion would make as many several pictures of inhumanity as are to be found in the book

of martyrs, or in the relation of the massacre of Amboyna."

The effect produced on the minds of the Irish Catholics, by this infernal transaction, was indelible. The general who commanded it was an Englishman; the troops who perpetrated it were Protestants and Englishmen likewise: with Englishmen, therefore, they associated the idea of all that was horrid, brutal, and barbarous: they considered them no longer as enemies to contend with, but as fiends and executioners, whose delight was in torturing, and whom it was their duty, therefore, to torture in return. The blood-stained Englishman who shut his ears to mercy, who stabbed the suppliant who kneeled before him, and plunged his weapon into subdued and undefended bosoms, was, for upwards of a century, the never-ending theme of wonder and conversation among the lower Irish: their imaginations were overpowered and disordered by the recollection of his tortures and butchery; and every tale of horror was eagerly received, and every suggestion of melancholy believed implicitly. The superstition natural to an illiterate people contributed to heighten and continue the impression; and the most marvellous stories were propagated and received as incontestable. Lakes and rivers of blood, visions of spirits in flowing robes, and ghosts rising from rivers, and shrieking REVENGE, were said to be seen and heard by every lonely traveller.

The Irish and English have mutually much to forgive each other: each party condemns the conduct of the other, and a dispassionate man will find enough to condemn in the conduct of both. Englishmen of the present day, who pronounce the Irish cruel, barbarous,

and disloyal, will do well to recollect what the conduct of their own ancestors has been : in the contemplation of their excesses, they may learn indulgence for the excesses of others. Often has the earth groaned with the wickedness and folly of her sons ; but I know of nothing, in modern times, equal to the sacking of Drogheda, or in ancient history superior to it, except, perhaps, the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus : nor did the sufferings of the Jews exceed those of the ill-fated inhabitants of Drogheda, except by being of longer duration. Sorry am I to have it to say, that such a parallel is to be found in Ireland, and that the actors in it were ENGLISHMEN.

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## CHAPTER XI.

Remarks on the catholic service—Obelisk on the Boyne—Battle of the Boyne—Subsequent oppression of the Catholics—Hill of Donore—Convivial party.

### *Drogheda.*

I AROSE on Sunday at six o'clock ; it was a beautiful morning, and the sun shone in cloudless brightness. I wandered into a delicious meadow behind the house, which, from its silence and solitude, might have been a hundred miles from the habitations of men. It was bordered by a row of lofty trees ; the violet and daisy enamelled the surface, and mingled their light tints with the rich verdure of the grass ; a little brook gurgled through one extremity of it, and I seated myself by its side. It was the place a poet would have chosen for the visit of his muse ; and though not a poet, it inspired me with a wish of becoming one. I

had full in view the ruined towers of Drogheda; its fallen porches, its dilapidated and moss-grown walls. I invoked the assistance, therefore, of the Dryades and Hamadryades of the grove, and commenced my ode. Like other holiday friends, however, they came but slowly, and I had got but four lines forward, when a more powerful divinity came, uninvited, and threw a whole arm-full of poppies over my eyelids. Whether the reader is a gainer or loser by this interruption, it does not become me to decide; but it is not impossible that my sleep has saved him from one.

I was awaked by my friend hallooing to me to come to breakfast. I told him I meant to write an ode on the destruction of Drogheda, and as he was the only inhabitant I was acquainted with; I would dedicate it to him. If it was in favour of King William and the Protestants, he said he would be glad to listen to it; but if it was on the other side, as, from the sentiments I delivered the night before, he feared it might possibly be, he begged to be excused having his name in it; as it would do him no credit among his relations, who hated the papists, and cared no more about the siege of Drogheda than the destruction of Troy. Though no admirer of some of the doctrinal points of the Romish church, I like its external form of worship: I have been several times at the celebration of high mass, which I look upon as a lofty and magnificent spectacle, which elevates the soul, in some degree, to the Deity it addresses. I have been equally struck with the less glaring pomp, the chastened dignity, the plaintive melody, and exquisite harmony of their evening service. It is impossible, I think, for any person of sensibility to be present at vespers, without feeling his affections



kindled, and his heart humanized. I do not wonder that Catholics, whose worship is endeared to them, not only by its beauty but by habit and association with the early days in which it was first heard, remain so unalterably attached to their religion; and turn with so much disgust from our cold and less ornamented ones. It would not be much unlike what those are said to experience in dreams, who think to clasp swelling and voluptuous beauty, and find a hideous skeleton, a mass of dry and withered bones in their arms. As Drogheda is a great catholic town, I expected to hear mass in perfection: I asked Mr. ——— to go along with me to some place of worship of that persuasion. He started as if a culverin had been let off at his ear. He is a proper-conducted man, fond of his wife and children: yet, had I asked him to go to a house of ill fame, it could not have astonished him more. He would do much to gratify me, he said, but to be seen in a mass-house was a species of degradation no Protestant should be guilty of. The Protestants of Drogheda are mostly the descendants of Oliver Cromwell's soldiers, and retain much of the zeal, though I hope they do not the other bad qualities, of Oliver himself.

My next proposal, being a truly protestant one, was readily acceded to; it was to visit the obelisk erected on the river Boyne in commemoration of King William, and the glorious victory he obtained there. I had no reason to regret not going to mass; the day was charming, the country beautiful, and the company, which consisted of my host and his two brothers, highly agreeable. They seemed all to have that necessary qualification for a companion, as well as for a wife, perfect good-humour. They had likewise, in no mean

degree, the qualification necessary for guides—an acquaintance with the place we were going to visit: they know every dell and valley, every height and hollow of this ever memorable field; which is the classic ground of Ireland, and as high in reputation as the plains of Pharsalia. They pointed out to me the ground which was occupied by each army, and described the whole progress of the battle with a minuteness that would have astonished Duke Schomberg himself; they led me to the spot where King William was wounded the evening before the battle; and showed me the distant hill from which the wretched James, in alternate hope and fear, beheld the tide of war alternately advance and recede, and from which, with a soul subdued to his fortunes, he fled the moment he saw the battle declare against him. I am afraid, however, my friends are partial historians: not only was the river deepened, but little hills were swelled to mighty mountains, and superficial bogs to immense morasses, all to do the more honour to the great protestant hero, who has so long been the idol of every loyal Irishman. With a licence more akin to poetry than history, they diminished his army to twenty thousand men; while they augmented that of James to sixty thousand, exactly double their real number.

It must be admitted, however, in excuse for their partiality, that the conduct of James that day was as contemptible and dastardly, as that of his rival was magnanimous and deserving the crown he contended for. When wounded, he lost neither his fortitude nor presence of mind: every bullet, coolly remarked he to those that surrounded him, has its billet. William, it is well known, was a predestinarian; a doctrine,

whether true or false, as comfortable to the soldier, as the catholic belief of the absolution of sins is to the dying sinner. James stood trembling and dismayed, a timid spectator of the varied and animated scene which extended beneath him. "Oh, spare my English subjects!" exclaimed he once or twice, as divisions of his rival's army were repulsed, and driven back on the river. James possessed no real sensibility: the man who could admit his nephew, the son of his deceased brother, into his presence, when under sentence of death; could hear his passionate appeals for mercy; could see him prostrate on the earth, and feel the eager grasp of his trembling hands about his knees: the man who could hear and see all this unmoved must have been devoid of all humanity. Misfortune, however, had now overtaken him, and softened his stern and gloomy soul; he thought he felt for his English subjects, but he only felt for himself. The whole of his conduct, indeed, in Ireland was a series of blunders, and marked by that sort of infatuation said to characterize individuals and nations devoted to destruction: he retreated when he should have advanced; and he stood still when he should have retreated. He loitered in Ireland with a large army unemployed, when he should have appeared in England at the head of it; and he persisted (in opposition to the advice of his wisest officers) to stand the shock of William's regular troops, with his raw and undisciplined ones. In the council of war held the evening before the battle, Hamilton recommended that eight regiments should be sent immediately to secure the important pass of Slane. James proposed to employ fifty dragoons in this service: the astonished general

bowed and was silent. "Had your majesty ten kingdoms," exclaimed St. Ruth, "you would lose them all."

Early on the morning of the first of July, King William advanced to the banks of the Boyne. The Irish army was encamped on the opposite side: to their right lay Drogheda, which James occupied by a garrison; on their left, a difficult morass, which communicated by a narrow pass with the bridge of Slane, that lay three miles higher up the river. The English advanced in three divisions: that on the right was commanded by Count Schomberg, the centre by Duke Schomberg, and the left by King William. The river had been carefully examined, and, in the places pointed out, was to be crossed separately by each of these divisions. Count Schomberg, with the right wing, set off rapidly up the river. James saw this movement from the heights of Donore, and sent off large detachments to the opposite banks of the river. Count Schomberg pressed on with so much expedition, that before they could get forward to intercept him he reached the ford which he intended to pass, crossed it, and led his men down the river with intrepidity. Encouraged by this success, the part of the centre composed of the Dutch guards and Brandenburgers, the former leading the van, advanced to the Boyne, which they passed with considerable difficulty, dislodged the enemy, and made good their ground on the opposite bank. Here they formed, and advanced forwards, supported by a body of English, and by the French Hugonots, and the Danes, who by this time had passed the river. Upon their approach, General Hamilton, who, with the

horse and a part of the Irish infantry, had been posted on the rising grounds, attacked them with impetuosity: unable to withstand the shock, they broke and retreated in confusion. Here Caillemot, the leader of the Hugonots, received a mortal wound. As his soldiers were carrying him bleeding off the field of battle, he exerted his utmost strength, and exclaimed, "A la gloire, mes enfans! à la gloire!"

The rapidity of the Irish horse, the flight of the Danes, and the disorder of the French, spread a general alarm; and the want of cavalry struck the minds even of the peasants, who were but spectators of the battle, so forcibly, that a general cry of "Horse! horse!" was suddenly raised. This, which was mistaken for an order to "Halt! halt!" surprised and confounded the centre, was conveyed to the right wing, and for a while retarded the pursuit. In this moment of disorder, Duke Schomberg rushed through the river, and placing himself at the head of the Hugonot forces, pointed to some French regiments in their front, and cried, "Allons, messieurs; voilà vos persecuteurs!" These were his last words. The Irish horse, who had broken the French Protestants, wheeled through Old Bridge, in order to join their main body, but were here cut down by the Dutch and Enniskilleners. About sixteen of their squadron escaped, and returning furiously from the slaughter of their companions, were mistaken by the Hugonots for some of their own friends, and suffered to pass. They wounded Schomberg in the head, and were hurrying him forward, when his own men fired and killed him.

William had now crossed the river at the head of

the Dutch, Danish, and English cavalry, through a dangerous and difficult pass, where his horse, floundering in the mud, obliged him to dismount and accept the assistance of his attendants. The Irish retreated towards Donore, where James stood during the engagement, surrounded by his guards: and here, drawing up in good order, they faced about, and charged with such success, that the English cavalry, though led on by their king, was forced from their ground. William, with some peevish exclamations at their want of courage, rode up to a large body of Irish Protestants, well known, both then and since, by the name of Enniskilleners, and asked "What they would do for him?" Their officer informed them who he was—they advanced with him, and received the enemy's fire. The battle was now maintained on each side with equal ardour, and with variety of fortune. The king, who mingled in the hottest part of the engagement, was constantly exposed to danger. One of the Enniskillen dragoons, mistaking him for an enemy, presented a pistol to his head. William calmly put it by. "What," said he, "do you not know your friends?" The presence of such a prince gave double vigour to his soldiers. The Irish infantry were finally repulsed. Hamilton made one desperate effort to turn the fortune of the day at the head of his horse. Their shock was furious, but neither orderly nor steady. They were routed, and their general conveyed a prisoner to William. The king asked him whether the Irish would fight more: "Upon my honour," said Hamilton, "I believe they will; for they have yet a good body of horse." William surveyed this man, who he

thought had betrayed him on some former transactions, with contempt; and in a sullen tone exclaimed, "Honour! your honour!" The right wing of King William's army had by this time pursued the enemy close to Duleek. James, who still continued at Donore, commenced his retreat immediately: he marched to Duleek at the head of Sarsfield's regiment; his army followed, and poured through the pass. When they reached the open ground, they drew up and cannonaded their pursuers. Their officers ordered all things for a retreat, which they made in such order as was commended by their enemies. Their loss in this engagement was computed at fifteen hundred; that of King William's army did not much exceed one-third of this number.

By this memorable and decisive battle the hopes of James to ascend the throne of these kingdoms were finally crushed: he fled to Dublin, and a few days afterwards to France, followed by the scorn and contempt even of his partisans.—"Exchange kings," said Sir Teague O'Regan, after he was taken prisoner, "and we will fight the battle over again." The Irish Catholics might now be said to be completely subdued; and happy would it have been for these kingdoms, had the victory, gained by magnanimity, been used with moderation. But moderation is seldom the virtue of any government. A series of barbarous and proscriptive laws were issued, from which the eye of humanity turns in horror and disgust. The Irish Catholic, who was no rebel, who had contended for his natural king, and obeyed the orders of his own parliament, was stigmatized as the most vile, the most obstinate and irreclaimable of beings. He was ex-

cluded from the pale of society ; he was scarcely permitted to reside in a town ; he was debarred the exercise of his religion ; he was trampled on, abused, and outraged ; he was chained, not as an enemy that was conquered, but a wild beast it was dangerous to let loose. Many of the laws passed at this period bear a strong resemblance to the edicts of a Nero, or a Cæsar Borgia. It must however be admitted, in extenuation of government, that, had it even been disposed to moderation, it is doubtful whether the prejudices of Protestants would have permitted it. They held popery a horrible idolatry, whose touch was contamination, and which, like the Israelites of old, it was their duty to root out. I have little doubt that many of them would have done it precisely in the same manner—by the extirpation of the wretched inhabitants. The consequences of this shocking state of things have been long and are still felt in Ireland. The wholesome tree of society has been poisoned at its root ; and its branches, like those of the baneful upas, have scattered pestilence and death. The warm and overflowing affections of the Irish Catholic have become stagnate ; the milk of human kindness is curdled in his breast ; his spirits are depressed, his energies subdued ; and disappointment and oppression have rendered him a listless idler, or a fell misanthrope. Nor are the effects of it less perceptible in the Protestant. Living, as he supposed, in the midst of his enemies, he viewed his neighbours and servants with distrust. Imagining that he was hated, he soon deserved to be so ; and fear, which made Nero and Domitian cruel, too often taught the Protestant to be a tyrant, and to treat



the Catholic as a slave. He arrogated to himself all title, advancement, and even advantage, as an exclusive right; and, in the meanest situation, regarded the Catholic, "the most distinguished by wealth or talent," as a far inferior being to himself. To this diseased and vitiated state, and not to inherent disposition, I would attribute the haughtiness and arrogance, the impatience of control, the restlessness and turbulence, of which the Irish, when abroad, are so often, and perhaps so justly, accused. God be near me, as I speak the firm belief of my heart—that Ireland has suffered more misery since the reformation than ever befel any nation in the same space of time.

I have been more circumstantial in relating the battle of the Boyne, because the fate, not only of Ireland, but of England, and the family seated at present on the throne, depended on it. From the then critical situation of affairs, there is every reason to suppose that, had James been victorious, he would have been reinstated on the throne. Irritated by opposition, triumphant over all his enemies, and free from every restraint, nothing else could have been expected, but that he would have trampled upon the rights of the people, and adopted the most arbitrary designs, as the ruling principles of his government. It is likewise deserving of attention, from the number of troops engaged on each side, which was greater than in any battle fought in these kingdoms since the time of the Romans. The army of William consisted of thirty-six thousand men; that of James, only of thirty-three thousand. I have taken pains to ascertain this fact, to correct the prevalent opinion that the army of William was the least

numerous. It was not only the most numerous, but consisted for the most part of veteran troops, who had followed him from the continent. The Irish were raw levies, hastily raised, and little accustomed to the use of fire-arms. That they did not conquer, therefore, is not half so wonderful, as that they fought the time that they did. Yet historians, on the evidence of this battle, have gravely asserted that the Irish fight badly in their own country; and that there is a natural inferiority in them to the English. If either of these propositions be true, the proof of them must be sought elsewhere. The Irish did not fight badly; they fought well, and they fought long; nor did they fight against the English. King William's army was little more an English than it was a Turkish one: they formed but an inconsiderable part of it: nor did William, "who (if we are to credit contemporary report) had but a mean opinion of their military prowess," allow any of his divisions to be led by an Englishman. It consisted of a motley group of Dutch, Danes, and Brandenburghers; of French Hugonots, and Irish Protestants. To the gallantry of the latter, after the English cavalry had retired discomfited, is in a great measure to be attributed the success of the day.

In order to see some prospect, my friends wished to point out to me it was necessary to cross the river, which we did exactly at the same ford the Dutch guards did, and exactly in the same manner. I do not mean exposed to a heavy discharge of grape and round shot, but on horseback: a number of horses were grazing about; each of us mounted one, and having rode over, we turned our steeds loose, and

allowed them either to stray on the more verdant meads of the eastern bank, or return to their ancient habitations. A little higher up we saw some people crossing over in a particular kind of boat, called *corragh*; it is made of wicker work, and does not seem larger than a basket; some sort of a hide is drawn over it, which renders it impervious to the water: it holds one person, who directs it with a paddle, in the management of which he must preserve the most perfect steadiness, as the slightest movement on his seat would overturn the nut-shell that carries him. We passed the seat of a Mr. Cottington, whose eldest son was unfortunately drowned a few years ago in crossing the Boyne, in the manner just mentioned. His grounds are highly improved and beautifully planted; he has dug up an immense number of balls that had lodged there on the ever memorable day I have related: his house was attacked and nearly carried by the rebels in 1798. Had it been completely so, these balls, carefully preserved as trophies of the triumph of Protestants, might have been hurled back in vengeance against them; and, after the lapse of more than a century, have visited on them a portion of those ills they had formerly inflicted on others. We returned to town by a delightful road: on the right was the hill of Donore, clad in summer's fairest garb, and decked with a rich tuft of trees; the Boyne, full to overflowing its green margined banks, was on our left; and in our front, on a gentle eminence, was the town of Drogheda, with her lofty spires raising their heads above the grove that surrounded them. Short-sighted as I am, the sight gave me pleasure; perhaps, so strangely are we formed, the more pleasure for

being short-sighted : it hid a part, while it allowed the imagination to fill up the rest to its mind ; to raise the little, to conceal the mean, to heighten the mountain, to deepen the vale ; to give more verdure to the fields, more brightness to the sky, and more radiance to the sun. Alas ! to practise the deception which man practises on himself, as he views afar off the lofty mountain of life ; which, sanguine in youth, and cheated by hope, he clothes with verdure, shadows with myrtles, and strews with roses ; soon to experience the contrary, when in riper years he has tried it, and found it, as it is, bleak, dreary, and comfortless ; howling with tempests, broken with precipices, and planted with thorns !

We arrived about four o'clock in town, after a walk of somewhat more than eight Irish miles, a little fatigued with our journey, and perfectly ready to do justice to the hospitable meal the younger brother of my friend had invited us to. Beside our walking party, two other gentlemen were asked. I do not pretend to say there was much wit among us ; but I am sure there was a great deal of laughter, which is, perhaps, a much safer companion. Our dinner was good, and the wine and punch still better. The company swallowed them in large potations, which may in some degree account for the laughter. Whether from the force of sympathy or of whiskey, I became infected also, and laughed as vehemently as the loudest. Though a stranger, I was no restraint on them ; I was introduced as an author, a being I fancy the most of them were in company with for the first time : but their laughs were neither the less frequent nor less noisy on that account : happy in

distant obscurity, they were ignorant or indifferent that a snake was in the grass—that a spy was in the house, like another James Boswell, pen in hand, and ink-horn at breast, ready to take down each unguarded sally, or inaccurate expression. Our party consisted of seven—assuredly it was not the feast of the seven wise men—none of our sayings, I fear, will be ever recorded in a book of wisdom: yet I do solemnly declare, of all that was spoken—and much was spoken—“for we were all more speakers than listeners,” I did not hear a single sentence that could be construed into a bull. My readers will no doubt be as much astonished as I was, to have an Irish drinking party without either a bull or a quarrel in it. The truth is, of what passed in the latter part of the evening I have rather an indistinct recollection: we had swallowed so many bumpers to great men, beginning with the great man, the scene of whose exploits we just had visited. This is always a bumper toast, and drank sitting, standing, or kneeling, according to the zeal of the company. It is rather an awkward one, however, to kneel at, as it is almost as long as a fashionable sermon: a part of it, if I recollect right, is as follows: “The glorious and immortal memory of the good King William, who saved us from popery and slavery, brass money, and wooden shoes.” If any sober person takes offence at this seeming excess, I have only to say, in my own excuse, that I was not so cold-blooded a Protestant as to view the waters of the Boyne without emotion; and that the Glorious and Immortal Memory has been an excuse for drinking for upwards of a century.

## CHAPTER XII.

Story of Jenny Cassidy—Force of opinion among the Irish—Taste in colours—Importance attached to breeches—Mr. Foster—Irish religion—Mr. Foster's seat at Cullen—Complaints of public distress—Rotunda gardens—Matrimonial infidelity—attainment of the Earl of Desmond.

*Drogheda.*

I TOOK a long walk this morning on the Dublin road. As I was returning, I was overtaken by a middle-aged woman of decent appearance. She accosted me first, asking me how many miles it was to Drogheda. I told her something more than one, and asked her if she had travelled far that morning. "Ay, and all night too," said she; "many a weary mile, and many a sorrowful one, too; and God, he knows I had enough of that before." "My good woman," I said, "we have all enough of that: sorrow wears every garb, and is as often found under a silk pelisse, as under this grey cloak of yours; and when death comes, it is a sad thing to quit that fine castle yonder (pointing to a large house that was in sight); but it is nothing to leave your clay-built cabin—be that your consolation." "Ah, sir," said she, "gentlefolks have many blessings; so many people to care for them, and to watch over them, and to love them; but I have nobody to care for me now, nobody in all the wide world to trouble their heads about me. Ogh hone! Ogh hone!" wringing her hands, and rocking her body backwards and forwards, and from one side to another: "Jemmy, darling, in sorrow I

bore you ; many a bitter taunt and many a heavy blow I suffered for you ; ay, man, many a heavy blow and broken heart : you might have let me alone, surely."

I had no difficulty in obtaining her story from her ; her heart was full, and no niggard of its tale : overflowing with its woes, it found relief in the voice that soothed, in the ear that listened to them.

" The grief that does not speak,  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break."

I regret I cannot tell it in her own words ; yet they would be nothing without the tones and action which accompanied them ; and whenever I recollect her expressions, I shall make use of them. Early in life, she had been courted by a young man of her own age : she was fond of him, and he pretended to be fond of her ; nor had she any reason to doubt it, she said : " for I had another guess face then, than now that crying has brought wrinkles into it ; and when I had on my stuff gown and calamanco petticoat, though I say it, that should not, was a comely enough lass to look at ; and though I wrought hard all the week, I made myself clean when I went to prayers upon Sundays, and went to confession, though nothing had I to confess at all, at all ; for I was innocent then, and knew nothing of men or their wicked ways ; and the neighbours pointed me out as a pattern, and said, There is Jenny Cassidy, nobody ever saw her taken with liquor, or heard her ill word ; and my heart became puffed up with vanity, and I went to wakes and hurling matches, and trusted in my own strength ; and the blissid virgin forsook me, and left me to myself, and I found my strength was nothing but weakness."

At one of these merry meetings, her lover contrived to make her swallow a larger portion of liquor than she was accustomed to ; into which, it seems, he infused a medicine purchased in an apothecary's shop, which he thought had the property of making loving those who took it. Returning home by an unfrequented road, he decoyed her into a lonely field, where, partly by force, and partly by entreaty, he, to make use of her own words, obtained his wicked purposes. At their next meeting he comforted her, by telling her she had committed no crime ; that they had broken a sixpence together, and were, therefore, man and wife in the sight of heaven ; and that he would marry her, before men and devils, in holy church, whenever his service was out, which would be in three or four months. Lulled by his fair promises, she delivered herself without restraint to the sweet delirium of love ; and in a summer's evening, under the hawthorn hedge, scented with fragrance, on a green bank covered with daisies, and spangled with dew drops, while the birds carolled around them in unison with their loves, she tasted pleasures, which greatness seldom knows on its softest bed of down. Nature is a great leveller, and is pretty uniform in her blessings, as well as in her gifts. What she gives in continuance to some, she makes up in intensity of enjoyment to others : bloated and unwieldy wealth often dozes through life with less real gratification than this poor country lass experienced in a few moments of stolen interview with the man she loved. Man may be proud of the adventitious gifts of fortune ; but in the weakness of birth, the period of sleep, at the hour of death, and on the soft bed of love,



all are equal. "The great and the little are there, and the servant is free from his master."

Her love continued unabated, and seemed "to grow with what it fed on."—With the lover it was otherwise: satiety soon followed enjoyment; his visits became less frequent, and at length ceased altogether. It was her turn now to be a suppliant, and an unsuccessful one. In vain she followed him with tears and supplications, in vain she reminded him of his broken sixpence, of all the oaths he had sworn, and all the promises he had made; the rustic Lothario heard her with an indifference that would not have disgraced his brother libertines in a higher station of life. The hour of delivery approached: her secret was still her own; again she sought him out, and found him with difficulty; she fell upon her knees before him,—she clasped her arms around his, and bathed them with her tears,—she implored his pity, his forgiveness; by sinners in purgatory, by blessed souls in paradise, by the great God by whom one day they were to be judged; she implored him, while yet it was in his power, to save her from ruin and shame. Sorrow made her eloquent, and the poor and illiterate Irishwoman spoke the language of poetry, because she spoke the language of the heart. "Look upon me," said she, "look upon me, look upon my pale face, and altered body, and think who is the cause of it. I was happy till you knew me; I was innocent till you seduced me; till I knew you I was nothing but good; ough, don't you be my punishment for being bad!—What is this world even to the longest liver? you are young now, but you will soon be old: your green head will soon be gray; and then

you would give the world not to have such a sin on your soul." He endeavoured to get away, but she held him fast. "By the happy hours we have known together," continued she, "by the sorrowful ones I have known since, save me! save me! or kill me on this spot, and I will bliss you for it, and count you my best friend, though you have been my sorest enemy. You know you have." The hardened ruffian now spoke in his turn. He reviled, he abused, he cursed her: he did not kill, but he wounded her more deeply. "He was not so far gone," he said, "as to take a — for his wife, and to have his first-born a bastard." This last insult was too much: reason, which had been tottering before, now forsook her entirely. Convulsions followed, in which labour took place, and stretched upon the floor of her destroyer's cabin, she brought forth a son.

Of what passed for several years she had but little recollection: her thoughts were all dark and gloomy; she sat for days together in the large building, where she was confined, counting the straws, unable to speak, or to sing, or even to cry; when she could do either she felt happy. "And often, and often," said she, "when the whole world was asleep, and the moon shone bright, I stood at the bars of my window, and sung to my Saviour the live-long night the story of my woes; and he heard me in pity, and sent little doves down from heaven to comfort me, and to tell me not to mind the persecutions of man, for they had persecuted him also." At times, however, she was more outrageous, and then the keeper treated her with great harshness, and she had still, she said, the marks of the blows he gave her. On one of those occasions, in

which she was tamed into quietness, a woman was permitted to see her. Her lover's conscience was at length awakened, and he began to feel compunction for the wrongs he had done her: he begged her to take comfort, he promised to marry her the moment she came out, and besought her to send him by his messenger some token of forgiveness. "Did you send any answer?" I asked her. "I did not," she replied; I could not send any. But I opened my breast, that she might tell him of the marks that were on it; and I tore a handful of my hair for her to give him. It was almost gray then; it was black when he knew me first." Madness, as well as sorrow, often breaks forth in unpremeditated sublime: I was struck with the resemblance which this simple contrast of her present and former situation bore to the answer of the celebrated Marius, to the order of the proconsul of Utica, instantly to quit his province. He was proscribed, and a wanderer; a price was on his head, and he was in the most squalid garb. "What shall I say to the pro-consul?" said the lictor, who delivered the message. "Tell him," replied the other, surveying him with dignity, "that you saw Caius Marius in exile, seated on the ruins of Carthage."

From this deplorable state, after a lapse of many years, she recovered, and her father, softened by her sufferings, took her again into his house. Her seducer was long dead; he had his skull fractured at a neighbouring fair in a drunken fray, in which the inhabitants of two parishes were matched against each other. Her son in the meantime grew up, and was her only consolation; the affection which had met with so barbarous a return from his father was centred in him,

and when he was at her side, her former sufferings were forgotten; and a better youth, she said, never broke bread, nor a kinder heart; "and I thought my troubles were all over," continued she, "and that he would be the staff of my old age, and would close my eyes, and be always near me." In this, however, she was disappointed; the consequences of her transgression pursued her, where she could be wounded the most: her son was despised on her account; the young women slighted him, the young men would not keep company with him, and all descriptions fastened on him that, in Ireland, most opprobrious of all appellations, bastard. The young man having coolly weighed his situation, took an affectionate leave of his mother by letter, and early one morning left his native village, to seek among strangers the sympathy and kindness the prejudices of his neighbours denied him. He enlisted in a regiment then stationed in Drogheda, from whence his mother had frequent accounts of him. In consideration of his good conduct, he was made a corporal, and she was beginning to recover from the distress his leaving home had caused her, when she received the dreadful news, which occasioned her present journey, as well as sorrow. All her former ones were nothing compared to it: when her lover deceived her first, and then deserted her, when her friends renounced, when the world frowned, and her reason forsook her; in the faint glimmerings of it with which she was visited, she still had comfort; she had no joy in life, but she had hope in death; in her Saviour who died on the cross, who was a man of sorrows himself, in whose blood she should be washed clean from all her transgressions; but now, she said, she had no joy, no comfort, no hope;

he had turned his face from her in wrath ; the punishment of her sin was on her, in the person of the son, to whom that sin had given birth. Oh ! had she died a year ago, she would have been happy, for then she would not have known it ; or had it been his death only, had it been *fair* death from the hand of God, she would have followed him with pleasure to the church-yard, and when the last sod was laid on his coffin, she would have stretched herself beside it, and prayed to God that she might never see the morning. But it was the death of his soul that she lamented : the church had disowned him, the priest had cursed him, the curse of God was on him, and her wickedness was the cause. The son of sin had allied himself to the daughter of perdition. He had married a Protestant. I endeavoured to reason her out of so unfortunate a prejudice, but the attempt was unavailing, and even injurious : her eye became phrensiad, and her whole frame so agitated, that it threatened a return of the madness from which, it is possible, she had never entirely recovered. We were now at the end of the town, I therefore took a hasty leave of her, not the less sincerely lamenting her sorrow, because the cause of it was imaginary.

I have related this story, not only because I think that readers of a certain description will be gratified with it, but as it shows how religious prejudice, which had for a while lain dormant in Ireland, is again unhappily revived. I have seen several instances already, and from all I can learn, shall see many more. I shall therefore say little on this subject at present ; deploring, however, as I most sincerely do, that what was given for a blessing, should have become a curse ; that the folly of man should convert the wholesome food of

religion into a deadly poison, and that the inhabitants of a country, who possess kindness of heart, to a greater degree perhaps than those of any other, should be drawn forth like hostile armies arrayed for mutual destruction, or rather like enraged tigers, ready to tear each others bowels out. This story, likewise, shows the peculiar habits of thinking of the Irish peasantry, with whom loss of chastity is a crime of the deepest dye; partly dependent on their strong sense of religion, still more, perhaps, on their lively sensibility, which renders them painfully alive to the opinions of others. This prevalence of opinion must strike every person who has opportunities of observing the domestic manners of the Irish. What would the neighbours say to such a thing? is the question which people even of the middle class ask themselves on every little as well as great occasion. Very often considerable sacrifices are made to this voluntary bondage they impose on themselves. A young lady was courted by a gentleman of excellent character and independent fortune; she refused him (as she said) by the directions of her mother. A friend, who well knew her straitened circumstances, remonstrated with the old lady. "Is he not," he asked, "a liberal man, as well as a rich one? and might he not be of great use to your younger children?" She admitted he might. "Is he not a better offer than you can ever expect for your daughter again?" "She feared he was." "What made you refuse him, then?" "On account of his name, to be sure," replied this judicious parent; "fifty years have I lived in the town of ———, and never kept any but the best company. I have people enow to

envy me; and, with God's help, they shall never turn their noses up at Mrs. Gallagher."

This inquisitorial power of opinion would have great efficacy in keeping the community virtuous, if it was uniformly exerted, or had any rational standard to refer itself to. But in every country the progress of reason is slow; in Ireland, from unfortunate causes, it is peculiarly so. Much of what is really vice is not deemed so. Drunkenness is not a sin, quarrelling is not a sin; they flatter sometimes their pride, but never wound it: but breach of chastity is the sin never to be forgiven, because it is shame, it is degradation. A name of the highest reproach in France would be none here—because it would be unintelligible; they have two, however; one for each of the sexes—that for the woman I need not name—that for the man is bastard.

I stood an hour in my friend's shop this morning, after breakfast, and was highly amused with the manner of doing business. The number of people that came in was very great, and so was the trouble they gave; stuffs, dimities, and cottons were tossed about with as much indifference to the trouble given the shopman, as a fashionable lady in Bond-street feels on a similar occasion. One or two women bought gowns, and I observed that the colours they preferred were all different shades of green: a very elegant stuff of a pale yellow was shown them; the youngest seemed pleased with it, but the other whispered something in Irish, and then laid it aside. I remarked that the shopman smiled, and asked him what she said? "Don't have any thing to do with it; it is a *protestant* colour." Green, in all its shades, is Catholic; orange is Pro-

testant. Green is not only the most beautiful, but it is the national colour. All the attachments, indeed, and prejudices of the Catholic, have a reference to the country, to the soil, to the sod, as he affectionately terms it; this is a more natural feeling, and therefore bids fair to be more lasting than the Protestant one, which is artificial and factitious, founded on recollections that time must infallibly weaken, and on attachments that are extrinsic and adventitious.

Very few of these poor people could speak English; my friend's pride will not allow him to learn Irish. In this instance, as pride often does, he pays for its gratification: he is obliged to keep a shopman at a large salary, who acts as an interpreter, and who, I suppose, can speak Irish very well, for he spoke English very badly: he translated for me one or two Irish jokes, which he said would make me laugh heartily. This is always an unfortunate exordium; whether it was it, or that he allowed the wit to evaporate in the translation, but I felt more inclination to yawn. If the jokes were good ones in the Irish language, there they should have been allowed to remain, for they were very dull ones in English.

The grand article that was purchased by the men is a very essential part of human clothing; I mean breeches: though the Irish peasantry have been stigmatised as republicans, they do not deserve the name of *sans-culottes*; on the contrary, this part of their dress claims much of their attention; they pride themselves on having them large, and clean, and whole; the coat and waistcoat seem much less thought of, and are often in rags; why they should be the objects of such honourable preference, I shall not attempt to



conjecture: but as a hero in romance discovers himself by throwing open his cloak and displaying his embroidered vest, so we may always judge of an Irish peasant's riches by the condition of his small-clothes. A runaway couple went to be married by one of those degraded clergymen, called in Ireland Buckle-beggars. The bridegroom had some money and was in love, but he had more of prudence than of either: he disguised himself in an old wig and ragged great coat, and counterfeited poverty, to have the business done the cheaper. The ceremony was pretty far advanced, when the divine's daughter called to him to stop:—"Father, father," said she, "the man's a knave, and can afford to pay you—only look at his honey-comb breeches." The bridegroom's ingenuity did not fail him in this emergency. "In troth, lass," he replied, "*gin* I *mun* tell you, they are borrowed *breeks*."

Notwithstanding the great superiority of the Catholics of this town both in numbers and riches, the Protestants were able, at the last election, to bring in their favourite, Mr. Foster, to the exclusion of Mr. Ogle, who was supported by the opposite party. The contest was very severe, and for some time the event was doubtful—the priests used their best endeavours—the ladies, too, exerted themselves to the utmost—a woman and a priest one should have thought might have gained any election: they failed, however, on this occasion. The orange triumphed over the green: protestant ascendancy was ascendant; though I am told more tricks were practised than were very honourable, or very honest. My friend related, with great glee, various instances of the zeal of

his acquaintances, who flew from the most remote parts of the three kingdoms, who encountered storms by land and by water, tossings on ship-board, and shakings in stage-coaches, all to give their votes for Mr. Foster. It should seem, however, that the zeal of some of these itinerant Protestants was not altogether disinterested: Mr. Foster, the father, has so many good things to dispose of, which he always gives to electioneering merit, in preference to any other.

The conduct of one of these worthy patriots was described as particularly noble. He had been in business, but failed, and had taken refuge in the Isle of Man from his creditors. He had been a speculatist and a gambler; and, moreover, was suspected of being a cheat. One unfortunate night, suspicion had been converted into certainty, and he was detected in the act of changing a card. His process was very summary: Irish justice, in her first transports, is not only blind but deaf; he was obliged to leave the room more expeditiously than he had come into it. He would have chosen the door, but his companions preferred the window; and out he flew, luckily with no other injury than the dislocation of one of his ankles. Though a knave, this man was a stanch Protestant; he had little property, and it should seem less morality—but his zeal for religion was unbounded: he thought it would be endangered, and the character of his native town degraded, if the Catholics prevailed in the contest. Though he ran considerable risk from his creditors, he travelled day and night, gave his vote for Mr. Foster, and instantly returned to the Isle of Man.

A superficial observer would pronounce this man

a hypocrite, who acted from motives of interest he did not choose to acknowledge. A more careful studier of human nature, who is therefore aware of its odd mixture and wretched inconsistency, would hesitate before he formed a decided opinion. A man acquainted with Irish nature, marked as it is by prejudice, and tinged and discoloured by party, would readily believe that this person's motives were what he professed them to be, and that his affairs were so desperate he could hardly have any other. Love for one's religion, in Ireland, by no means implies religion in the common acceptance of the word: it is not devotion, it is not benevolence, nor even morality. It is pride, it is vanity in its cool, it is delirium, it is phrensy in its heated, moments. It mingles with their amusements, and floats on their cups: it is felt by the drunken and blackguard, as much as by the most orderly and sedate. The concluding line of each verse of a song I once heard in a company of drunken Protestants was as follows: "And to H— with the breed for ever." By the breed was meant the Catholics, or Papists as they are most commonly termed here: it is almost needless to add, that whenever the musician got the length of this benevolent line, the whole party joined rapturously in the chorus. We must not, however, conclude hastily from this, that the character of Irishmen is radically worse than that of other men: extrinsic circumstances only have moulded it into a form different indeed from its real one: the same, perhaps worse prejudices, would exist in any other country, where a struggle for preponderance between two sects had existed for so great a length of time; where the mass was the

conquered, and the handful the conqueror; where the nation was the oppressed, and a colony the oppressors; which preserved its hard-earned supremacy by ever-wakeful exertion and vigilant, perhaps necessary, severity. In England, during the civil war, the people went religiously, as they have often since gone politically, mad: happily, it was only a remittent, while in Ireland it has been a continued fever. During the time it lasted, however, it was equally ridiculous and equally contemptible. The presbyterian hated lawn sleeves, surplices, and set forms of prayer; the puritan had causes for sorrow no less important: he abominated music, and could not abide an organ; the altar was in the east end of the church, instead of the middle; he was obliged to bow his head at the name of Jesus, to keep fasts and feasts, to be mortified in Lent, and to eat plum-porridge and mince-pies at Christmas. There was no enduring such formidable exactions, and so he went to war to get rid of them. In proportion as it was assailed by the waves of fanaticism, the Church-of-England-man became more and more attached to the holy ark, "as he thought it," of his own religion: his affections were kindled, his pride was wounded, his feelings were roused; and as long as the Church wanted repose, he could take none of his own. Hume, in his history of that period, gives many ludicrous instances of those passing follies. I shall mention one; not as the most apposite, but as the only one which just now occurs to my recollection. "Stand up," said a drunken soldier of the Royal army, as he came one night reeling home; "stand up," said he, to a church against which he staggered,

“you drunken b—h! I will stand by you to the last.”

Mr. Foster's country residence is a few miles from this town; it is highly improved, and delightfully situated. Like the demesnes of almost all the Irish gentlemen, it is open to every stranger. Whatever difference of opinion may exist on his public character, there can be none on his private: he is entitled to the highest praise as a landlord, and a resident country gentleman. He has introduced several valuable improvements in agriculture; he has bettered the appearance of the country, and greatly amended the condition of the surrounding peasantry. The shady groves, the neat cottage-houses, and rural walks, in the neighbourhood of Cullen, form an assemblage of pastoral beauty, not exceeded by any thing I have seen in England or elsewhere. The roads he has made for many miles round are equal in grandeur and durability to any I have ever travelled over. In consequence of judicious alterations in the corn laws, Ireland, which some years ago had not grain enough for her own consumption, has now a large quantity for exportation. He was for several years afterwards very popular, particularly at the period of the union; which, unawed by the threats, and unseduced by the promises, of Mr. Pitt, he opposed most strenuously. He appears now, however, as universally reprobated, as he was then admired. Many causes, no doubt, have combined to produce this effect: the immediate one, however, appears to be the weight of the new taxes. Laying on taxes, at the best of times, is but an ungracious business; but when commerce had received such a

shock, and people were smarting under the irritation of their losses, the very name of a tax was an injury; and ingenious indeed must the compounder of it have been, so to disguise the nauseous draught as to make it grateful to the stomach or palatable to the taste. In his speech in the House of Commons, in moving those taxes, he depicted, in glowing colours, the increasing prosperity of Ireland. In general, he is little of an orator, and less of a poet; but a plain matter of fact man. It should seem, however, that he did not confine himself to facts on this occasion: memory would not serve his purpose, and so he betook himself to invention. The people of Dublin, without circumlocution, accuse him of telling a parcel of monstrous lies, and assert that their distress is very great, and that it must be apparent even to the most heedless observer.

In this number I fear I must be reckoned. Distress was not apparent to me: on the contrary; the general aspect of Dublin appeared much improved since I had seen it last. There was less splendour, perhaps, less frequency of routs, and less brilliancy of equipage. I do not know that this is an evil. But there was less of that hideous contrast of disgusting rags and squalid misery, which pained the eye before. This I am sure is a good. The lower classes were cleaner and better clad, more decorous in their manners; and, whether it was fancy or not, I thought they had acquired something of an English accent. At every table to which I was invited I saw nothing but abundance; a dinner, given to a large company by a reputable merchant, was a most sumptuous one: an epicure could have desired nothing

either in food or in wine beyond it. Our entertainer was a mighty well-spoken man, at least he thought so himself; and a party is always of the same opinion with a man who gives good dinners. After the ladies were withdrawn, he drew a most eloquent picture of the misery of the times, the stagnation of trade, and almost universal bankruptcy: in a short time, he said with a sigh, we shouldn't have a shoe to our foot, or a bit of bread to put into our mouths. "They must be different times from the present, then," said I, glancing my eye on the decanters with which the table was covered. My remark did not interrupt the flow of his observations; he became more eloquent and more pathetic; and one large elderly gentleman, who, I suspect, was little accustomed to starvation, looked as if he was going to cry. Sorrow is always dry, and we swallowed such large bumpers of claret, that when we joined the ladies, we had all the visages of Benedictines. I was seated beside a very elegant young woman; that was not a novelty: almost all the young women I had met with in Dublin were so. She was very chatty; that, perhaps, was still less so. I felt my situation a little awkward. She addressed me immediately, and I was by no means equally prompt in my reply: possibly, that which made my host eloquent had made me silent. However, the young lady spoke with such vivacity, that it was quite a treat to hear her; particularly after the dismal ditty I had just been listening to. She had only been a month in Dublin, she said, and found it so charming: walking and paying visits every morning, and every night at some party or other. She was not like the good man of the house;

she had no fears of being ruined. She described the beauty of the Rotunda gardens, "where she had been a few nights before," in the glowing colours of enthusiastic and undisappointed youth. It was quite a fairy scene, she said; and when she listened to the soft notes of the music, as they died away upon the breeze, and gazed on the gay assembly who wandered through the delicious shades, illuminated by the coloured lamps that hung in gay festoons from the branches, she could have fancied herself in Elysium.

The Rotunda Gardens, or the New Gardens, as they are more generally called, and which "grew so green" in the youthful narrator's description, belong to the Lying-in-hospital: the price of admittance is five-pence, and the profit goes to the benefit of the institution: at the close of the season it must be considerable, for forty-five, and even fifty, pounds are sometimes taken of a night. The expense to the hospital is trifling; a few lamps are lighted among the trees, and two military bands attend: it is a very pigmy Vauxhall, therefore, but it has these two great advantages—that the gardens are in the centre of the city, and that the amusements are over at an early hour. Exactly 'as the clock strikes ten, "God save the king" is played, which is followed by "Patrick's Day:" these are the Castor and Pollux of the Gardens, and always end the performance. This is a remnant of the rebellion, for it is the same at the theatre, and every other place of amusement: "God save the king" is a draught which must be swallowed, and "Patrick's Day" is the sweetener after it.



Even in this remote place the progress of refinement begins to be felt, and, within the last four years, two cases of adultery have occurred—the last of which was attended with circumstances rather peculiar: the lady's name was N——; the gallant's, Colonel S——, nephew and heir to Lord A——. The husband, who was suspicious of an intrigue, forbade his wife to speak to him. Meeting them a few days afterwards conversing on the road, he gave the colonel a blow: a duel followed; but after the first shot, the magistrates arrived, and put them under an arrest: the colonel was himself married to an amiable woman, who had borne him four children. After a short but severe struggle between duty and inclination, he gave up his commission, and fled, with his gentle Desdemona, to the Isle of Man, the receptacle of runaways, from this country, of every description. The lady, fearful however that when passion subsided, his fondness for his youngest son might cause him to return, contrived to decoy the child from his mother, and carried him along with them. Justice obliges me here to mention that this lady was not a native of Drogheda, nor even of Ireland—she was the daughter of a merchant in London; where, if there are some vicious, there are a much greater number of virtuous women.

In ancient times, parliaments were frequently held in Drogheda, one of which attainted the great Earl of Desmond, who was beheaded, in consequence, the fifteenth of February, 1467. Report makes his crime to have been extorting coyne and livery, which means free quarter for horse and man, and money besides. Tradition, however, tells a different story, and says

that the real cause of his death was not the ostensible one. He despised the king for his marriage with the Lady Elizabeth Grey, and often said she was a tailor's widow. This was an affront it was hardly in female nature to forgive; and though the poor earl was so distant, her Majesty contrived to reach him with her *shears*. King Edward, it is said, was willing to forgive him; but the queen stole the privy signet, and put it to an order for his execution. The irritability of tailors to insinuations thrown out against their profession seems at all times to have been very great. The fraternity in London, luckily for a respectable performer, had not so much power as this Atropos of a queen. He advertised a farce for his benefit which exposed them to ridicule—they made a riot to prevent its representation: had they held the scissars of fate, they would not unlikely have cut the actor as well as his comedy short.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

Conduct of the yeomanry of Drogheda during the rebellion—  
Irish and English courage contrasted—Singular encounter  
with a female—Churchyard and inscriptions—Catholic bury-  
ing-ground.

#### *Drogheda.*

THERE are several pretty walks about this town, which, however, seem to be little frequented. The weather was charming, and the sea-breeze, which breathed on one of them, made it delightful; yet it was silent and solitary as the deserts of Arabia. Walk-

ing for amusement seems much less common than in England ; the females, I suppose, are more domestic : this, doubtless, is a great blessing to their lovers and husbands, but it is inconvenient to the traveller, who soon tires of the most beautiful landscape that is not brightened " by the human face divine." The view from the Castle-mount, as it is called, is very fine ; it was erected a short time before the late unfortunate rebellion, and a battery planted on it, which commands the whole town. Whether in consequence of this, or of other prudent precautions, Drogheda remained tolerably quiet, though the number of the disaffected was supposed to be very great : lenient measures, however, were as little had recourse to as in other places. The yeomanry corps of the neighbourhood were assembled in the town, and billeted on the inhabitants : they were all staunch Protestants, and of course outrageously loyal. Loyalty, like charity, covers a multitude of sins : they all drank and caroused, swallowed wine and whiskey in pails-full ; and, in their zeal for the good old cause, I fear, committed a number of bad actions. The Catholics of Drogheda were to the Protestants in the proportion of eight to one ; and every Catholic was a rebel, of course, who aimed at nothing short of the extirpation of the protestant religion by the destruction of these its pious and learned defenders. Their powers were unlimited, their prejudices were strong, and their fears were great. When present fear was added to former recollection, it was hardly to be expected they would bear their faculties very meekly. Fear has ever been the parent of the most horrid deeds. Nero and Domitian were capricious, brutal,

and malicious, almost from their first accession to the throne; but they were not decidedly cruel until they knew they were hated: fear then saw an assassin in every form, and a dagger in every hand, and the most atrocious deeds were considered only necessary acts of self-preservation. The Catholic hated the Protestant. Alas! that is not wonderful: he had suffered much, and had suffered long; he was beat down and oppressed; he was despised, reviled, and persecuted; a stranger in his native land, he could obtain no honour, and gain no distinction: even the land which gave him birth, which to him was little but a cradle and a grave; the religion to which he so fondly clung, which enabled him to bear his misfortunes upon earth, and pointed out to him happiness hereafter in heaven, were terms of contempt and reproach. The Protestant hated the Catholic. Wherefore? His revenge might have been satiated, he had inflicted misery enough; his vanity might have been gratified, his was the triumph; his avarice might have been appeased, his was the gain. Wherefore, then, did he hate him? Because he feared him; because, though disarmed, he was not helpless; because, though cast down, he was struggling to rise, and, Antæus like, might rise stronger from the touch of his parent earth: he hated him because he had inflicted misery, because his was the triumph, because his was the gain.

“ Forgiveness to the injured does belong,  
But he ne'er pardons who has done the wrong.”

The conduct of the yeomanry, however, on the following occasion, was highly meritorious. A party

of the Wexford rebels, closely pressed by the army, separated themselves from the main body, and, without any apparent object, except the temporary one of avoiding the force that pursued them, or the vague expectation of being joined by the country people of the places through which they passed, traversed, in a wild and rapid manner, a distance of upwards of a hundred miles; and at length, by chance rather than design, arrived in the neighbourhood of Drogheda. The intelligence of this, as may be supposed, threw the royalists into considerable confusion: their force was inferior to the rebels, who, instructed by the warfare they had carried on for several weeks against the king's troops, were now become veterans in the art of war. The volunteers, however, leaving a small force for the defence of the town, marched out with great courage to meet them: courage was universally displayed by all the yeomanry corps, and would have entitled them to the highest praise, had it been oftener than it was connected with humanity. On their arrival at the spot where the rebels were posted, they immediately attacked and dispersed them in every direction. These unfortunate wretches made, it would appear, but a poor resistance, unworthy of their former reputation. This will not be wondered at by those who understand the character of the lower Irish, who are, beyond all others, governed by wild and unsettled emotion, and are often as helpless in depression as they are bold and enterprising under less desperate circumstances. An immense distance of country lay between them and their home; their bodies were exhausted by fatigue and want of food,

and their minds dispirited by the disappointment of their hopes of being joined by great numbers. Few joined them ; and those who did were of no use :—unaccustomed to face danger, at the first approach of it they ran away ; their situation was desperate therefore—of success they had no hope, and of mercy they had no chance. The courage of the Irish peasant, like all his other virtues, is headlong, violent, and unreflecting. Furious in attack, cheered by example, and animated by hope, regardless of consequences, he rushes boldly into the cannon's mouth ; but in hopeless danger, which he has leisure coolly to survey, his fortitude almost always forsakes him ; despair, which often gives courage to others who never possessed it before, softens and relaxes his ; he looks round upon the world he is so soon about to leave ; he thinks upon his father, his mother, his wife, his children ; he calls them by their names, he addresses them as if they were present ; the field which he laboured, the cottage which gave him birth, the tree which gave him shelter, all are present to his imagination,

.....Dulces  
Moriens reminiscitur Argos.

The waves of passion subside, and tenderness possesses him solely. The lion's heart feels all a woman's weakness, and he, who a moment before would have met death undaunted, melts into tears and unavailing lamentations. Every person who has seen the Irish and Englishman in circumstances of peril would, perhaps, remark the superior daringness of the former ; but he would equally be struck with admiration at the manly resolution and stern stoicism with which the latter

drink my health in a bumper of whiskey. She prayed the sweet Jesus to guard me by land and by water, on shipboard and on horseback, and finally wished me a happy sight of my friends in Yorkshire, of which country she persisted in thinking me a native; though I should have supposed my giving her money, without getting any thing in return, might have convinced her of the contrary.

We never (it is said) know the full value of good, until we have experienced evil. I am sure I never knew the worth of silence so much as on parting with this loquacious dame.

To enjoy it to perfection, I sauntered into the churchyard, the door of which stood charitably open: in general, however, Irish churchyards, different from English ones, are rigidly appropriated to their proper purposes; they are receptacles for the dead only, the living are excluded; and the tour writer is deprived, by this arrangement, of an easy method of showing his wit, as well as filling up a few pages by the insertion of quaint epitaphs, and ill-spelt inscriptions. In Drogheda churchyard, however, I saw nothing of this sort; the inscriptions were modestly written. In general they expressed the day of death and the age only. The characters were remarkably well formed, and cut so deeply that they promised equal durability with the stone itself. One epitaph I insert, on account of the lofty panegyric a mourning husband passes on his wife; few husbands, I am afraid, can say as much for a living one. "Her body and mind immaculate, without one stain of filth or sin; justice held her balance in her breast; truth its temple: taught of God, her religion was in spirit, not in mode. Faithful, be-

nevolent, lovely and beloved, her face the emblem of her mind, would you have her fellow, you must follow her to heaven." It is likewise recorded, with great triumph, that this lady (Mrs. A. Fisher) was lineally descended from the great Earl of Clarendon. She is not the only native of Drogheda, however, for whom a kindred with a great man has been claimed. There lived here about sixty years ago, one Guy Harrison, who boasted of his descent from Shakspeare: he said he was his grand nephew, and delighted in speaking of his uncle. This anecdote is mentioned by a gentleman who often conversed with him, but who was then too young to take much interest in any thing that related to our immortal bard. Harrison kept a little shop, in which he sold thread, tape, lace, and other small haberdashery; his circumstances were indigent. Should not inquiry be made concerning his family? Perhaps, if he had any children, some of them may be still in being. I have likewise heard, that within these few years a lineal descendant and namesake of the celebrated Spenser was resident in this neighbourhood; that he was in possession of an original portrait of the poet, which he valued so highly, as to refuse five hundred pounds which had been offered for it; with many curious papers and records concerning his venerable ancestor.

The church is a neat and elegant building, shadowed by lofty elms, which give an air of suitable solemnity to it. This is the burial-ground of the Protestant; not that the Catholic is excluded, but so strong is the hatred they bear each other, that there seems a disinclination even that their ashes should mingle: evil passions keep them apart during life, they disturb even



the repose of the tomb. The Catholic burying-place is about half a mile distant, in a field on which a monastery of Dominican Friars once stood. A small portion of it is still standing, and no doubt serves to give greater sanctity to the spot. There was less order and neatness here than in the other, but more of wildness and fancy: the thistle grew unchecked, the grass waved slow and solemn, and the wild flower breathed its perfume on the chill mansions of the dead. A rude heap of stones, often, was the only covering; while in others, the earth raised into a mound, and bedecked with a green sod, secured from outrage the bones that slumbered underneath: at the head of all of them, however, a small stone was placed in a perpendicular direction, on which the name and age of the deceased was marked under a black cross, and the following initials—I. S. M.—Jesus Salvator Mundi. On a great number was likewise inscribed, *Gloria in excelsis Deo*. One monument struck me, as well by its beauty, as the singularity of its inscription. It was a light and graceful pillar, somewhat higher than a man, crowned with an urn. The lady to whom it was erected died in child-birth at the age of twenty-seven: after enumerating her good qualities, and bewailing her early fate, the author, who was her husband, concludes thus:—"Wrapt in EVERLASTING sleep lies buried here." This is the first instance of the kind I have ever met with in a churchyard, and I trust it will be the last. A tombstone is surely of all places the most unfit to record one's infidelity on. It robs man of comfort at the hour and on the spot where of all others he wants it the most. The belief of a future state of existence is at all times and seasons

a delightful one: in rosy youth and health, in the lap of prosperity, or the soft bed of love; but in the day of adversity, on the bed of sickness, and in the abode of sorrow, where else can man seek for consolation? its blessings then are felt when all other blessings fail us. It comforts those that mourn, it binds up the broken in heart, it gilds the walls of the prison, and makes the straw bed of poverty a couch of softest down; and at the last solemn hour, when we behold the parting struggles of him we love, when the bed rocks with his convulsions, when we look on his changed face, on his eye, fixed and glassy, when the cold damp of death stands on his forehead, and its icy hand presses on his labouring heart, even then we do not mourn, as those who are without hope:—"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that in the latter day he will stand upon this earth; and though after my death worms may destroy my body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." Comfortable doctrine, cheering words, delightful delusion—should it even prove to be one. Stop, then, barbarian! hold thy profane tongue—drop thy infidel pen; not for the sake of the dead, they are past your power; but in mercy to the living. Spare poverty its little hoard; spare the gray hairs of declining age; rob not the widow who laments a husband, rob not the mother who mourns over a darling child, of her last hope and only consolation. Cast your imagination into the grave in which he is lying, and behold her, who, with a countenance of unutterable woe, bends over it; who, with tongue that speaks not, with eyes that weep not, contemplates the last sad receptacle of all her hopes, the pride and joy of her life thus laid low. Behold her convulsed frame, as the earth falls

heavy on his coffin; hearken to her frantic scream, when it hides it for ever from her view. Hear then, God of mercy, her fervent, her heart-rending prayer. Softly mayst thou rest in transient sleep, happily may we meet in life everlasting.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

Departure from Drogheda—Stage-coach miseries—Castle Blaney—Improvement in Irish inns—Partial improvements in cottages—Beggars—Monaghan—Scottish dialect—Scotch settlers—Gaul—Cunning idiot—Preservation by drunkenness—Environs of Monaghan—Methodists—Travelling—Anecdote of a culprit and hangman.

### *Monaghan.*

IMMEDIATELY after writing the above, I took my seat in the Londonderry mail for this town. I proposed leaving Drogheda a day sooner, but found it impossible. An Irishman's house, like Polyphemus's den, is of easy access; the difficulty is in getting out of it. My friend could not speak Irish, and hated the Papists, but in all other respects he was a genuine Irishman. He loved his acquaintance, and valued his whiskey only as he could have one to share it with him: he would have had me partake liberally of it the night of my departure; but as the sickness of a coach is quite enough, without drunken sickness into the bargain, I excused myself with some difficulty.

The coach came in from Dublin about one in the morning. On entering it, I found two women seated on one side; I took the opposite one, and flattered myself with the hope of undisturbed sleep till morning.

I was stretching myself on the seat for the purpose, when the return of three stout fellows to their places made me sit upright. I was squeezed in between two of them, muffled up in great coats, though the night was insufferably close. The weakest, says the proverb, goes to the wall: the last comer into a coach is, in like manner, thrust into the middle. One of the women, who complained of rheumatism, kept chewing something, which, from its smell, I think was garlic; the men's breaths were reeking with punch like a furnace. Whiskey and garlic together could not form a very delectable atmosphere. I verily believe it was heated above eighty. The perspiration stood in large drops on my forehead, and even trickled down my face.

I thought of going on the outside, but the night, though warm, was wet, and the outside likewise seemed full. I had no alternative, therefore, but to remain STEWING where I was; praying, as I most anxiously did, for the morning. To mend the matter, after travelling a few miles, the man on my left hand fell asleep, and began snoring most unmusically: his head every instant came against me, though I drove it back with a violence that would have awaked any man who had swallowed a less powerful opiate. Never did I pass a more unpleasant night; for I had not only the annoyance of this SLEEPING BEAUTY on the one side, but of his companion on the other. Drunkenness, which made the one sleep, set the other singing; and, in a uniform, monotonous tone, like the drone of a pair of bagpipes, he gave us Bright Chanticleer, Grammachree, and Listen to the Voice of Love. Never did the soft notes of the latter breathe

from more discordant lips. He afterwards laboured through another song, which had, I think, upwards of forty verses: I recollect two of them.

“ You are welcome from the stormy ocean,  
I'm glad to see you return'd again ;  
I hope kind fortune sent you promotion,  
While you were ploughing the raging main.

“ To you, my jewel, my friends proved cruel,  
Which caused me many a silent tear ;  
'Twas for your sake my heart did ache,  
When first you parted your Molly dear.”

Prudence kept me for some time silent. The musician had the fist of an ox, and looked very well cut out for boxing, whatever he might be for singing. At length, finding his songs, like the Sultanness Scheherazade's stories, were inexhaustible, I lost all patience, and asked him angrily, how he thought people could sleep, if he kept disturbing them in that manner? “ And is it sleep that you are talking about, my honey?” said he, with the most perfect unconcern; “ faith, and if it's that you want, you should have staid at home in your neat comfortable bed, and laid yourself snug between your two sheets: the devil a soul here would have thought of wakening you.” Though I did not much relish the freedom of his address, I did not pursue the argument any further, and, after a moment or two's pause, he changed his song into a whistle. He was not more fortunate here than in the other: exhausted with fatigue, at length I fell asleep, and left him in the middle of Rule Britannia, after having gone through the Coolan (an old Irish song) with its thirteen variations.

I was awaked by the stopping of the coach in Car-

rickmacross, about seven in the morning. I got out, and sauntered a little about the town, while the horses were changing. I think it consists of one street only, which is a very broad one; but whether it is situated on a hill or in a valley, I am sure I have no recollection: that terrible fellow's song still rung in my ears. Had I been in Pluto's place, I should have given him not only Eurydice, but half the women in my dominions, to be rid of his piping. Happily he went no further than this town, of which he was a native. Notwithstanding the altercation (if it may be so called) of the preceding night, he came up to me in the street, and invited me into his house to have a drop of something warm, just to keep the damp out of my stomach this cold morning. I answered him dryly, that I never drank in a morning. "Then come over," said he, "and have a comfortable cup of tea; the mistress will boil the kettle in an instant." It was impossible to retain resentment against so worthy a creature. I was obliged to decline his offer, however, for the coach was preparing to set off.

On returning to it I found it almost entirely deserted: one of the women only remained; she who had the rheumatism and chewed garlic. I felt no inclination to enter into conversation with her, for (it is but a poor pun, but as I conceived it, I shall bring it forth) she probably would have given me *foul* words; I therefore threw myself into the corner occupied by the *ci-devant* sleeper, and betook myself to follow his example. The distance from Carrickmacross to Castleblayney is thirteen miles: when we had got about half way, I awoke and looked out. The morning was wet, the road was rough, and the country was dreary. Within, the

*landscape* was not more cheering. I shut my eyes a second time, nor did I awake till the guard's horn announced our arrival in Castleblayney.

Mr. J. Hanway, I think it was, who wrote a long pamphlet on the injurious effects of tea; the people read and wondered, and, as is usual when told to give up what they like, drank it more than ever: had he been jolted all night in a stage-coach, and then experienced the good effects from it that I did, he would, I dare say, have given it a better character. I sat down sick and weary, and Morpheus, with his leaden hand, pressed heavy on my eyelids. Had I taken up my pen to have written, nothing, I am sure, but laudanum would have flown from it; but no sooner had I swallowed a few cups of this delicious fluid, than drowsiness and ill-humour, black children of the night, flew away as fast as the Trojans did at the sight of Achilles.

Castleblayney is a poor-looking place, and contains probably a hundred houses: it takes its name from the noble family of Blayney, to which it belongs. The demesne joins the town; the present lord had the old house taken down, and the present expensive one erected in its stead. I have never seen it, but am told it is a most fantastic building. The inn where I breakfasted was likewise built by his lordship: it is a large and handsome house, and seems very well kept. There was a smaller house a little distance from it, but it was unfortunately burned down a few months ago. The landlord saved himself and one of his children; but his wife, two infants, a woman servant, and two soldiers, who were billeted on him, perished. The grand jury at the last assizes laid the amount of the

damage done him on the county, so that he will not be a pecuniary sufferer.

Some years ago, the inferiority of Ireland to England was in nothing more remarkable than in the state of her inns; they were wretched and miserable hogsties, rather than the habitations of men; they had abundance of meat and drink, it is true, but filthy and disgusting; it was the abundance of a shambles and a distillery. A great alteration has taken place in this respect, partly from the increase of civilization, partly, as in the present instance, from the exertions of the gentlemen who have towns on their estates. Englishmen sometimes travelled into Ireland: good eating and drinking are essential points with them; they value the comforts of a tavern life, more, perhaps, than any other people; and, accustomed to a high degree of it at home, they could ill brook the want of them in the sister kingdom, the more especially as they were always charged a very good price for very bad cheer. Irish innkeepers did not trouble their heads much about the improvements of their English brethren, but they adopted their prices. They returned, therefore, dissatisfied and discontented; and, in their catalogue of Irish wretchedness, the state of the inns was the most prominent grievance. When the Irish gentlemen awoke from the slothful slumber of ages, and seriously set about introducing improvement, they began with these evils, which, though not the greatest, were the most talked about; which met the eye of the traveller and stranger, and wounded their own vanity by exposing their country and themselves to derision. Good inns were therefore built, and the management of them intrusted to discreet and sober men. It is but justice to



their labours to say, that they have in general produced very beneficial effects. Irish inns, as far as I have seen, are now only second to English ones; perhaps in some respects not second. The same spirit of assimilating the appearance of this country to that of England has dictated many other of Lord Blayney's improvements in this neighbourhood. Direction posts have been put up at the different cross roads, decently executed, and of a convenient height; not like many I have seen in England and Wales, so high as to be visible only to hawks and eagles. The people of Ireland do not exclusively make bulls. It seems no bad practical one, to construct finger-posts of such a height as to be illegible.

The white-washing of cottages on and near the great road, which has been done by his lordship's order, and, I believe, at his expense, gratifies the stranger's eye, and tends to give him a favourable idea of the country. It is deeply to be lamented, however, that in this, as in other parts of Ireland, the showy and ornamental should be so much more attended to than the useful though less glaring; that benevolence, not vanity, had presided; that the stranger and his opinion had been considered less, and the country and its inhabitants more; that those efforts, which were excited, by the dread of ridicule, to escape from the sneer of pride, from the contempt of unfeeling prosperity, had not sprung from nobler motives, and been directed to more valuable objects. To make the outside of an Irish cabin resemble an English cottage might gratify the landlord's pride, but could add nothing to its owner's comfort: the improvement should have commenced within, by

giving habits of industry and employment to himself; by giving food and raiment to his half-starved, and not always half-clad, wife and children. Teaching the vine to bend gracefully round his little abode of wretchedness, and scenting his clay-built walls with the honeysuckle's perfume, was little better than an insult; it was the sun shining through the bars of a prison, and playing on the wretched prisoner's face; in mockery, as it were, of his woes; it was painting a skeleton, it was ornamenting a sepulchre; "Which, fair without, is all bones and rottenness within."

I amused myself with these reflections, standing at the inn door, till the coach should be ready. I was at length roused from my meditations by the clamorous solicitations of a number of beggars who gathered round me. I surveyed the little group with attention: it consisted of ten persons, men, women, and children; where they all came from, I am at a loss to conjecture; the street was perfectly empty a minute before; but beggars, like robbers, smell travellers' money afar off. They had, in general, the appearance of being well fed, nor were they very badly clad: their dress bore evident marks of industry, as it was patched over with different colours, like a home-made quilt, or Joseph's garment: they were not so mild or unobtrusive as English beggars, but, with that exception, I saw little difference. I gave them some trifling change, and, in return, they gave me a world of blessings. Ireland is the best country in the world for an economical man to be charitable in; for he always gets the full value of his money in praises, to say nothing of the prayers put up for his future happiness: whether or no the

people have more religion in the heart, they certainly have more on the tongue, than any other people in the universe. A chaise driving up to the door, with two ladies and an elderly gentleman, one of the women asked for something. "I'll not give you any thing," said the gentleman; "and I'll tell you the reason: you are drunk." "And I'll tell you," said the woman, "that if you were not a gentleman, and stepping out of your coach, I would say, by C——st you are a liar!"

Lord B—— resides very little on his estate: he has been in the army from his earliest youth, and is at present with his regiment in Gibraltar. The profession of arms seems as hereditary in his family as nobility: he is the eleventh lord, and was born November, 1770.

About nine miles from Castleblayney, is the little town of Castleshane; it belongs to a gentleman of the name of Lucas. The house is a mean and wretched edifice: if the family is as ancient as the mansion house, he must be hard to please who is not satisfied with its antiquity.

The coach arrived at Monaghan about two o'clock: I had an introduction to a gentleman of the town, who insisted on my spending a day at his house. I confess I complied with little reluctance; I was tired of the coach, and glad to exchange it for a comfortable night's sleep, warm room, and good dinner. During the interval, I amused myself with walking about the town: it had ceased raining, and an indifferent morning was succeeded by a very fine day.

Monaghan is the assize town of the county, and

was formerly a place of some strength: Sir John Davies, in a letter to the Earl of Salisbury, says he visited it in the suite of the Lord Deputy in July, 1606. They travelled with a small escort of eight score foot, and the same number of horse, which is an argument, he says, of a good time and a confident deputy. It did not then deserve the name of a town, and consisted of a few scattered cabins round the fort. It belonged, with large tracts of the surrounding country, to Hugh Roe M'Mahon, chief of his name, who petitioned the deputy to be settled in his inheritance, and the Irish say it cost him six hundred cows to get a promise of it: if such a promise was made, it was never performed:—he was tried, condemned, and executed, for having levied forces two years before, to distrain for rent he pretended was due to him. The Irish say he had hard measure, and that his great crime was his large possessions. His son, or grandson, took an active part in the grand rebellion (1641): the very morning that it broke out, he surprised the castle of Monaghan, garrisoned by a company of foot commanded by one of the Lord Blaneys. After a fortnight's confinement, his lordship was taken to his own orchard, hanged, stripped, and thrown into a ditch. In the very act of slaying, M'Mahon indulged himself in the gratification of his revenge: "Do you remember," said he to him, "how you hanged my brother, and made me fly my country for several years, but I will hang you before I go; but if you will, you shall have a priest." To which the other answered, "I am of the true church, and so assured of my salvation, that though you would spare my life, yet I will not alter my faith."

Monaghan is a neat little place; it has a thriving trade in linen, and other articles: the inhabitants are mostly presbyterians; their meeting-house is a large and unornamented building. I was forcibly struck with the contrast between this town and the one I quitted the night before; it was as if one had fallen asleep in London, and awaked in Edinburgh; the accent, looks, and manners of the people were so different. Monaghan may be considered the boundary of the north in this direction, and here its peculiarities, and strongly-marked Scottish character, begin to be distinguished. I, who am acquainted with the northern Irish accent, know it the instant I hear it: an Englishman almost always takes it for Scotch, but he is deceived; it is neither Scotch nor Irish, but a mixture of both, as are the people.

A great proportion of the inhabitants of this part of the kingdom are the descendants of Scotchmen, settled here after the accession of James the first to the throne of England. It would appear incredible how pertinaciously they retain the customs and usages of their ancestors, were it not considered that these were settled among a people they detested, whose talents they despised, and whose religion they abhorred. In some of the maritime counties opposite Scotland, the Irish were almost entirely expelled; the inhabitants, therefore, retain their Scotch manners in more primitive freshness. In Monaghan, subjugation of the unfortunate native was equally complete, but expulsion was by no means so general: the new comers took possession only of the valleys and fertile spots, and kindly left to the native the bogs and mountains. By degrees, as fear abated

and rancour subsided, he crept slowly down, and the lowly presbyterian, who was now become of consequence enough to have another to do for him what he was once happy to have to do himself, allowed him to labour the land he had once possessed; and when his spirit was fairly broken to his fortunes, treated his humble hewer of wood, and drawer of water, with something that resembled kindness. He still, however, regarded him with distrust: he rarely admitted him into the house where he slept, and when he did, a large door, double-locked, separated their apartments. "Never trust an Eerishman; gude troth, he's a foul chap: gin ye tak him in at your boosom, he'll be oot at your sleeve." The presbyterian farmer often spoke thus, many generations after he had become an Irishman himself.

In the progress of time, the two nations were in some degree intermingled: Irish vivacity enlivened Scotch gravity; Irish generosity blended with Scotch frugality, and a third character was formed, better, possibly, than either, but certainly different from both. But still be it remembered that the intrinsic character was Scotch, the adventitious matter only Irish: the picture still retained the mark of the ancient master; it was the ornament and drapery, the gilding and frame only, that was the work of a modern hand. The first appearance of the northern, his shrewd and penetrating air, his steady gait, his plain and unassuming manner and accent, are all Scotch: it is on closer inspection only, as the character developes itself, as the folds of the drapery become more open, that we perceive the changes which the progress of time, the influence of air

and of soil, association with the native, and some intermixture of blood, have produced in it. I shall enter on this subject, however, more fully hereafter ; I thought it necessary merely to touch on it here, that the reader may have some idea of the people I propose introducing him to : I give him fair warning, they are different from his pre-conceived opinion of them. Though born in Ireland, they make few bulls to excite his mirth, nor do they commit many blunders to gratify his pride by the contemplation of his own superiority. They are a sagacious, a prudent, and a virtuous people : they saved Ireland to England at a season of great jeopardy and peril ; should she ever again be assailed by rebellion and insurrection, their talents, their energies, and their courage, would, I should hope, be exerted for the same purpose. I wish I could say, I had no doubt, with the same degree of success : but I do not think this, and therefore it would be criminal to say it. Still, in the crisis which, though slowly, seems surely coming, the fate of Ireland may be much influenced by their conduct at the time ; strong as they not only are in their own, but in the still greater energies of the thousands and tens of thousands whom they have sent forth across the Atlantic ; who are swayed by their feelings and prejudices, and whose feelings will, doubtless, sway theirs in return.

The gaol is a paltry building : it speaks, however, favourably for the morality of the county : it is too small to hold many prisoners, and too weak to retain desperate ones. I was looking up at the beam from which criminals are suspended, when a man, suddenly bolting out of the door, asked me if I would

*hop* in and have a peep at the prisoners. I gazed at him, not thoroughly understanding his meaning. He repeated the question, "What shall I see there?" I asked. "See!" repeated he, in great exultation (thinking, I suppose, he had got a country novice, who would reward him handsomely); you will see prisoners of all sizes, and two fellows who are to be tried at the next assizes for *life* and *death*." As I had nothing better to do, I thought I would step in for an instant, and have a look at those blood-thirsty felons. The turnkey, however, gave them a higher character than they deserved: they were only shop-lifters, and the worst that could befall them would be transportation: the number of prisoners did not seem to exceed ten or a dozen; they had almost all yellow and sickly countenances. The men had long beards, probably not shaved from their first coming into prison. Human misery is always a melancholy, often a revolting, spectacle. The misery of a gaol, beyond all others, is squalid, filthy, wretched, and forbidding; yet, within these dreary abodes of vice and wretchedness, do our humane laws immure the youth who is forming, as well as the man who is formed; the fool who is cheated, as well as the knave who cheats; the unfortunate who owes a few pounds, as well as the ruffian who deprives a fellow-creature of life.

A short time afterwards, as I was standing in the street, a man asked for charity; I offered him a penny. "I canna tak it," said he; "gentlefolks aways gie me siller." I was driving him from me in some anger, when a person near me told me he was an idiot. It may be North-country idiotism,



but it was very like South-country wisdom, to refuse halfpence and to ask for silver; and to stick so close to me as this knowing idiot did, that I was obliged to comply with the requisition. One should think that idiots are as much respected in Ireland as in Turkey, where they are looked on as inspired: there is hardly a country town in which there are not two or three real or pretended ones, who jest with the inhabitants in rude familiarity, and freely enter their habitations. This, perhaps, is the strongest proof that can be adduced of Ireland being yet in a moderately-advanced state of civilization: it is evidently a remnant of the custom of barbarous times, when every castle had its dwarf, and every great man his jester.

The poor wretch who addressed me has free access to the kitchen of Colonel L.— (one of the county members), when he is at Glaslough. The colonel sometimes gives him shoes, stockings, and other articles of wearing apparel. About a year ago his stock was nearly exhausted, and as the colonel was not arriving to replace them, he set off early one morning, without giving any intimation of where he was going, walked to Dublin, crossed over to Holyhead, and from that begged his way to London, where, though an idiot, he had sense enough to find out his friend's lodgings. On his return by Liverpool, he put his foot into the first vessel that was ready to sail for Ireland; the captain refused him a passage and turned him out; he knelt down upon the beach, and prayed for curses on it, and all that were in it. Great powers are attributed to these curses by persons even above the rank of

the vulgar, and what would be denied to charity is often given from the apprehension of them. By one of those singular coincidences, which sometimes occur to strengthen superstition, the vessel was cast away, and a number of those on board perished: the triumphant idiot returned in safety to Monaghan, by the way of Scotland: Since I am on this subject, I shall relate a short story a gentleman told me in Dublin. He had taken his passage in a Liverpool packet, which was to sail the same evening: he did not omit taking his dinner, and still less taking his punch: he thought drunken sickness would prevent sea sickness; and that, to shorten the passage, it would be a wise plan to get more than half-seas over before he began the voyage. He sallied forth after it was dark, and, by good luck, took the wrong side of the bay: when the mistake was discovered, it was too late to correct the error, as the vessel had sailed with his baggage and servant on board. "Never was there such an escape, sir," said he; "nor can I ever be sufficiently thankful to Heaven for interposing with such a miracle to save me: I, that knew the way to the Pigeon-house as well as to my own bed-room, to miss it that terrible night, of all nights in the year." "Then the vessel was lost, I suppose," said I. "Bump she came against a rock," he replied, "and went down like a mill-stone." My friend's piety seems fully equal to his understanding: what he attributed to Providence a less devout man might lay to the door of *whiskey*.

The country about Monaghan is beautiful and highly cultivated. Here are none of those dreary

mountains, so common in other parts of the North of Ireland, whose sullen grandeur compensates not, in my estimation, for their look of desolation; nor is the eye wearied by the monotonous view of a continued plain; which, however, like an untroubled sea, it may at first fill us with admiration, soon oppresses by its uniformity, and palls by its rich and cloying sweetness. The ground is broken by gentle eminences, covered with the verdure of spring, intermingled with the yellow honours of autumn: on the top of several are planted tufts of trees, which cast an air of reverence around, and, like the sacred groves of the Druids, seem the sweet abodes of piety and innocence. Nor are the valleys less delightful: I wandered through a sweet sequestered one, enamelled with the primrose and daisy, and spread with a carpet of nature's softest green. Often I was obliged to stop, to remove the bramble and long matted grass which obstructed my path; nor did I regret the interruption which detained me in this northern Elysium. I could not forbear contrasting its peaceful stillness with the turbulent deeds which had often disturbed its repose. The honeysuckle breathed its fragrance on my senses; I listened to the lark's sweet notes, as it carolled on high; I looked upwards on the blue expanse of heaven, and downwards on the crystal stream, which, sparkling with sunbeams, meandered at my feet. Alas! the shrieks of death had often drowned the sound of melody, the steam of war had often dimmed that bright and glorious sun, and torrents of human blood had polluted that clear and pellucid stream.

I was told on leaving the house that dinner would be ready at four o'clock: as I knew they expected more company, and that punctuality is not an Irish virtue, I allowed them till five, at which hour I exactly attended, expecting to have dinner as ready for me as I was for it. In this, however, I reckoned without my host, or rather without my hostess: she had been in the kitchen, baking, boiling, and *stewing*, and had just stepped up stairs to cool and dress herself. I spent the intervening time in the shop, which, by the by, is an apothecary's. I tumbled over Quincy's Lexicon, and looked into the drawers and bottles for amusement only. A hungry man has no occasion for medicine, nor does he much relish the sight of it. Senna and salts are poor substitutes for salmon and roast beef, which were what was promised me: no wonder I quitted them with alacrity the instant I was summoned to dinner. Besides our worthy apothecary, who, if I may judge by his jolly figure, relishes medicine no more than I do, two other gentlemen were present, whom I took for clergymen: one of them was asked to say grace, which he did with great apparent devotion: even a hungry man could not have thought it too long; though a fashionable one might have objected to the want of indifference with which it was delivered. I found by their conversation they were not clergymen, but shopkeepers in Clones, a small town about eight miles from Monaghan: though not very abundant in worldly wealth, it seems it is prodigiously rich in gospel grace. In Nineveh or Gomorrah, I do not recollect which, five righteous persons could not be found to save it from destruction: at Clones the inhabitants set judgments by fire and water, pillars of salt, and lakes

of sulphur at defiance, for they are all righteous, or Methodists, which is the same thing.

The above-mentioned two were mild and unassuming men: no person could have suspected them to be either Scotchmen or Irishmen; their manners and accent were entirely English. I understand the same similarity is to be found among all the inhabitants of Clones. The reason of this, upon a little reflection, became obvious to one: a number of their preachers are Englishmen; Methodists hear more of their preachers than other sects; for not to mention Sunday, which is entirely passed in preaching and praying, they have sermons two or three times a week, and associate more with them in private. The Methodists of Clones regard Dr. Coke (the great apostle of their sect) with peculiar reverence; he visits them frequently, and both in conversation, and in his works, has mentioned them in terms of the highest praise. It is natural, therefore, that they should acquire much of his manner, nor (when the high opinion they entertain of him is considered) would it be very unnatural if they even *strove* to acquire it; in the hopes, that with the short hair combed sleek behind the ears, the sanctified look, and musical tones, they should likewise possess the piety and godliness of their reverend teacher.

It is far from my intention, however, to talk lightly of Methodists, or to undervalue their labours. They have been productive of much benefit, by the introduction of religion among the most uncivilized members of the community, to whom they have given a decency of deportment, a decorum of manner, and freedom from gross vice, which laws could never have effected. The Edinburgh reviewers lament the rapid progress of

methodism in England ; I am not of their opinion. I consider it a blessing, and not an evil. It may be enthusiasm, it may be fanaticism, and its tendency in its remote consequences may (as they say) be licentiousness and disorder ; should it ever terminate in these, a remedy will doubtless be found in the ever-flowing stream of human affairs ; but to reject its present benefits, from such remote and uncertain considerations, appears to me very arrogant philosophy in such bounded creatures as we are, " who are but of yesterday, and know nothing because our days on earth are but a shadow." If religion be necessary to the people of England, methodism is necessary ; for if they had not that, they would have none at all : their eyes must be dazzled, their senses captivated, their hearts touched, and their imaginations inflamed ; to address their judgments is as absurd as to ask a blind man's opinion of colours. As long as the clergy of the established church doze and yawn over sober reason and cold morality, they will have heedless auditors and thin congregations : the people will go elsewhere for their religion, and frequent Methodist meetings or Jewish synagogues, as whim and caprice may determine. In this country, the beneficial effects of methodism were evident during the late rebellion : with very few exceptions, Methodists took no part in it, or in the party disputes that preceded and accompanied it : their kingdom was of a higher and better world ; in the contemplation of which, the paltry squabbles of men, the pitiful objects and wretched cares of these poor helpless insects of an hour, were swallowed and absorbed.

After sitting a reasonable time, I left those gentlemen over their bottle, and went to take another walk: though Methodists, they were no anchorites, but partook freely of the good things which were set before them. Punch was what they drank, though wine was on the table; I suspect more for ornament than use: like the guinea given to the Vicar of Wakefield's daughters, it was not to be broken. When I returned, I found the scene shifted; the Methodists and whiskey bottle had disappeared from the stage, and given place to gay young ladies, with sandy locks and freckled faces; glittering china, and a stately tea-urn, with pyramids of muffin, biscuit, and slim-cake. Doctor Johnson says, let an epicure dine or sup where he may, could he transport himself with a wish, he would always breakfast in Scotland: in like manner, I should always choose to drink tea in Ireland. I passed a pleasant evening, though at times, to my shame be it spoken, I was near falling asleep. That would have been unpardonable in the society of youth and beauty: I therefore got up, walked about the room, drank my tea as strong as mustard, and took snuff out of an old lady's box, but with very indifferent success; yawning gained upon me, and, as it is well known to be catching, extended itself to the jaws of some of the misses. To travel all the way from London only to set ladies yawning was mortifying: luckily for me, however, one of them was anxious to hear a particular account of the riots at the opening of Covent Garden. I gratified her curiosity as well as I could, and related all I had seen and heard, on that memorable occasion, to the great entertainment of my fair au-

dience; who very fairly concluded that, though the people of London were richer and greater, they were not a bit wiser, than themselves. The pleasure I communicated returned (as such pleasure always does) with tenfold usury to myself, and banished all thoughts of sleep. My rehearsal of the O. P. dance was as effectual a cure for it in me, as the actual performance ever was to Mr. Harris, Mr. Kemble, or any other of the heroes or heroines of that theatre. We sat down to a plentiful supper at ten o'clock, to which, notwithstanding the excellent meal we had made at tea, we did ample justice: we ate and drank, and, though last, not least, laughed heartily. Good cheer is a great promoter of good-humour, and either inspired us with good jokes, or, what was just as well, made us laugh at bad ones. I suspect that ours were of the latter description; and, as I cannot give the reader the sauce which made them so relishing to us, I shall not trouble him with them.

I got up the next morning entirely recovered from the fatigue of my journey, and as the family had not assembled for breakfast, amused myself with writing the following particulars of it. The distance from Drogheda to Monaghan is about fifty-four miles; the roads about Cullen and Ardee are smooth and level; for the remainder of the way, rough and mountainous, but well made and in good repair. The fare of the coach was 1*l.* 2*s.* Irish, which is nine-pence less than a guinea, and cannot be considered unreasonable. Were I again to travel in it, however, I would prefer giving something more to have four, instead of six, inside passengers. This is a great nuisance, and should never be allowed



in a mail coach. It was a good and strong vehicle, lined with grey cloth; the windows (as I found to my sorrow) in perfect repair: I could have wished there had not been a sound *pane* in either of them, even though the *pains* of my rheumatic fellow-traveller had been quadrupled by it. We changed coachmen only twice; they seemed steady and obliging men: they got ten-pence from each passenger, with which they were perfectly satisfied. The change of the silver coin in Ireland has been as unfavourable to the coachmen, as the flight of gold in England has been to the lawyers: where they had a *thirteen* before, they now have only ten-pence, as the latter gets only a pound note where he formerly got a guinea. It has been favourable to the community at large, if the opinion of Sully be correct, that the taking of a larger denomination of money, for want of a lesser more convenient for petty traffic, raises all that is bought and sold to more than its real value: but this problematical advantage is more than counterbalanced by its rendering Ireland still less English; an evil already sufficiently great, and which it should be the object of every judicious statesman to counteract. The guard was as well clad as an English one, with a greater degree of good-humoured and officious civility. I gave him twenty-pence on leaving the coach; he took leave of me with great politeness, regretting he had not the pleasure of my company further down.

We travelled nearly at the rate of five miles (Irish miles) an hour, including stops, which, I think, in a heavy-laden coach, and on an uneven road, was fair travelling; more particularly as an Irish coach stops

longer for meals, and is more tedious in changing horses, than an English one. In the former of these respects, the Irish is a much more civil vehicle than the English: you are not obliged to devour your food like a cannibal, and at length to run away like a debtor pursued by bailiffs: you are allowed a decent time for dinner; and should the goodness of the wine induce you to wish to extend it for a few minutes, the guard is seldom inexorable: his majesty's mail can wait; you may finish your *meal* at leisure. I recollect once at Shrewsbury breakfasting with the company of the Holyhead coach; there were several ladies and gentlemen; the men, as usual, eat, drank, and helped themselves, without attending to the ladies. A good-humoured Swiss, shocked at this English proceeding, was all politeness, pouring out tea, and handing about toast and muffin, his tongue all the while going like the clapper of a mill. He was very jocular on the English method of preparing coffee: just as he had a cup manufactured to his mind, the fatal horn was sounded, and the instant afterwards the guard made his appearance: the poor foreigner looked aghast; and, instead of gulping down a few mouthfuls of the precious fluid, lost his time in appealing to the company whether he had eaten a mouthful, and in swearing he would not stir without his breakfast. The guard said he might sit breakfasting there till doomsday, if he liked it, but for his part he would set off that moment. It was not the least part of the mortification of *pauvre monsieur*, to have the attendant bowing to him with "I hope you won't forget the waiter, sir?" "Forget

you!" exclaimed he, in a rage, "Cot d—n you! I will never forget you, nor de guard, nor de house,—nor de nation"—(in a lower tone, as if speaking to himself). He then began whistling Mallbrook with great earnestness; and, until dinner put him in good humour, was as inattentive to the ladies as any Englishman could have been.

The great despatch of an English mail sometimes has great advantages: many men travel, whose business, no doubt, does not admit of delay; but they certainly are the smallest number. A large proportion of Englishmen travel for the sake of mere locomotion; they go post-haste, starve themselves on the road, fume and fret, and run the risk of their own necks, as well as of the wiser animals which draw them, merely to arrive at a place where they have no business, and from which they return, perhaps the next day, with equal rapidity. The Irishman travels to get rid of his business only, and seldom to get rid of himself: he is more gay, more lively than the Englishman; his mind is more cheerful, and therefore his body is less active: in every situation and rank of life he makes less use of exercise as a matter of mere amusement; he enjoys the present moment, the present spot, the present company. An Englishman enjoys none of these; unfortunately, he expects too much of life; his real blessings are disregarded because they fall short of imaginary ones; he lives only in the future, in the distant, in the absent, in the dreams of hope, in the visions of ideal happiness: in the country he sees her in town; in the fertile valley, on the craggy mountain; amidst the peaceful security

of his family, in the gloomy desert, among barbarous nations, in the sound of the cataract's roar; he often is where she *was*, he never comes where she *is*.

In giving an account of my visit to the gaol, I forgot to relate an anecdote which my conductor told me. Two of his best chaps, as he termed them, were tried and condemned at the last assizes for stealing pigs and horses: one of them was a tight cock, and died game; the other was dunghill, to make use of the elegant language of my tender-hearted companion. As no executioner could be found, the latter was pardoned on condition of hanging the other. When the two friends met on the fatal morning, they saluted each other with unceremonious greeting. "You ha' brought your pigs to a fine market," said the hangman, probably without meaning to be witty. "I think you ha' brought your ain to a better," replied the other; "but you were always gude at driving a bargain; tak care that the devil isn't too hard for you at last: wait till I'm cauld, however," continued he, "and then you shall ha' my shoes, for I see your *ain* are *nane* of the best: gude troth, it's plain ye *ha-na* been long in office, by your being so ill shod."

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## CHAPTER XV.

Excursion to C—— Rockcurry—Visit to the mother of a deceased friend at C——.

C——.

AFTER breakfast I prepared for an excursion to C——, a town about fourteen miles distant, where the mother of an old acquaintance resided. There is

no coach that goes this road, and as the weather continued fair, I resolved upon a more primitive mode of travelling, namely, walking. The worthy compounder of medicine objected strongly to such an exertion: "it would give me a fever to a certainty," he said, "and be the death of me; and, besides, what would the people say? they would be talking." "That they would," said I, "whether I go or stay, whether I walk or roll in a chariot. There are many diseases peculiar to Ireland, brother doctor, but I dare say you never found a *locked jaw* in the number." He wanted me very much to take his horse, but that was impossible: he was not only a pharmacopolist but accoucheur; or, to make use of the concise and glittering inscription of a sign-post, Surgeon, Apothecary, and Man-midwife. A Man-midwife in the country, without his horse, is as useless as a fiddler without a fiddle, or a general without his army: he might as well want his forceps, or his instrument bag, or any other appendage to his profession. I therefore declined the offer of this friendly son of Galen with many thanks; and having taken leave of him, proceeded on my pilgrimage, with a change of linen in my pocket, and, as a pilgrim should do, with a staff in my hand.

A little distance from Monaghan the road winds through a beautiful glen, watered by a silver brook, whose gurgling noise inspires pleasing sensations, and shadowed by rows of lofty trees, whose thick branches exclude the fervent rays of the sun. I seated myself on a large stone, and, for want of something better to do, contemplated my visage in the mirror that floated before me: I ran no risk of sharing the fate of Nar-

cissus : what with the sunbeams by day, and potations of whiskey by night, my countenance was as inflamed as an alderman's at a city feast. An old beggar-woman who passed was kinder to me, however, than my looking-glass. "Ah! bless your fair face," said she, "will you give an old woman something?" There was no resisting so *judicious* an appeal: I gave her some trifle, and, as it was time for me to prosecute my journey, we parted, mutually satisfied with each other. The road was excellent, particularly for foot passengers: it was hard and dry like a rock, formed in some parts of small pebbles of variegated colours, and in others of a deep red colour. My spirits were raised by the fineness of the day and the luxuriance of the landscape, which, now swelling into eminences, and again deepening into valleys, winding round hills or following the meandering stream, ever changing but ever beautiful, surrounded and accompanied me. I sung, I composed, I recited; and, only that I wanted a voice, would, like honest Christian relieved from his load, have sung as I went on my way. No wonder, therefore, that the mile-stones flew unnoticed by me, and that I was filled with astonishment on looking down on the village of Rockcurry, from the hill over it, to find I had walked upwards of eight Irish miles.

This is a poor little place, containing about a dozen indifferent houses: drinking must be highly prized here; for, out of the dozen, five or six were public ones. I went into one, which, from its appearance, I judged the best, and called for half a pint of wine and some water. I was shown into a room, with the size of which I had no reason to be dissatisfied; there

was no ceiling, and, as it extended to the top of the house, the watling was bare: a couple of beds were in one corner, covered with rugs in place of quilts; the floor was earthen, neither so hard nor so dry as the road I just had quitted; the furniture was of a piece with the apartment, and seemed all in disorder: there had been a dance there the night before, the maid told me, as an excuse for the littered state of the room. "A dance here, my good girl," said I; "what kind of Cyclopes were they to choose this Polyphemus's den, when they had the green fields about them, where they might have tripped it, like so many fairies, by the light of the moon?" "Their country people were no *sky-hops*," she rather sulkily said; "they had enough of green fields in day-time, and therefore danced in the house, like civil christians, with good candle-light." I sat down at a large deal table, which bore evident marks of the orgies of these county of Monaghan Bacchanals. I slowly poured out a glass of the wine, and, expecting to find it half whiskey, was most agreeably disappointed: I never would wish to drink better wine, and rarely have I in a coffee-house drunk any so good.

The distance from Rockcurry to C—— is five miles. It was now near three o'clock; and as I knew the lady, to whose house I was going, would wait dinner for me, it was necessary to be expeditious: the wine likewise quickened my appetite. I walked at a good round pace; nobody, I am sure, could have suspected I came to make observations on the country. The shady trees of D——'s grove waved in gloomy grandeur on my left hand; the house and demesne of F——, in gay and smiling beauty, rose to

my right. I looked neither on one side nor the other—I looked straight forward to the flesh-pots of C——.

When I was a little distance from the town, a voice from behind halloed to me, “How far to C——?” I made no answer; it was repeated: “I say, Mr. how far to C——?”—“Had you not better,” I replied, “lift up your eyes and look at it, and save yourself the trouble of asking questions?” “Native of the place, Sir, I *pursume*?” said my self-elected companion, who now walked by my side. “Of what consequence, my good friend, is it to you,” said I, “whether I am a native here or not?” “Ask pardon, sir; am a stranger in these here parts, and want to make out the best inn; always like to sleep warm at nights.” “You seem to like to travel warm,” I replied; “a great coat, in such weather, must be rather annoying to walk in.” “Wager, wager, sir; two of my friends left Monaghan in a chaise same time I did; *demned* rumbling machipe, and spavined horses; betted rump and dozen would be in C—— and order dinner before they came up; win my wager easily, are not yet in sight.” “I dare say they are not,” said I; “but you did not bet to carry weights, I suppose? you might as well have thrown your bundle into your friend’s chaise.” This seemed a little to abate his effrontery, and he continued for some moments silent, though he still walked alongside of me.

Under his great coat he wore a light green one, with black waistcoat and small clothes, and white cotton stockings, which bore evident marks of the dust of the road; he had a bundle tied up in a handkerchief, which he carried on a stick over his shoulders: I set him down in my mind for a dancing-master, puppet-



showman, or player. "The country people," he resumed, "are *demnetioned* brutes in this here place. I stepped into a *cabine*, I think you call it, and asked for a glass of water; the stupid brute brought me a noggin full of buttermilk." "I dare say, fellow-traveller," said I, laughing, "the noggin suited your mouth fully as well as the glass, and is what you have been most accustomed to: I think you owe thanks, however, to the man who gave you milk when you only asked for water." "In England," said he, "a man always gets what he calls for; nobody pretends to think for you there: but these poor *creatures* are always cramming you with kindness: and then they have such a lingo, that a *parson* can't understand the half of what they say." "Their accent," I replied, losing patience, "is a natural one, and will, therefore, never be disagreeable to any man of sense or reason: but yours is an affected one, equally ridiculous and unavailing. You are no Englishman, nor can you ever persuade any person that you are. If you wish to counterfeit one, imitate his virtues, and not his defects: imitate his sobriety, attention to business, and love of truth; but do not meddle with his superciliousness and arrogance; they are bad enough in the original, but they are still worse at second-hand. The Irishman who, because he has lived a few months among Englishmen, affects to adopt their narrow and illiberal prejudices, who despises as uncivilized his untravelled countrymen, is a less respectable character than those ~~he~~ thinks least respectable. You have often, I dare say, thought it hard, in England, that your accent and country should be treated with derision; yet you, the instant

you arrive in it, are foolish enough to imagine that lowering your country's consequence adds to your own." I quickened my pace, and he showed no inclination to follow me. I learned afterwards that he had lived about eighteen months in England, and was a journeyman printer.

I have mentioned above that the lady to whom I was going was the mother of an old and intimate friend; he was indeed a friend, such as is seldom to be found. His kindness had gladdened life in its gay, had cheered it in its melancholy, and sustained it in its sinking moments—he was now no more. In the flower of youth, in the enjoyment of comfort, he had been summoned from this life, from the banquet he scarcely had tasted, from the cup that was just raised to his lips, from his mother's house, where last I had seen him, the abode of plenty and happiness, to the cold mansions of the grave! She received me with pleasure; she strove to tell me so, but her heart was full. Welcome was in her eye, but she could not speak it with her tongue; she made the attempt, however, but her words were drowned in her sobs and her tears. She looked on me, but she thought of her son, of the days we had passed together, our convivial nights. The years that elapsed were forgot, and her son seemed to stand before her in the person of his friend.

I strove to console her, but I wanted consolation myself: twelve years had rolled their heavy course since I had seen her last on this spot; what changes had since taken place in her life and my own! The dreams of youth were vanished, the brain-spun web of romantic happiness was broken, and the flowers with which fancy graced its border torn away. This, per-

haps, is but ideal misery; hers, alas! was real: she was old, she was solitary, she was a widow, she was childless: one of her sons had died abroad in a distant land, among strangers, in the island of Malta; the other, he whom I knew at home, on the eve of marriage, in her arms. She closed the eyes of him who she hoped would have closed hers, and she had not one relation remaining in the wide world: like the North American chief, she might sorrowfully exclaim, "There is not a drop of my blood runs in the veins of any human being." After some time she grew more composed, and we passed the evening in melancholy, but not unpleasing, conversation. We talked of times that were long past, and of persons I had once well-known; there was not one family among whom great changes had not taken place; and so much I fear does misery predominate over happiness, that not even in one of them was the change for the better: many whom I had left children were grown up to be men and women, and had turned out ill; many whom I left old and infirm were alive still, a burden to others as well as to themselves; while the healthy and vigorous, in the bloom of youth and fulness of manhood, had been snatched away, and now mouldered in the tomb. There had been considerable emigration to America; a desire of change had taken some, poverty and drunkenness, more. This latter vice had made great progress among the youth, and several promising young men were destroyed by it. I begged Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_ to contrast her situation with that of their wretched parents who mourned worse than the death of their sons—the death of their good name, of their talents, of their virtues, of their respectability; whose vile bodies walked abroad, while the souls which should

have ennobled them were shrivelled, and sunk, and degraded into idiotism by the abuse of ardent spirits, which, were I a believer in the doctrine of the Manichæans, I should suppose some malevolent deity had showered on the earth for the destruction of man. She told me several stories of individuals, it would be improper to mention here, nor is it necessary. Misery was the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and ending of them all; misery is an often-told tale, and well may it be so, for it is the history of man.

“Gainst the foul fiend what can relief afford?  
 Our bed he climbs, participates our board;  
 Fly as we may o'er earth's extensive round,  
 He follows still, and at our heels is found.  
 From his fell looks each joy a blast acquires,  
 And life itself beneath his grasp expires.”

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## CHAPTER XVI.

Lord B—— His libertinism—Mr. D—— Dr. —— Political enthusiasm—Reflections on the conduct of England with regard to the French Revolution.

C——

C——, as the name implies, is situated on a hill, along the ridge of which it runs for nearly half a mile. The street is wide and spacious, and the houses good. It is in the county of Cavan, but near the extremity where it touches the county of Monaghan. C—— is on the estate, and takes its name from the noble family of C——, which is now extinct by the death of the late Earl of B——. The estate was bequeathed by his lordship's will to his natural son, S. C——,

Esq. and handsome legacies were left to his other natural children, of whom he had as long a list as King Priam. He was a descendant of Sir C. C——, a puritan officer, who came over to this country in the year 1680.

Lord B—— inherited none of the austerity or moroseness of his reverend ancestor: he was a man of the highest refinement and most perfect elegance of manners; at one period he was the very mirror of fashion, “Th’ observed of all observers!” though the latter part of his life was passed in great seclusion, and his name was almost forgot in those circles where once he had shone the gayest of the gay. He was educated at Geneva, where he imbibed liberal ideas of government little in unison with his courtier-like appearance, and the excessive and almost dazzling polish of his manners; he spent several years abroad, and returned to Ireland a finished *petit-maitre*. Accustomed to the elegancies of the continent, he could ill brook the roughness of Irish manners; their rude, though hearty welcomes, and above all their everlasting drunkenness. He used to express the utmost horror and dread of the Irish Hottentots, as he termed the jovial generation of gentlemen who then lived in Ireland. In speaking of the county of Cavan, of which he was a native, he thus characterised it:—“It is all acclivity and declivity, without the intervention of one horizontal plain; the hills are all rocks, and the people are all savages.” Something of this excessive refinement, which shrunk like the sensitive plant from the touch of vulgarity, perhaps was real—it is probable more was affected: he delighted in resembling a Frenchman, nor could he be paid a higher compliment than to take him for one. In the

middle of one of his earliest speeches in the Irish House of Lords, he hesitated, he stammered, and at length he stopt short. Bashfulness is not a French vice, nor was it his lordship's; his audience were at a loss to understand what all this hesitation meant; he thus explained it: he had been so long out of the kingdom, had associated so little with any British person, that he was really—he was sorry—he was ashamed—but he could not express himself in English—if the noble lords would therefore favour him so far as to allow him to speak in French. The noble lords did favour him, but it was with a loud laugh at such miserable affectation. For once he was ashamed, and ever afterwards (when in the house) spoke English like his neighbours. A short time before he had made a similar display to an old barrow-woman who sold potatoes. “Pray, my good woman,” said he, “is dis de vay to *Ca-pel*-street?” “And is it a praty you want, my lord?” said she, looking up at him with contempt, and thrusting one into his hand: “go home and ait it; it will be of more service to you than frogs or soup-maigre.”

Notwithstanding this affectation (which as the fault of early youth probably subsided with it) Lord B—possessed great personal courage; though like many other of his shining qualities, it was often rendered ridiculous by its misapplication: his duel with Lord T—was a strong proof of the singular mixture of diseased feeling and erroneous reasoning which characterised all his actions. He was remarkably temperate in eating and drinking. Seldom exceeded a pint of claret, and drank tea strong and green, in as great quantities as Dr. Johnson himself. His ruling passion was an in-

ordinate love of women; to which he sacrificed every consideration of character, morality, and even humanity. Like Mark Antony, had he the world he would have lost it, and, perhaps, not thought it ill lost. It is not my intention to follow him through the long catalogue of his amours; many of which have found their way into magazines, and other periodical publications. The first of them was probably the worst of any; the name of the female was Miss D—, daughter to a Roman Catholic on his own estate. I do not sufficiently recollect the particulars to mention them here; but I believe they are recorded in more than one magazine. She lived many years in a state of helpless and melancholy idiotism. I have heard some of the old inhabitants of C—— say, they have seen her weltering in the little garden of the cottage where she was kept with no other covering than an apron before her, tearing up the earth with her hands, and swallowing it in mouthfuls.

His lordship married a sister of the late Duke of L——, who bore him several daughters, but no son. As this was a match of convenience rather than of affection, he soon got tired of her society, and leaving her in B—— F—— with his children, went over to England in quest of some connexion in which his heart could have a share. So strangely are we formed, and so near akin are our virtues to our vices, that Lord B——'s excessive refinement and delicacy, and his excessive admiration of them in others, were the causes of his worst actions. He shrunk with horror from the grossness of mercenary prostitution, from the touch of a female who had even once admitted the embraces of another man. The objects of

of modern gallantry, therefore, opera dancers and actresses, were beneath his attention; youth and beauty, loveliness and innocence, only could excite it: like Satan, he contemplated paradise, and only entered it to destroy.

Chance was so far favourable to him on this journey, that it showed him an object he could love, perhaps the only woman he ever really loved; she was the daughter of a respectable tradesman of the name of J———. The heroine of a novel is always adorned with all that the author can bestow to make her amiable. I do not write a novel; yet, if I am to credit the accounts I have heard of this unfortunate young woman, she was lovely beyond even a poet's fondest dreams. Lord B——— was introduced to her and her family under the disguised name of Oswald; he soon made an impression on her heart, and as soon perceived he had. The magic of his address was irresistible even by women of the highest rank; no wonder, therefore, it made a strong impression on an elegant young woman in an humble walk of life, whose cultivated mind would probably shrink from the vulgar ignorance and pert flippancy of the young men she was doomed to associate with. Accustomed to the society of shopkeepers, the mild, the tender, the fascinating Lord B——— would appear to her a being of a higher world; an object she might have contemplated in dreams, or in the fairy reveries of imagination, but never could have hoped to have met with in reality. He prevailed upon her to elope with him, and they were married by a servant of his own disguised as a clergyman.

For several months they led a life of the greatest



happiness; time, which weakens other attachments, seemed only to strengthen theirs. Lord B——— was dead to the world, and lived only to love. His friends, his country, his wife, and his children, were forgot; nor did any person in Ireland know what had become of him. It is painful to think that so much happiness was not founded in virtue, and that it was now drawing to a close. He had lived almost entirely in the house, for fear of being recognised by some of his acquaintances in London; confinement seemed to injure the lady's health, and as she was likewise pregnant, gentle exercise was recommended to her: they drove out sometimes to the environs of London, but always in a close carriage. On the last of those occasions, the coach met with some obstruction in one of the streets near Hyde Park corner; his lordship put his head out of the window to see what caused it, when a gentleman from the north of Ireland unluckily passed at the instant: he flew up to the coach; he was too full of what he had to say himself, to listen to another. "Good God, my Lord B———," he exclaimed, "how glad I am to see you! In Ireland we all thought you dead and buried, many a long day ago: there is my Lady B———, your poor wife, has been weeping and wailing, despatching messengers, and advertising you in all the papers in the kingdom." The suddenness of this address disconcerted his lordship, and took from him all power of dissimulation: the gentle victim of his perfidy in an instant perceived the full extent of her misfortune. "I am not your wife, then, it appears," said she, putting her hand on his shoulder, "but your mistress: triumph now, but you will not triumph long." Touched by the

sacred spear of truth, the seducer was now seen in his true colours, and shrunk dismayed from the seraph's glance. He fell at her feet and implored forgiveness. "I forgive you," she said, "but I never will forgive myself." That very evening she was taken ill, and about half an hour after having given birth to a son, she expired. Lord B———— was inconsolable; he clasped the lifeless body in his arms, and it was only after several days, when its removal became absolutely necessary, that he could be separated from it.

When violent grief had subsided into softer melancholy he returned to Ireland, where a separation took place between him and Lady B————: her ladyship and her amiable daughters have since, I believe, resided pretty constantly in England. His lordship plunged into business, and quaffed the bowl of pleasure even to the dregs, but he never tasted happiness; by ruining another's he had for ever destroyed his own. He was latterly unpopular among his tenantry, from the mismanagement of an agent, to whom he intrusted the conduct of his affairs: this wounded him deeply, as he was desirous of the character of a good landlord, and was in reality one: he seldom visited C———— therefore, where, instead of the acclamations he had been formerly received with, he knew he would only meet

"Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not."

He had, indeed,

"Fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
He could not look to have."

Justice, however, to his memory obliges me to declare, that he had many amiable qualities : he was a most excellent father, and the deep compunction he felt for the wrongs of the above-mentioned unfortunate lady did honour to his sensibility. Even after a lapse of many years, the casual recollection of her would distort his face with agony ; and in the gathering gloom of his eye it was easy to read the anguish which preyed on his soul. If, in the social hour, her image stood thus before him, no wonder it haunted him in the solitude of his chamber, in the gloom of midnight — that it should drive sleep from his pillow and strew it with thorns : if it poisoned even his joys, no wonder that it poured more bitter gall into the cup of his declining yéars. “ Knowest thou not this of old, since man was placed upon earth, that the triumphing of the wicked is short, and his joy but for a moment ? ” The libertine had shot his dart, but it recoiled on himself ; it grazed the cheek at which it was thrown, but rankled in his own heart : if he had inflicted misery on her, he had inflicted more on himself ; the worst pangs which racked her mind at the discovery of his perfidy, which shook her frame in the hour of premature labour, were, probably, less than he had felt a thousand times ; which covered his face with wrinkles ; which bent his body down with a greater weight than that of years. She had felt sorrow only—he felt Remorse.

Opposite to B—— forest is the beautiful demesne of R. D——, esq. : he does not reside here at present, nor has the house been inhabited for some years, ever since the death of the late Mr. D——, a gentleman universally regretted, and well-known in Ireland by

the affectionate appellation of honest Dick D——. When a young man, he was remarkably handsome; even when I saw him, though inclining to be fat, he was still so: gifted with beauty, good-humour, and the most winning affability of manners, it was natural he should be a great favourite of the ladies. His attachment to Mrs. ——, now Lady ——, was at one time much talked of: to stop the tale of malice, he brought her down, with other ladies, to D——'s grove, where she remained several months, as can readily be conceived, to the great mortification of Mrs. D——: to be obliged to behave with civility to the woman she hated, who she knew possessed her husband's affections, was a hard trial of a female's temper, and might have upset the patience even of the patient Grizzle herself. Nature was often too strong for art, and instead of smiles and courtesies, and other fashionable displays of hatred, Mrs. D—— met her fair guest with frowns and abuse. In these, however, she was a poor proficient compared to her rival, who retorted on her with interest. The elegant inhabitant of Dublin castle, the favourite of the Lord L——t, burst forth in the tropes of Billingsgate, accompanied with the gestures of Mendoza. Court ladies put on their court manners as they do their hoops, throw them off as easily, and, probably, are as impatient to get rid of them: this is the only instance of harshness I ever heard Mr. D—— was guilty of; he, probably, was ashamed of it, as, soon after, he gave up Mrs. —— entirely.

Mr. D—— represented the county of Monaghan in parliament for many years before and after the union: nor could it have had a more upright or independent

member: in every instance he voted according to his conscience; he was steady in his opposition to the union, which he thought an injurious measure to Ireland, nor could the most tempting promises of the minister, or the threats of Lord C—— (his uncle) to disinherit him, influence him to deviate from the line of his duty: the nobleness of such conduct can only be fully appreciated by those who know the state of embarrassment in which his affairs then were. Lord C—— was, it is said, at cards with the royal family at Windsor, when the despatches came in which contained the proceedings of the Irish parliament on this grand question, and the names of the members who voted on it. Lord C—— was so much shocked at seeing his nephew's name on the obnoxious list, that he fainted: that one of his family should cause any uneasiness to so good a king, who not only asked him to cards but gave him supper into the bargain, was the most terrible of misfortunes. It is but justice to him, however, to state, that upon consideration, he had sensibility enough to perceive the rectitude of his nephew's conduct, and the magnanimity to pardon him his disregard of his orders. Unsolicited, he wrote him a friendly and affectionate letter, nor was the olive branch of peace less acceptable for being accompanied with a thousand pounds. Mr. D——'s estate was only 3000*l.* a year; but as Lord C—— was very old and infirm, his expenses were calculated on the scale of what he expected rather than of what he possessed, if his munificent heart ever knew what it was to calculate. He was son to Lord C——'s younger brother; a gentleman well known in the hunting world. He was the Irish Nimrod of his day, and his exploits were the theme of many a

ballad and song. He lived in the same thoughtless profusion as his son, and for the same reason—expectation of the death of his elder brother, who was subject in youth to violent attacks of inflammation of his lungs, and was obliged to reside, for several years, in the south of France, to avoid a consumption. Some jocular lines of his are preserved in the recollection of some of the old inhabitants here. I insert a stanza to show the humour of the man, rather than from any merit it possesses:—

“ Don't you think, at length, I have a good chance,  
 For Tommy can live nowhere but in France ?  
 Dick 's a *good* father, and Tom 's a *good* brother ;  
 Pray Heaven, in thy mercy, take both one and t 'other.”

Lord C—— is still alive, and is upwards of ninety. The vigorous fox-hunter, whose swelling chest and Herculean frame promised many years of duration, has long mouldered into dust.

When I was last at D——'s grove, it was the seat of gaiety and festivity: Mr. D——'s hospitality was unbounded, and every person whom he had once seen found a ready welcome at his board; where his princely spirit always provided the best cheer, while his wit and good humour would have given a relish to the worst.

“ A merrier man,  
 Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
 I never spent an hour's talk withal.”

He was a great improver of his demesne, on which he expended several thousand pounds. The appearance of neglect is now visible; the eye that watched over it is closed, rubbish covers the path, the ground

is over-run by the bramble, and the weed grows unmolested by the side of the rose.

“Something too much of this.” I fear I have some aristocratic leaning; I stay too long in great men’s castles, and do not sufficiently visit the poor man’s cottage, where the manners of a country are best to be learned; the season is rapidly advancing, likewise, and it will be a long while before I get to the *Giant’s* causeway, if I travel with these fairy steps.

The people about C—— are outrageously loyal—disagreeably so, I was about to say, but checked myself: the bulk of mankind will always be in extremes, in the cellar or the garret; and it is better to be outrageously loyal than outrageously the reverse. The inhabitants of the town, in 1797, were supposed to have rather a democratic tendency; assuredly, they were not loyal, no more than they were righteous, overmuch. A friend of mine had settled among them as a physician, and had difficulty enough to know how to conduct himself: he was very moderate in his political opinions, and not over and above rich; his object, therefore, like the sun, was to shine on the just and the unjust, to physic both the aristocrat and the democrat, and to eat the dinners of both, when invited to them. This system, however excellent in theory (like many other excellent theories), succeeded very indifferently in practice: each party insisted he belonged to the other; like Mahomet’s tomb, he hung half-way between heaven and earth, and, of consequence, had no support from either. The aristocrats set him down for a democrat for four admirable reasons: he was a presbyterian, he wore his hair short, he drank nothing but water, and was, oftener than

once, detected in the fact of walking with some ladies who were said to be united Irishwomen. United Irishwomen were more obnoxious than united Irishmen, because they were the grand missionaries for making proselytes, for putting men *up*, in technical phrase. Why the republicans took him for an aristocrat will appear presently. Among other introductions, he had one to a respectable gentleman who resided a short distance from the town; he insisted on his staying at his house until he could accommodate himself with a lodging. The morning after his arrival, the son, who was a lad about sixteen years of age, invited him out to the garden to have a few moments' conversation with him. When they were arrived at the most retired part of it, his young conductor, drawing himself up with great dignity, proceeded to inform him, that the county regiment was complete in men, the subordinate officers were all appointed, but a leader was wanted: the situation had been offered him, but he thought himself too young for so important a charge. But he believed he had interest enough to procure it for him: he was a physician, a man of sense, and understood Latin and Greek, no doubt; which was, above all things, what the troops desired the most. (The rebels, it seems, in order to be in all respects as different from his Majesty's forces as possible, wished to have men of learning at their head.) If, therefore, he would take the united Irishman's oath, the situation of colonel was very much at his service. My friend stared at him for some time, thinking he was jesting; but finding he was perfectly serious, declined the favour with as much gravity as it was offered. He



returned him many thanks for the opinion he entertained of his talents, and the high promotion—which might soon be followed by still *higher*—he meant to honour him with; he never could discover, however, that he had any military qualifications: they had all heard of heaven-born statesmen and generals, but he was afraid he was not a heaven-born colonel; he had never fired a gun but once in his life, at a flock of sparrows, about ten paces distant, and then he missed them: his genius (if he had any) lay in another way; his ideas were grovelling: to his shame he must confess, he preferred the ringing of a pestle and mortar to the sound of a trumpet, and writing recipes to flourishing a pike: with his good leave, therefore, he would stick to his profession, concluding with nearly a similar sentiment to that of Othello:

“ Though in my trade I may perhaps slay men,  
Yet do I hold it very stuff o’ the conscience  
To do no contrived murder.”

The conference here ended; my friend went in to breakfast, and the young colonel-maker sallied forth in quest of some man who spoke Latin, and had more enterprise, and fewer scruples, than he had. That very evening, however, this military Roscius was obliged to walk off the stage; his friends found it necessary to send him privately away, and afterwards got him smuggled to America, where he now is. As he since got his head broke at a large party for damning the Americans for a parcel of outlandish savages; and was near losing his life on another occasion, in a duel he fought with a French emigrant in defence of the reputation of Lady Pamela Fitz-

gerald; and, moreover, has got a wife and three children, it is to be presumed his fire is pretty well spent, and that he is now a peaceful member of society. This gallant officer, like Dionysius retired to Corinth, condescended, for some time, to teach a school in one of the back settlements: he has since emerged from that lowly calling, and, I understand, keeps a shop in New York, or Boston.

Some time after this conversation, Doctor —— was invited to a grand entertainment given by a gentleman a few miles from the town. It was Christmas time, and the season of jollity; dinners were plenty, though fees were scarce; physicians, like lawyers, take whatever they can get; my friend had no patient at the time, he therefore accepted the invitation. There was a brilliant assemblage of both sexes: it was what is called a house-warming, and there was a dinner, a ball, and a supper. There were a great number of beautiful young women, smiling like Hebes, and verdant as spring; for they all wore her livery—green ribbons, green gowns, green shoes, and green handkerchiefs. May lingered in the lap of December, and he literally thought himself in *clover*; mirth and music, politics and pastime, flew about like a pack of cards. The company were all of one mind; ladies old and young; youth which sat at a side-table, as well as the grave personage who said grace. Erin-go-bragh (Ireland for ever!), Unite and be free, and Paddy's resource, were sung with rapture; and my friend, who perhaps had an eye to the young ladies' custom when they became wives, or was intoxicated with their charms, chorused as loudly as if he had been Napper Tandy himself: he was no enemy to government,

but probably thought it would not fall a whit the sooner for the weapons they were then attacking it with. A gentleman of a saturnine appearance, who sat in a corner, and sung the least, though he drank the most, of any one in company, was of the same opinion. He addressed them on their improper levity: he expected to have heard some *rational* conversation, he said; some plan for delivering them from their domestic enemies, the vile magistrates who oppressed, the viler spies who informed upon them; drinking and toasting was not the way, even if they toasted and drank to doomsday: but let every person single out an enemy, despatch him in the best manner he could; so glorious an example would be followed by their countrymen, applauded by the world, and Ireland would be free. Dr. —— heard this modest proposal of assassination, amidst the festivities of the table, with astonishment. Every one was silent. “This is the first time,” whispered he to his right hand neighbour, “that I ever heard butchering men, more than breaking their bones, was sport for the ladies.” “When they are enemies to their country,” replied this *humane* and *judicious* young lady, “what better can they expect?” He looked at her stedfastly, at the faces of the men and other women; he had mistaken the cause of their silence; it was not wonder, it was not horror, he would not say it was approbation. With the warmth of an uncontaminated mind, he reprobated the infamy of assassination, and the iniquity of such an advice; which was not more odious than absurd, not more shocking to humanity than opposite to policy; which would detach every thinking man from their cause, and, for every enemy taken off,

would raise up a hundred in his room. The grave gentleman looked at him without making any reply. "Who is that fellow," whispered he to the gentleman who sat next him, "that has been preaching there? Is he a parson?" "No," the other answered; "he is a young physician." "Ecod, then," replied the other, "he will never live to be an old one; he is a damned aristocrat."

In the course of the evening he danced with a lady of a mild and prepossessing appearance; he did not talk politics to her, for he was discouraged by his unsuccessful whisper to his fair neighbour at table: she entered on the subject, however, herself. "I should never have thought you were an aristocrat," said she, "if I hadn't heard it from your own lips." "My own lips, then," he replied, "must have uttered false words; for, I assure you, I am no aristocrat, but a friend to the rights—and better even than rights—to the happiness of man." "You take a *wrong* method of showing it, then," said she, "by pleading the cause of his oppressors: vile wretches! I am sure death is too good for them; they deserve worse, if worse is possible." "It is not so much what they deserve we should consider," replied he, "as what is proper for ourselves. I am sure, assassination is not a fit subject for a girl, nor, I trust, will it ever find an advocate in you." "Ah!" said she, shaking her head, "you are no true croppy." (The united Irishmen wore their hair short, and were therefore designated by the loyalists, in derision, croggies: persons who for convenience adopted this fashion often experienced, therefore, insult, and sometimes injury, from the zealots of loyalty, who carefully preserved their own long and

flowing locks, as if Irish loyalty, like Samson's strength, lay in the hair.) "You may wear your hair close, you may sing what songs, and dance to what tunes you please, but I tell you, you are no true croppy: you *reason*; but a republican," said she with animation, "feels for his bleeding country—for the exile in a foreign land—for the prisoner in a dungeon—for the victim on the scaffold—for the wretched wanderer without habitation or name, whose house has been burned, and property destroyed, by the vile agents of lawless and brutal power! And because I am a woman, I am not to think of this: I am not to feel for their sorrows, because I cannot relieve their distresses;—I am not to pursue with curses their low-minded, and soon, I hope, to be low-laid oppressors, because I am a woman—because I am weak—because I am a girl, as you were pleased to call me; but if I am weak, God is strong, and will soon, I trust, exterminate such monsters from the face of the earth! I would not," added she, after a pause, and in a more moderate tone, "strike a dagger into one of their hearts, but I would bless and pray for the man who did it; and would take his chance of Heaven far sooner than the cold-blooded preacher, who talks of virtue, but encourages vice, and tramples on and outrages innocence by affording impunity to guilt." No reply was made to this violent speech: to have answered it with ridicule would have been cruel, and reason would have been unavailing to lay those terrific images her fancy had conjured up; and which caused her, like Hamlet, to speak daggers, though, like him, she said she would use none. Spite of his prudence, the cold-blooded preacher, indeed, was struck with respect and admiration for the feelings

that dictated those sentiments, that sparkled in the eye, and illuminated the countenance of the fair enthusiast; and when he took hold of her hand, which still trembled with the vehemence with which she had spoken, and surveyed the tear which trickled down her glowing cheek, he found his feelings, in favour of the exile, the prisoner, and the wanderer, stronger than they had ever been before. Like Festus in the Apostles, he could have exclaimed, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a republican."

At a period subsequent to this, I knew her myself. She was then married, and I never was in company with a more amiable woman. The enthusiasm of the hour had passed away, and given place to the sober business of human life. Occupied with domestic employment and domestic happiness, she thought little of those evils she once considered great, which are incidental to all insurrections, and which interference, however well meant, hardly ever fails to exasperate. The fault she fell into is one very common to persons of great sensibility; whose feelings are strong and judgments weak; who have good hearts but weak heads. In the strong sympathy they feel for distress, all minor considerations are swallowed up; they never reflect how much of it is folly, and brought on by itself; how much of it is guilt, and deserving of punishment: become sanguinary; even by the excess of their humanity; become oppressors, from their abhorrence of oppression; they inflict misery from the hatred they bear it; their love of virtue makes them unjust, their horror of cruelty makes them cruel, and sullen hatred and demoniac malice are not productive of greater ills in society than their noble and generous, but romantic

and ill-regulated emotions. The English character itself is a strong and unfortunate illustration of this: without going back to any distant period, we have only to refer to the causes which led to the war in which we have been engaged, with slight interruption, for upwards of seventeen years. What Mr. Pitt's motives for entering into it were, I shall not attempt to determine; but of this I am certain, the humanity of the people of England, which made them tremblingly alive to the excesses perpetrated in France, could alone have engaged them so warmly in it; nor do I know whether most to admire or execrate the characteristic cunning of that wonderful man, which enabled him, with such fatal adroitness, to convert the honest prejudices of the English nation in favour of good order and humanity into the deadly weapon of destruction of all they most revered. The French people were guilty of great excesses, which excited the abhorrence of the English. It is to their credit that they did excite it; yet happy would it have been for the peace of man, had they been

"Duller than the fat weed  
That rots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,  
Ere they had stirred in this."

For to our interference, I fear, is to be ascribed many of the miseries of the war, as well as the dreadful character it displays. This might have been foreseen by any person who witnessed the shock our declaration of it in the year 1793 gave to public as well as individual feeling in France. That Austrian and Prussian despots should endeavour to crush the infant republic, was not to be wondered at. The French relied on the superiority of their strength, and as they had little

fear, they could not long feel much resentment, whatever (from motives of policy) they might affect to feel. But the interference of England, her gigantic power, her immense resources, put in imminent jeopardy the frail bark of freedom, assailed as it was by dangers of other kinds: nor was it more overwhelming than unexpected. England, the seat of freedom, of humane feeling, of just reasoning: England, whom they venerated, whose opinions they adopted, whose example they thought they followed, whose prejudices they cherished: that she should regard those efforts (for which she expected praise) with horror; that she should repay her veneration with insult and unkindness, were injuries too great, too aggravated, ever to be forgiven. Love was converted into hatred—the milk of English kindness was curdled in their breasts; and the *unsteady* Frenchman became the *steady* and irreconcilable enemy of England. He met no kindness in the day of his sorrow, no allowance for the excesses of his madness, no mercy in the hour of his weakness; and we may be well assured, he will show none in the hour of his *strength*. I have said, perhaps, too much on this subject; yet my feelings are so strong, I cannot forbear saying a few words more. The French revolution was a great but a fleeting evil; it was a transient cloud that would soon have passed away; our interference fixed it, and drew down that fatal storm which has desolated Europe, and inundated her plains with blood. French atheism overturned the altars of religion, banished and murdered her priests; English religion squandered millions, and preached up a crusade of blood. French ambition overran countries, overturned governments; English



humanity encouraged nations to unavailing resistance, and sent her own troops to hopeless combat, or to moulder in infected climes and unwholesome marshes, from the effects of slow, though not less certain disease. French action and English reaction, French barbarity and English humanity have inflicted as much misery on mankind these last seventeen years, as, perhaps, ever befel them in the same space of time, not even excepting the civil wars between Cæsar and Pompey, or the proscriptions of Augustus and Mark Antony.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

Visit at a farm-house—Sentiments of an Orangeman—Bed-chamber—Ludicrous night-adventure.

*Omagh.*

I HAD NOW spent several days in C——, and it was time to think of quitting it. I have said so much of the people, that I have not left myself room to say any thing of the place; no great misfortune neither, as I know nothing remarkable in it, except the extreme neatness of the shambles: the meat sold there, I am told, is excellent, but of this I can only speak by hearsay; I abominate the sight of raw meat as much I do that of a butcher; it reminds a man too forcibly of what a cannibal he is. I took leave of my venerable friend with a melancholy presentiment that we should never meet again in this life, nor was I disappointed; the very day I left her she was suddenly taken ill, and died after a few hours' illness. I do not know that at any age death should be considered an evil; perhaps

we should think it a blessing when it summons us at seventy-two.

“*Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti ;  
Tempus abire tibi est.*”

I dined at her house the evening before I went away, in company with a rich farmer who lived some miles distant : when he understood that my route was pretty much the same as his own, he invited me, with great civility, to take a seat in his gig, and stop and pass the day at his house. I complied with cheerfulness. I was accustomed to Irish hospitality, and liked it : at the worst, it could only give me a sick stomach and head-ache, and I was sure of these if I ventured into a stage-coach. We had a pleasant-enough drive, as the day though dark was fine, and my companion good-humoured ; but the country was dreary, with high hills, which we clambered up at a snail's pace, and ran the risk of breaking our necks in going down. On the land of hills, indeed, we were now fairly entered. Of various sizes and shapes, they every where rose around us, making darker with their black heads the already dark sky. However, there was cultivation on their sides, and the potatoe ridges and corn-fields, in fanciful stripes and compartments, varied the wild landscape with deeper and lighter shades of green. Even in barrenness there is beauty, for the yellow weed intermingled with the corn, however unprofitable to the farmer, was agreeable to the eye. We no longer saw hedges, nor even the traces of them. It was a kind of Arabia Petrea, and the enclosures were all of stones. By a strange confusion of expression, these loose and irregular walls are called

ditches. Sometimes, though not always, they have a ditch on one side of them, and this is called the *gripc* of the ditch, a word of which I do not understand the meaning.

To make amends for the want of hedges, we had lakes and turf bogs in plenty; turf, as is generally known, is the firing of the Irish, and a most delightful fire it makes: it appears to advantage in a grate, but certainly is no improvement to a landscape. In some parts of Ireland the bogs are very extensive, and a traveller may readily go astray in them: as the footing is not very firm, he is often not able to extricate himself without assistance, and, therefore, is often not extricated at all. When the ignis fatuus of whiskey has decoyed the poor peasant returning from fair or market into one of these immense morasses, he is generally found lifeless the next morning. A man is metaphorically lost in a bog (in Irish phrase), when he gets so entangled in an argument, as to be unable to move either backwards or forwards.

The house where we were going was surrounded by trees, and looked very well at a distance: like many men and women, however, it did not improve upon nearer acquaintance. We drove up to the door, and stepping incautiously out, I was half way up my leg in a large puddle of dirty water, which stagnated at the very threshold; my nankeen pantaloons and white stockings were little improved by the immersion. "Evil betide me," said my conductor, "not to tell you to step on the board." On looking down, I found there was a board, on which, as on a bridge, I entered the house. "You must be fond of water, indeed," said I, "to keep a lake in front of your house; one

should think you had enough of them in the neighbourhood ; but I would recommend a boat to you, instead of that bridge made of a single plank ; your visitors would pass over in greater security." " Never mind the water, my honey," said he ; " take a drop of the cratur to keep it out of your stomach, and I warrant you, it will do you no harm : my sarvants are so busy, so busy, but if you happen to come this way about Christmas, you shall have a hearty welcome and dry footing into the bargain."

As most farm-houses in the North of Ireland are similar in construction to the one I was now in, I shall describe it exactly. It was two stories high, white-washed and thatched ; on entering the hall, I found it likewise the kitchen, where a large fire was blazing ; on the right hand was the parlour, off which there was a small bedroom ; the apartments above corresponded in size to those, but were mere lumber rooms ; they resembled the worst half of Noah's ark ; they were a receptacle for all unclean things : the apartments on the left hand I reserve for bedtime.

A length of time elapsed before the mistress of the house made her appearance. I judged by the great bustle that prevailed, by the opening and shutting of doors, that she was either dressing herself or the dinner—unfortunately, it proved the former : she sailed in, clad in an old-fashioned lutestring gown, that swept the ground behind her. After some time spent in conversation, which I every moment expected to have interrupted by a summons to dinner, the husband observed to his fair spouse, that it was time to give orders about dinner. " Then it will be some time before it is ready," said I. " Oh, not more than half an hour,"

she replied; "the goose will be put on the spit in an instant." It was too true, the goose had to be put on the spit, but there was much preliminary matter before he could be brought that length; he had to be drawn, and skewered, and plucked; he had to be killed, for he was actually, at that instant, sailing like a stately swan on the pond, where I had so unfortunately made shipwreck.

Dinner was so long in coming, that I lost my patience first, and then my appetite. It made its appearance at length, however; it was tolerably well dressed, and we had a bottle of excellent wine. After I had eaten of something else, I asked for a slice of the goose; my host flourished his knife and fork with great dexterity, but, instead of drawing the knife across the breast of the goose as he intended, drew it across his own fingers, from which the blood poured down (so at least it seemed to me) in a copious stream on the dish before him. There was no eating goose with such *sanguinary* sauce; I therefore sent away my plate, being perfectly satisfied. My host's kind heart was not so easily contented; he had returned to the table with his fingers tied up in a clout that was none of the cleanest: he said I had made no dinner, and that I must positively eat a wing of the goose, which he swore the blood had not touched. "But what though it had, man," said he, with a cordial slap of his sound hand on my knee, "it is neither Jew's nor Papist's blood, but a good old Protestant's, who never did a dishonest or disloyal action; who loves God, and honours the king." "And hates the Pope," said I. "D—n the Pope," said he, "and all *that* takes his part; if I had the *trial* of them, I would hang them all up without judge or jury: an outlandish

vagrant, seated cross-legged on his seven hills like a scarlet whore, as he is." "He has quit the hills," said I; "his French physician thought the air of them too keen for his constitution, and ordered him down to the valley." "He should have ordered him to the Devil," said my host (who had swallowed a bumper or two of grog before dinner, and was now a little elevated), "he and all his breed. Come," said he, "I'll give you a toast, that I am sure you won't object to, for you have a good Protestant face; come, bumper, bumper, I say, no *sky-lights*; here's to H—with them all for ever!" "For ever," said I, "is surely too long; a thousand or two years might satisfy." "*Thit's* purgatory," said he, "and the Papist's doctrine. I don't believe in it. Ah, master of mine," drawing his chair closer, and speaking lower, as if afraid of being overheard, "you don't know *thim* as I do; you *hivn't* lived among them, and can't tell what sort of *varmin* they are: why, man, my own *sarvants* would murder me in my bed, if they durst; and so I told them on Friday last, being the *first of August*, old style, of all days in the year: you ungrateful vipers, you," said I, "I feed and *nurrish* you, and yet if the French landed tomorrow, you would *turn tails*, and cut off my head, for a present to some French captain or other, to make yourselves more welcome." "French captains," said I, "care very little about men's heads, whatever they may do about their purses; there is gold sometimes in them." "And lead in the poor Irishmen's skulls," said he, with a laugh; "thank you, thank you, master; come, that's a good one too; I love my joke, and I love my friend, and I love my glass, and I love—dang it, *thit's* well thought on too—I say, fill your

glass, I'll give you my wife's health—a better *soul* never broke bread; doesn't cross the threshold from week's end to week's end, and yet you see, in company, she *his* quite the look of a lady; she's of a *grate* family, in the county Armagh; her father's a tip-top man there—keeps a large tan-yard, and is hand in glove with Squire V——, and all the rest of the gentry. Orange and blue for ever, my jewel!" said he; "King William for ever! King George—God bless him!" "And the Princess Charlotte," said I, "and the P—— of W——, and the royal family. That's what the prayer-book says." "The P—— of W—— is a good man's son, and *therefore* we'll drink reformation to him," said he, "if you *plase*. Can you tell me if he keeps company with Mrs. F—— yet?" "It's very likely," said I, "for I am told she is still a handsome woman." "She's old," said he. "No woman is old in London," said I. "There is a *grate* many of them," said he, "that are older than they are good, I'll be bound for it; but you can't deny that Mrs. F—— is a Papist." "Why, man," said I, "the Papists are a great trouble to you. Do you think the P—— of W—— goes to Mrs. F—— to talk to her of religion?" "I don't know what the devil he goes to her for," said he, "nor, not to give you an ill answer, do I care; but this I know, simple as I sit here, I wouldn't go to a Popish —— if she was as fair as fair Rosamond herself: but I suppose, it's all owing to that damned fellow Mac——, who, if he had his good will, would not let a Protestant dog near him, for fear of his barking some truth into his ear." Good wits jump; nearly a similar thought occurred to a noble lord, in the reign of Charles the

Second. In the debates on the exclusion bill, as it was called, he was pleased to finish his speech in the following manner. "I would not have," said this admirable legislator, "so much as a Popish dog to bark, or a Popish cat to mew or pur about the King." "Colonel Mac——," said I, "is no Catholic; he is a member of parliament, and goes to church." "He be d——," said he; "he is a rank Papist in his heart, if he was to swear till he was black in the face to the contrary: Mac—— of the county Monaghan go to church—ha! ha! a fine name to go to church with, truly. Ah, *thim* things may go down with John Bull, but we know better, and take care of him when he does nothing but fill his fat guts and go to sleep. Ha! ha! people are wise now-a-days; they laugh at ould times and notions—they will emancipate the *papishes*, will they? they will make them friends of England by doing that, I warrant—they will stand by them at the pinch, and keep out Buonaparte. *Ogh-hone*, but they know them well, and they'll soon know them better; but, by my *sowl*, they'll pay dear for their *larning*. Emancipate the Catholics to make friends of them; J——s, what fools our great people be! if they were to give them the crown of England to-day, they would be quarreling for the diamond (that I'm *tould* once dropped out of it) to-morrow."

In this manner we continued drinking and conversing to a late hour. My worthy host was as hospitable as communicative, and no more a churl of his liquor than of his talk: he was, in truth, a kind-hearted creature, who hated nothing but papists, and those who took their part. His house seemed the abode of plenty, but slovenly and dirty: his brain



bore a good deal of resemblance to it ; he had ideas enough, such as they were, but, like the furniture of the apartment, a little topsy-turvy. I have been particular in relating this conversation, because, though apparently frivolous, it is in reality not so ; though delivered in coarse and vulgar phrase, it contains a faithful picture of orange feeling, on the subjects on which it turned : his sentiments were those of a class, though his language was that of an individual ; his phrases, his ejaculations, his vivacity, were his own ; but his opinions, his prejudices, and his hatreds, were those of his tribe. The uniformity of opinion which pervades almost all the individuals of the two grand classes into which Ireland is divided is most wonderful ; nor can any thing be more instantaneous than the sympathetic feeling which vibrates from the highest to the lowest ; and, making allowance for the difference of education, makes the peer and peasant speak nearly a similar language. The Prince of Wales is not so popular among the Orangemen as he deserves to be, in consequence of the disposition they think he has manifested in favour of the Catholics ; which, as they are willing to lighten him as much as possible from the ignominy of such degradation, as they conceive it, they attribute to the influence of Mrs. F——, whose effigy I wonder they have never thought of burning, along with the Pope and Guy Fawkes.

We had some supper, the exact nature of which I was at great pains to verify ; so much had the bloody goose taken possession of my imagination, that I saw it in every thing I touched, as the unfortunate hydrophobic is said to see the image of the dog which bit him, in the drink he attempts to swallow. When I

was shown to the room in which I was to sleep, I could not help being struck with its dreary and forlorn appearance. It was large enough for a barrack, and seemed a barn metamorphosed into a bedchamber. The wind whistled through the broken panes, as melancholy, if not as musical, as an Eolian harp: it would have been an invaluable treasure to Mr. Lewis, who has so happily revived the raw-head and bloody-bone stories of our infancy, to frighten the grown children of England; it only wanted a gang of banditti, a couple or three skeletons, a ghost, and a lady, to have made it a *jewel* of an apartment. I surveyed it with wonder, if not with terror; and had I not been armed so strong with whiskey punch (which, as an admirable weapon for parrying fear, I should recommend to all my *fair* readers who sleep in large and lonely apartments), I might have imagined I saw airy figures ascend out of the earth, and glide into the remote obscurity of the room, dimly illuminated, as God knows it was, by the farthing candle I had placed on a large meal chest, by way of a table. Where is the good of reading history, somebody says, if we do not benefit by the examples it contains? My reading has been mostly confined to romances; in humble imitation, therefore, of heroines in similar situations, I looked under the bed and behind the meal-chest, lest an enemy might be lurking there: I would have peeped into it, for, like the Trojan horse, it was large enough to hold robbers in its belly, but it was double-locked. I walked up and down the room in pensive meditation; but, as there was no looking-glass, I could not start affrighted at the reflection of my own image, as the custom is on such

occasions. I could have wished greatly to have opened the casement, and gazed at the moon, but the casement would not open, and there was no moonlight. I therefore, to do the best I could, popped my head out of one of the broken panes, and looked at the stars. Of all the planets, the heroine of a romance owes the greatest obligations to the moon: the sun, like other holiday friends, seldom shines when he is wanted; but the moon never refuses her pale beams to her votaries. She is always at hand to light them on their way, when they sally forth at midnight in pursuit of adventures, with their little bundles tied up in a handkerchief, like milliners' apprentices. Tired at length of star-gazing, I took off my clothes, and went to bed: such is the advantage a hero possesses over a heroine. Neither Mrs. Radcliffe, nor Mrs. Roach, would have allowed one of theirs to have taken their clothes off for the universe. The utmost length they could go (if I am correct in my recollection) would be to unpin their hair, and throw themselves on the bed. Whatever the reason may be, a heroine has as great an aversion to getting between a pair of sheets as a knight-errant of old had: one advantage, however, she possesses over him, and a great one it is, considering the expense of washing, that though she changes her linen as seldom as he does, it is always of a dazzling whiteness: this is indispensable; her chemise, though worn a month, must look as white as if just purchased at a ready-made linen warehouse. Another essential feature of a true heroine is, that she never sleeps until the first rays of the morning gild the hills, and play on the bars of the window; she may be then allowed a few moments of *troubled* repose (it is well for Mrs.

Roach that she was not an Irishwoman) with her head reclined on her lily hand (her heroine can sleep in no other attitude), while the other grasps some part of her drapery.

It would have been well for me had I had the *clinophobia* of those ladies. I should have escaped a great fright, which was not the less real for being a ludicrous one. I had enjoyed, for about an hour, the blessings of slumber, when I was awaked by a noise more tremendous than thunder; to my terrified imagination it seemed like the roaring of the fiercest lion. I started up, and struck my head against something that felt rough and warm, and extending my arms (in an agony of fear, I must confess), got hold of the ears of what I supposed a ferocious animal. It is inconceivable the ideas of horror that rushed through my mind. I thought it was a mad dog, which had some way or other found its way to the bed; the bellowing, however, which was in an instant repeated, made me change my opinion, and I took it for a wild bull, which had broke loose, and would devour me, as the red cow did Tom Thumb. I jumped out of bed, and endeavoured to escape by the door, but could not find it; I called loudly for light and assistance—the bellowing continued, though it did not seem to quit the spot where I first had heard it; between us we made a noise that might have broken any sleep, except that which the last trump, it is said, shall waken us from. My host at length made his appearance, followed by his wife, bearing a candle; he was in his shirt and red night-cap, like a Turkish turban; the fair torch-bearer was in her chemise, though assuredly it was not “une chemise blanche.” The husband thrust the

muzzle of a fowling-piece (which he carried cocked) into the room, before he entered himself; so that between the mad bull in my rear, and the *orange* party in front, I thought myself in a perilous situation. When I had explained the nature of my alarm, we advanced in a body to the bed to discover the cause. The roaring, which was incessant, proceeded from the mouth of a red cow, with horns as long as a deer's, but the head only was visible; how it came there, or where the body was, was to me totally unintelligible: my host, after rolling on the bed some instants in a hearty fit of laughter, explained it to me. With the carelessness that marked all his domestic arrangements, a cow was sometimes turned into the chamber that communicated with mine, to save the trouble of taking her to the stable. One he had purchased a few days before at a neighbouring fair had been confined there ever since: as she was probably not much accustomed to live in a parlour, it was not wonderful she wished to make her escape out of it; by dint of perseverance, she forced a passage for her head through the partition of lath and plaster which separated her from the side of my bed. Unable to draw her body forwards, or her head backwards, she stuck fast in this pillory of her own creation, and broke out into the noise I have just been mentioning. By enlarging the orifice, we set the prisoner at liberty, and released her from her disagreeable situation. The lights were withdrawn, and I was once more left in solitude; I endeavoured to sleep, but it was impossible—the red cow had “murdered sleep.”

The moment the first rays of the morning were visible from my windows, I got up, dressed myself,

and sallied forth. I opened the door gently, lest my host should awake and attempt to detain me till after breakfast. There was no mistaking the road, as it ran quite close to the house; but had it been as difficult as the labyrinth of Crete, I should have ventured on it without a clue to direct me; so heartily sick was I of the sign of the red cow. Getting up at the dawn of day is what I have seldom practised; for a few moments, I yawned and stretched myself without ceasing; every feeling of lassitude, however, was soon absorbed in the contemplation of the sublime spectacle before me. Light and darkness still struggled for mastery: the former was on the top of the hills, the latter rolled its grey mist like a troubled ocean over the valleys. It gradually receded. Chaos gave place to creation: the features of the landscape became more distinct; the rays of the sun gilded the sides of the mountains—a few moments afterwards, he shot up into view like a pyramid of fire—all nature felt his influence: the dew-drops bespangled the trees, the hawthorn perfumed the air, innumerable birds poured forth their gratitude from their little throats—it was the incense of sacrifice from the earth, to the being who gave it birth. It was the sleep of the tomb bursting into the resurrection of life.

“The saffron morn, with early blushes spread,  
Now rose refulgent from 'Tithonus' bed;  
With new-born day, to gladden mortal sight,  
And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light.”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Cross-roads—Presbyterian landlady—Emma-vale—Conversation with a Catholic servant—Aughnacloy—Balligawly—Reflections on pathos in writing and acting—The widow and her son.

*Omagh.*

I WALKED upwards of five hours without stopping, or meeting any person. I was considering that breakfast would be no unacceptable occurrence, when I came to a little village of four or five houses. It is called Cross-roads, probably because it is situated where several roads meet: the appearance of the public-house, though humble, was neat, and I resolved to enter and have some refreshment. I was now in the north, and knew I could have whiskey and sweet milk, oaten cake, and fresh butter in abundance. I asked the good dame, who came curtsying to meet me, if she could let me have some breakfast. "To be sure I can, sir," said she, bustling before me into a little room off the kitchen: "what would you choose, tea or coffee?" My fears now all subsided. I found I had a choice, when I expected neither: to make amends, therefore, I ordered both; there was no necessity to mention eggs, they always come in as a matter of course; a breakfast without them would be thought as preposterous as a dance without a fiddle, or a dinner without potatoes. I was delighted with my little apartment; not only from the gratification that cleanliness always gives, but from the satisfaction I felt at finding English neatness and little pastoral orna-

ments transplanted to the bleak mountains of the North of Ireland. Pots of geranium were in the window ; the bed in the corner was nicely made up, and covered with its many-coloured garment.

“ The broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,  
Ranged o’er the chimney, glisten’d in a row.”

The weather was now warm, and the hearth beneath was (to make use of the words of the same charming poet) “ with aspin boughs, with flowers and fennel gay.” I turned over some books that were on a table, in the Latin, Greek, and Irish languages. In the latter were several rituals of the Romish worship. I asked Mrs. A—— if they belonged to her. She laughed, and said, “ no ; she had something else to do than to mind reading : I declare to my God,” said the good dame, unpinning her flowered cotton gown, and smoothing it over her pea-green petticoat, “ except a chapter or two in the Testament, one of Blair’s Sermons, or a look into Hervey’s Meditations, I don’t open a book from one week’s end to the other.” I had no occasion to question her about her religion : I knew now very well what she was. I had supped with a member of the established church the evening before ; I was breakfasting in the house of a Presbyterian. “ I thought you might have been a Catholic,” I said, “ by the books I saw there.” “ No ; she was a Presbyterian,” she said, “ and so were all her *forebearers*. The books belonged to the priest of the parish, who lodged in the house : he gave her thirty good pounds a year for diet and lodging ; and, what with his fast-days, when he would eat nothing, and feast-days, when he dined abroad, she seemed to think



she had a good bargain." I found this good dame the most liberal Protestant I yet had met with. "Why should she hate the Catholics?" she said, in answer to a question I asked her; "God made them as well as her; for certain their religion was the eldest, and nobody could tell but it might turn out the best; if they were in an *error*, that was their own affair, and nobody had a right to meddle with it. The Catholics were good customers of hers; many a good pound she had got of their money, and it had thriven with her as well as the Protestant's." I had on a black coat, and my hair was cut short; it is not unlikely, therefore, that she took me for a priest, and what I considered liberality was only compliment. My manner of eating would probably undeceive her: I kept no *fast*: beside tea, coffee, toast, and eggs, I drank two bowls of cream, and eat a large quantity of honey. I paid twenty-pence, and gave a trifle to a comely servant-maid who attended me. Perhaps the priest had other employment here beside counting his beads, or reading his ritual. St. Chrysostom might sometimes be exchanged for the Art of Love.

About a mile from Cross-roads is the village of Emma Vale. The country round it is level: the fields appear to be well cultivated, and are agreeably intersected with hedges; in most parts of the North of Ireland, the fences are formed of stones. This village was formerly called Scarnageragh, an Irish word, of which I do not know the meaning; but which signifies, I suppose, something for which the town is famous. All Irish names of places, I believe, are compound epithets; it is famous, however, at present, for nothing except its races, which are annually held, and continue

several days. I should suppose they are mostly attended by the neighbouring farmers and rustic jockeys, who run for bridles and saddles: it draws together a considerable concourse of people, I learn; a very drunken assemblage, I have no doubt, it generally proves to be. Some years ago, it was likewise a very quarrelsome one: every man, on leaving home, drew from its hiding-place his trusty shilelah; and, as Bacchus, not Venus, was his divinity, the club of Hercules never became in his hands a woman's distaff. The custom of carrying shilelahs is still continued; but the use of them is almost entirely abandoned: except a few boxing-matches, no other quarrels occur. The magistrates of this, and, I believe, of almost every other part of the North of Ireland, have been unremitting in their exertions to put down *club* law, and to put law in its place. As the country becomes refined, Irish names become obsolete; they are too rough "for ears polite." I was curious, however, to learn the etymology of Scarnageragh: I overtook a middle-aged man, decently dressed, and asked him if he could inform me. "I dinna ken," said he; "I canna *spake* Erish; I would never *flash* myself with it; for, to tell you a secret, I neither love it nor the breed that *spakes* it." "That's a secret," I replied, "I should never have suspected; are you not an Irishman yourself?" "In troth, and I'm *nane*; I, and *aw* my generation, *ha* gone to Meeting this *four* hundred years." "They must have been a clever generation, indeed," said I, "to have gone to Meeting a hundred years before there was any. Where were you born?" "In *yon wee hoose*," said he, "on the *tap* o' the *brae* (hill), with the *auld* tree *our* it; *gin* ye *hae* time to step up,

the auld wife will be able to gie us a *bunnoch* (an oaten cake) and a *drap* of buttermilk." By the Erish he meant the native Irish, or the Catholics. His ancestors probably were settled a century among them; yet he spoke and thought of them exactly as a Scotchman would have done. The manner of his expression involved what may be termed a bull; yet it is a bull which grave and sober Englishmen have committed. Sir John Davis, speaking of the city of Kilkenny, says, "there are more Englishmen born in it, than in any other city in Ireland." The Protestant coal merchants of Dublin, about one hundred years ago, presented a petition to the Irish house of lords, complaining of the hardships their trade sustained, by the means of one Darby Molony, who drew all their customers from them, though he was a notorious Papist and Irishman. The house of lords took this notable grievance into serious deliberation; what decision their *wisdom* came to on the subject, I have never learned.

I was overtaken about half a mile beyond the town by a gentleman's servant driving a jaunting-car. After bidding me good-morrow, which is a ceremony never omitted on an Irish road, he offered me a seat, which I readily accepted; I was not fatigued with the road, but I was with myself: I was tired with my own thoughts, and wanted company. The servant, with the usual courtesy of communication of the Irish, gave me much information about himself, before he ventured on asking me any questions; I expected then to have to give a full, true, and particular account of my birth, parentage, and education. I was disappointed: he asked me only one question about myself—where I lived? I told him, the most of my time in London.

Then I had seen Sir Francis Burdett? he supposed. I told him I had, several times. And had I seen him the day he came out of the Tower? I expected it, I said, "and took a stand for that purpose upon land; but the weather was warm, and he went by water, as no doubt you have heard." "Good man, good man; he had heard it: he wouldn't risk the peace of the city—he wouldn't endanger the lives of the people, *naugh*, not even of his enemies, though they had done what they could to take away his; and had shut him up for eight long weeks in a narrow tower, where he hadn't room to turn himself." Had I ever spoke to him? he asked. Never, I said; I had no acquaintance with him. "What a that, what a that, wasn't I in the same town with him? oh, *gemine, gemine*, if I was within forty miles, wouldn't I walk them barefooted, only to set my two eyes on him."

He then asked me a number of minute questions about his height, age, person, dress, with an eagerness which showed the enthusiasm with which he cherished the idea of this popular baronet. "The ladies are all for *him to a man*," said I; "he is very handsome, therefore, of course." "Handsome is that handsome does," said he; "and if he was as ugly as Black Bess, that I'm driving here, I would take his side." "He is lucky in having such a friend," said I; "but as he says he is the friend of the people, it is natural you should be his." "I think," said he, drawing himself up with dignity, "he is the friend of the poor, and can't bear to see how they are ill used; and that's what I love him for, because few of your gentlofolks think about them. Now here's myself; as long as I'm stout and hearty, and can drive the car, and do

my work, I have a livery put on me, and get something to eat; but if I was to become *ould* and useless, my master would turn me out to rot in the fields, as he yesterday did the *ould* bay hunter that carried him over ditch and gate for so many years." "Your master was a brute, then," said I; "not half so valuable a one as the animal that carried him." "He has three thousand a year," replied he, "and drinks claret like a *Son of Mars*; but Sir Francis has twenty thousand, I warrant ye, and drinks no claret, but lays out his money in buying shoes and books, and giving porter and bread and cheese to the poor people about him. Did you read the story of his goodness to his wife's waiting-maid, who had an *ould* mother to support?" I told him I had. "There's a gentleman for you!" proceeded he with exultation (I cautioned him to sit steady, lest he should tumble off): "there's a gentleman worth fighting for; by the Holy Father, (his very oath, as I have in relating this conversation made use of his own words, as far as I could recollect them) I would wade up to my knees in blood for him; but these London capons have no spirit, or they would not have given him up so *donsily*! (easily). Ogh, ogh, if some of our barony boys had been there, we would have shown them the difference; we wouldn't have hung our tails and ran away, as those roast beef and plum-pudding fellows did."

National vanity is a perfect Proteus; it finds itself in some countries on those properties which are the most despised in others. An Englishman looks down with contempt on his ill-clad, and, as he thinks, worse-fed, brother Pat; nor are his bulls and his blunders greater subjects of merriment to him than

his potatoes and buttermilk. All Pat's jests, on the other hand, are levelled at what he thinks the shades in his brother John's character; his gluttony and unwieldiness; his roast beef, fat pork, and strong ale; his red face, and big belly: he despises him as an over-fed and inanimate being, who is afraid to face danger, and unable to bear fatigue, and attributes the successes of the navy and army to his own courage and exertions.

We conversed afterwards on a variety of political occurrences, with the most minute circumstances of which I found him thoroughly acquainted. If his information was peculiar to himself, he was an extraordinary young man; if it is general among the Catholics, there is some extraordinary system at work among them. Curious to know how he acquired it, I asked him a number of questions, some of which he answered, and others of them he did not. I asked him what newspaper he read? "The devil a newspaper do I read," said he, "or paper of any kind, for I don't know a B from a bull's foot, thanks to my father for it, who is now under the sod, rest his soul! But I listen, when I wait at table, to what the gentlemen are saying, and Barney Gallagher reads the paper to us at nights at the smith's forge, and gets two tennennys a week for reading, beside the papers into the bargain." "What does your friend Barney think of the times?" said I. "Think!" exclaimed he, "what can any sensible man think, but that they are as bad as bad can be: when things are at the worst, they'll mend, however; it is a long lane that has no turning: it's queer corn that's never cut down. Arrah, Billy, my darling! you weathered the storm, didn't you?"

you put the croppies down, didn't you? you hanged, and flogged, and transported them? you should have choked their children, too, in the cradle; but never mind, my jewel, you are now in your grave, and some of us may live to dance upon it." We had now travelled about five or six miles together, and were to separate. I offered him some money, which he rejected with impatience. "He hadn't asked me to ride for any thing he *would* make by me," he said; but for the pleasure of my company." "At all events, my lad," said I, "we must not part with dry lips; let us step into this house and have a glass of somewhat." He agreed readily to this proposition; I poured out a glass of whiskey: "Come," said I, "here 's the health of Sir Francis! you won't refuse to drink it?" "If it was salts, down it would go in a bumper," said he; "here 's his health by land and by water, on hill and in valley; may he never be worse than I wish him! Ough, when you go back to London, if ever you meet with him, will you tell him that our boys are all on his side? The gentry, to be sure—but he lives among them as well as I do, and knows what kind of stuff they 're made of—they 're poor blood; muckle cry and little wull, as the saying is: if it ever comes to that, I would drive half a dozen of them before me as easily as I drive my master's carriage." We parted with great kindness: he went the left hand road, which led to Augher; I walked to Aughnacloy, which was about a mile distant.

Aughnacloy is situated on an eminence, as most north-country towns are: this is equally conducive to health and beauty. It is probable, however, it had

not its origin in those considerations, but in the more paramount ones of necessity and security. In the barbarous times, when the foundations of these towns were laid, the country was a prey to anarchy and disorder, and peaceful men erected their habitations as near as possible to the forts and castles, from which they looked for safety and protection. From the neglect of agriculture, likewise, the natural consequence of perpetual warfare, the rains of so many ages subsiding on the lower grounds, converted many of the extensive plains into mossy morasses, as incapable of giving nourishment as of sustaining the habitations of men. So general has this been, that near a tenth part of this beautiful island is become a repository for stagnated waters—a sad but faithful memorial of the woes she has undergone.

There is a linen market held here on Wednesdays: the inhabitants are mostly presbyterians; it is unnecessary to add, therefore, that they are industrious, and live very comfortably. There are two inns, one of them lately built—a stately mansion, so bespangled with windows, that, as the sun shone on them, it resembled a great looking-glass: there was an immense sign in front, so gay and so gaudy, so covered with gilding, that it looked like an angel in a puppet-show, or a patron saint dressed out for a procession. This was too fine a house for me, I therefore walked into one of a less pretending appearance; there was not so much tinsel without, and I expected more substance within. I was shown into a decent parlour, and, on my inquiring what I could have for dinner, the lady of the house made her appearance. I asked her a number of questions about the country; she was a



woman and a widow : it is not wonderful, therefore, that she was not averse to conversation ; but what is wonderful, she told me nothing but good of her neighbours. The people of Aughnacloy are all angels, if I am to judge of them by her character ; an English landlady, I suspect, would not have given her townspeople so much “ con amore.” I conversed with her till dinner was ready. It consisted of fish, roast lamb, and sweetmeats : I was charged two shillings for dinner, and the same for a pint of port ; and was not astonished at finding it good, the wine in Ireland is generally so. I remember dining at a celebrated tavern in London in April last ; I had a pint of something they were pleased to term port, though, like Bayes’s prologue, it would have suited any other name as well. “ Which of these decanters is the vinegar ?” said I to the waiter. “ This is it, sir,” answered he ; impudently adding, “ you see it is much clearer coloured than the wine.” “ And to do the wine justice, my lad,” said I, “ it is much sourer than the vinegar.”

The principal land proprietor about Aughnacloy is the Earl of C—— ; he is at present at the Cape of Good Hope, of which he is governor ; he is a young man of amiable dispositions, and, I am told, an excellent landlord. He was colonel of the Tyrone militia, and lived very much with his regiment, by whom he was greatly beloved. His father was the son of a respectable man, in the middle rank of life, in the county of Derry. At an early age he went to India, where he amassed an immense fortune ; whether his peerage was purchased by a part of it, or was given him as a reward for his services there, I have never learned. Mr. H. A——, late chairman of the committee of

ways and means, is a cousin of his lordship, and accompanied him to the Cape; he is a man of great goodness of heart, and, in conjunction with Lord Castle-reagh, was the means of procuring, a few years ago, for the presbyterian clergymen of Ireland an augmentation of their salary from government: this was a measure of good policy, as well as of justice, and was not *thrown* away on that reverend body. I amused myself with my wine till the distant horn announced the approach of the coach I was waiting for. I wished to get to Omagh that night, but was disappointed; the coach was completely filled in the inside, and nearly so on the outside: had the company, however, been of a more prepossessing appearance, I should have squeezed myself among them, but they were noisy and drunken, and seemed to have been quarrelling. The roof of a coach is almost as perilous a place to quarrel on as the yards of a ship, where I once saw a desperate battle between two sailors: I avoid it in general—I shrink from the rude familiarity it subjects one to; and I candidly confess I am apprehensive, when seated on this lofty pinnacle of greatness (as is to be apprehended on every seat of greatness), of coming headlong down.

The instant the coach moved away I moved after it; the horses' feet made a prodigious clatter, and the outside passengers' tongues made a still greater than they. They had called for some whiskey; to drink it was easy, the payment was the difficulty: they disputed about it so long, that the coachman lost his patience, and the woman of the house her money; he cut the bill, as well as the argument, short by driving away.

I arrived at Balligawly, a little town where I meant to stop for the night, about seven in the evening. I had no difficulty in finding out the inn, for there was only one, and a shabby-looking one it was. Inns, however, no more than men or women, are to be judged by outside appearance. It was a little Eden within, or my fatigue made me find it so, which is just the same thing. A man who rolls thirty miles in his chariot, is generally fastidious; a man who walks them, is hardly ever so; he is fatigued, and finds a deal chair a luxury; he is thirsty, and whiskey and water is nectar; he is hungry, and a boiled goose with onion sauce (my supper) is more delicious than venison: greatness would do well sometimes to think on this. The furniture of the little room was decent, and every thing was perfectly clean. Geraniums were in the windows, whose mild beauty and gentle fragrance gave a rural appearance to the place. There were some ludicrous prints round the room; one of Parson Adams and Parson Trulliber; another of Sophia fallen from horseback, taken from Tom Jones. There was a great display of limbs in this print. It was harmless, however: the legs were as thick as a citizen's in a dropsy, and the face as frightful as Medusa's. It would have been impossible to have recognised the lovely Sophia, but for the kind information of the engraver.

I requested the loan of a book from the landlord; he sent me up two—Baxter's Call to the Unconverted, and Wilson on the Sacrament, which were his whole library, except the Bible and Psalm book. A little afterwards the maid brought me in another; it stood to reason, the good man of the house said, that after so long a walk, I should prefer something *laughey*

(entertaining), and, besides, gentlemen in the army never read godly books. It seemed he took me for a captain of horse. Why he should do so I am at a loss to determine. It surely could not be because I came on foot. I was willing to exchange the work in my hand for the one brought me. It was a volume of *Clarissa Harlowe*; a book as universally met with as *Tom Jones* or *Don Quixote*.

An ingenious author of letters, I recollect reading when a boy, gives the preference in pathos to the English, above all other writers. He says, "I do not believe any language, ancient or modern, can show three traits equal to the following: the first is, the answer of Juliet to the tyrannical Capulet:—

'Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief?  
Oh! sweet, my mother, cast me not away.'

"The next is from Otway. When Jaffier gives Belvidera to Renault, and gives him with her a dagger, desiring him, when he proves unworthy, to strike it to her heart, Belvidera answers,

'O, thou unkind one!

.... Have I deserved this from you?  
Look on me, tell me,  
Why am I separated from thy love?  
If I am false, accuse me; but if true,  
Don't, prithee, don't, in poverty forsake me,  
But pity the sad heart that 's torn with parting.'

"The third is from *Clarissa*. After she has escaped from Lovelace, and is lodged at a glove-shop, King-street, Covent Garden, she writes a letter to her nurse, Mrs. Norton, in which are these words: 'I am afraid my poor, as I used to call the good creatures to whose

necessities I was wont to administer by your faithful hands, have missed me of late. But now, alas! I am poor myself.”

In the volume before me, which contains Belford's account of the prison scene, which Clarissa, in one of her subsequent letters, calls a large death-stride, still more striking instances, I think, might be found. I shall not injure their beauty by quoting them: it would be impossible to judge them fairly without the context. The following, however, should be engraved in letters of gold, and hung up in the chambers of all calculating statesmen and barbarous conquerors; they have no feeling for others—it might teach them to have some for themselves. “If God will judge us (as we are taught to believe) in a great measure by our good or our evil actions, one to another, O wretch, bethink thee, in time bethink thee, how great must be thy condemnation.”

The tragedy of Lear abounds likewise in the pathetic. I have never read without emotion the last scene of the fourth act, where Lear is brought in sleeping in a chair to Cordelia. When he awakes, his intellects are still wavering, and Cordelia exclaims, “Still, still, far wide.” Lear says,

“ Pray do not mock me,  
For, as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child Cordelia.

*Cor.* And so I am, I am.

*Lear.* Be your tears wet? Yes, faith—I pray, weep not:  
If you have poison for me; I will drink it.  
I know you do not love me; for your sisters  
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:  
You have some cause, they have not.

*Cor.* No cause, no cause.”

The heart-rending repetition of full-fraught grief in the answers of Cordelia must strike every person of sensibility; yet I have never seen an actress in the part who seemed to comprehend it, but mumbled it over with as much indifference, as probably she does her prayers. It is in the display of pathos, indeed, I think both actors and actresses generally fail. In rage, in terror, in horror, in loud-tongued distress, in the broad light and shade of the passions, they are often successful copyists; but in the more delicate and less obtrusive touches of sorrow, they seldom are so: the reason of this, I fear, is obvious; and I am sorry for it, for the sake of a profession I am attached to from prejudice, perhaps, more than from reason—a player is seldom a man of sensibility, and as seldom a man of genius. Nature is pretty uniform in her gifts to her sons, and very opposite qualities are seldom united in the same person: where she gives great delicacy of some organs, she gives great obtuseness of others; where she gives great powers of mind, she counterbalances them by great irritability of temperament and great bodily disadvantages. Almost all men of genius are sickly, deformed, melancholy, awkward, and unaccommodating. Men of great beauty, great strength, great agility, as seldom possess great mental powers: an Admirable Crichton is a phenomenon, that does not occur once in ten centuries. The essence of a player is flexibility of feature and voice, the power of imitation, the power of mimicry. A player is a mimic; he is not a person who feels, a poet who conceives, but a painter who copies; an artist who puts the rule and line to passion, and, by a happy knack of imitation, gives an idea of it to others; he gives fairly what

he catches, but innumerable little beauties, the varied tints of hope and fear, of joy and sorrow, as, like the changing colours of a lutestring, they blend and mingle with each other, he does not give, because he does not perceive them : his imitative powers are great, his perceptive ones are small ; his mental eye is not acute, it is not microscopic ; he is a telescope through which we only look at large and distant objects. Garrick, with all his imitative powers, has not, perhaps, one line in the numerous productions of his pen which a man of sensibility would wish to claim for his own.

Even in the expression of those passions which he imitates the best, how far does the player fall short of nature itself ! how far is the counterfeit from the reality, the copy from the original ! how poor seems his sorrow, his frenzy, to him who has seen real sorrow, real frenzy ! how poor is the covering of the drawing-room, to nature's own carpet of green ! how poor is the rose of the artist to the rose that grows on the stalk ! how poor is the counterfeit nightingale to him who has heard the nightingale itself ! Some years ago, when in this country last, I was requested by a surgeon of my acquaintance to go along with him to see a young gentleman, who was wounded by the accidental going off of a fowling-piece : on investigation, we found that the wound was mortal ; the shot had penetrated the abdomen, and lodged in the intestines. He was a most excellent young man—a most excellent son ; he had refused many tempting offers of preferment abroad, to stay at home with his mother. She was a widow ; he was her only son : he was all she had dear upon earth. She rushed into the room where we were consulting—her hair was dishevelled, her eye was fixed ; she could

not speak—she could not sigh—hardly she seemed to breathe; she came close up to us—she fell on her knees before us. With her hands clasped, she looked up in our faces, doubtless to inquire the fate of her son. Oh! what a face was there! what a countenance for the player to contemplate, could any have been found cool enough to contemplate it! Even its transient glance (I could take no other) was a volume of sorrow: never, never, may I view such another. I would have given the world, had I possessed it, could I have raised the wretched mourner; could I have spoken hope, where there was no hope. She saw it in my look, though she heard it not from my tongue. She threw herself on the earth, she bit the ground—she raised herself up again; she beat her breast, she tore her hair; she called to her husband by his name: “Happy, happy, happy! you are in your grave, and did not live to see this!” She looked up to Heaven, as if appealing to its justice: God, God, you would not—no, no, no, surely you would not be so cruel—you would not take the Widow’s Son!

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## CHAPTER XIX.

A Presbyterian barber—A Catholic cotter—Rapparrees—Fatal accident—Omagh—Old abbey—Party feuds—Lord M———Scotch officer—Predestinarian patient—Scotch cleanliness—Drumra church—Fairies.

*Omagh.*

I AWOKE the next morning, after twelve hours of undisturbed repose. I had wandered so long over heath and mountain, that my beard was longer than was at all seemly. I sent for a barber to extricate me from



it: an elderly man, lame of a leg, and with a defect in one of his eyes, made his appearance a few moments afterwards. "A clergyman, I *pursume, surr,*" said he, "by the colour of your cloth." "Yes," I said; "I was of that trade for want of a better." "And a *bra* trade it is, *surr,*" said he, "a *bonie* trade; a man's respected in this world, and he has as fair a *chonce* to be *weel* off in the next as any of his neighbours: there's our *ain* clergyman," continued he, "as *guid* a sowl as ever broke bread, preaches *twa* hours together without ever drawing bridle, and has *aa* the *Ould* and New Testament at his fingers' ends, from Genesis to the Revelations; lectures on the seven churches, and on the seven candlesticks, as *pat* as if it was the Gospel o' St. Luké. Has but one fault in the world—he's *our* fond of the *wee drap.*" "That's a great fault in a clergyman," I said. "*Guid* man, *guid* man," replied he, "it was *nathing* to the congregation; if it was na for the slights of others they would na mind it, *gin* he was to be drunk till he was near bursting; but then it was what other *Sacts* said. *Ogh aye,* man, the Papists and the high kirk hold out their fingers at us, and gibe us sore, sore, on his account." I ordered a glass of whiskey to comfort this tender-hearted Presbyterian, and sent him away perfectly happy. "Gin I ever preached within ten miles o' that, he would come," he assured me, "a' the way on foot to hear me." The mention he made of the Revelations recalled to my mind a story I had heard of an unfortunate enthusiast of the name of Russell, who was executed at Downpatrick, in the year 1803, for being concerned in the insurrection of that period. Before the judge passed sentence on him, he requested leave

to say a few words. He did not expect life, he said, he did not desire it; but he had been long engaged in writing a commentary on the Revelations, and had now brought it near a conclusion; if his lordship would allow him a few weeks to finish it, he would be obliged to him. Had his lordship allowed him to live till he had succeeded in making this portion of Scripture intelligible, he probably would have lived as long as any person in court.

A terrible misfortune had like to have befallen me in this place, which if, after travelling so long together, the reader did not regret, I should have a very ill opinion either of him or of myself. I had walked about half a mile, when I heard a voice, calling from the hill I had just descended, "Captain, captain!" an instant afterwards, "your reverence, stop, stop!" I could not conceive to what reverend captain all this bawling was addressed; when the girl of the house I just had quitted came up, all out of breath, and I found it was to myself: she had formed a compound idea of me, from the united ideas of her master and the barber. "Sir, sir," said she, "you forgot your pocket-book; but whether it *houlds* gold or bank-notes, *aa's* safe—it's *na* the lighter for me." "That I am sure it is not, my good girl," said I. The book did not contain the kind of treasure she imagined; the keeping it would have nought enriched her, but made me poor indeed. It contained neither Bank of England nor Bank of Ireland notes, but notes and observations, infant thoughts and half-formed ideas, for the book I am writing. I am right glad no wag found

MY POCKET BOOK.

My intention, on leaving Balligawly, was to walk

to this town; after I had walked a mile, however, my old enemy, the rain, came down in such torrents, as to put that promenade out of the question: where it came from, I am at a loss to conjecture, as the sky was as bright as a looking-glass about five minutes before. My road lay through a turf bog, probably at the best of times not very dry; a few moments' continuance of the shower made it almost impassable. A turf bog never stands in need of rain; it is like sending coals to Newcastle. I stepped into a cabin which, by good luck, was on the road-side. It was really good luck, for there was a large dunghill in front which nearly hid it from view. By making a detour, however, and stooping very low at the threshold, I got into the house. "I am come," I said, "to seek some shelter till the rain is over." "And why not? and *tin* thousand welcomes into the bargain," said the man of the house, starting up: "*Shusy*, draw his honour a creepy." (A small stool.) I knew now I was the guest of a Catholic. The dunghill was suspicious; "your *honour*" was decisive. A Protestant never gives this appellation lightly; a Presbyterian never gives it at all.

The cabin consisted of a kitchen, and room off it. It was not cleanly, certainly, nor was it squalidly dirty: there was a good turf fire blazing on the hearth, and several noggins, porringers, and a few plates were on the dresser. Stools were in abundance, likewise, and there was one chair. The latter was crazy, however, and seemed an article of state rather than utility. Yet this was the habitation of a peasant of the lowest order. The man's name was M'Laughlin. Mac, I believe, in ancient times, prefixed to a name, signified great man or lord, as O did prince or a lord of the

highest class. Some of his ancestors, probably, held the land on which he now lived a poor cottier. The change of property in Ireland is almost inconceivable. The descendants of the ancient inhabitants are now only the dregs of the people. The wheel of human affairs, however, is perpetually turning, and no person can tell where its revolution may bring them again. He was smoking when I entered; after wiping the pipe, he civilly offered it to me, and on my declining it, handed it to his wife. I asked for a drink of water. "Shusy," said he, "hand the gentleman a noggin of milk." "I wish," said the poor woman, as she brought it to me, "it was butter, for your sake." This is a strange, but it is a pastoral idea. Job, though he did not drink butter, made almost as singular a use of it. "O that I were," exclaimed he, "as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me. When I washed my steps with butter, and the rocks poured me out rivers of oil." "These mountains of yours," said I, "are very dreary and solitary; many a robbery has been committed in them, I dare say." "Many a one, I *trou*," said he; "but not just of young days" (he meant lately). "I have heard my father tell many a long story of what happened when he was a boy." I endeavoured to get him to recollect some of them; but he said he "could na, they had *aa* escaped his recollection." There was a torpor and listlessness about this poor creature, not unusual among Irish peasants. Travellers have often met with it, and, with the pert flippancy of presumptuous ignorance, have railed at it as inherent and constitutional laziness. It is not laziness, however, in the common acceptance of the word; it is melancholy, it is hopelessness, it is despondency.

It is a singular recollection of ancient sufferings and humiliations. It is the heart-sinking of the prisoner, to whom the act of cleaning himself becomes at length a burthen. The day was again fine, and finding that my host was not likely "ex fumo dare lucem," I continued my journey. I gave him some trifle on quitting him; a stranger, by his blessings, and his wife's, might have thought it great, and, perhaps, such was their poverty, that a trifle was great.

Balligawly mountains, in ancient times, were the scene of rapine and murder. They were haunted by a gang of robbers, at the head of which was one Redmond O'Hanlan, celebrated in provincial story as the Cartouche, or Robin Hood of the North of Ireland. The most marvellous tales are told of his courage, his exploits, and generosity; robbing the rich only, and sharing his spoils with the poor.

Redmond O'Hanlan was among the last of that obnoxious body of men, distinguished by the title of Rapparees, from the Irish name of their half-pike; a weapon easily procured by the most barbarous. They roved about in bodies, in search of subsistence, without any certain abode or destination, and, plundering every district they visited, were dreaded and detested by the country. They were well known, during the reign of Charles the Second, under the name of Tories; and served to give a nickname to a body of men holding certain political opinions, which name they retain to this day. The Irish Rapparees were long a subject of popular terror and wonder to the English; and to the idle and exaggerated tales which were propagated of them are to be in a degree attributed the abhorrence with which too many of them still regard the

Irish. Yet many of these unfortunate men were driven by necessity to this wretched course of life. They were robbed themselves, before they became robbers; plundered by the miscreants of those armies which so often ravaged and desolated Ireland, they had no alternative but to plunder and rob in their turn, or to starve; to be murderers, or to perish: they assembled at the dead of night in solitary places, projected their excursions, rushed suddenly on their prey, vanished at the first appearance of opposition, and were again readily collected. They hung about the army on its march; every straggling soldier they killed, even for the sake of his arms or clothing. In the rage of national hatred, they frequently mangled his dead body, and returned on their invaders' heads a portion of those woes so dreadfully inflicted on themselves.

After walking a couple of miles from my last halting place, I was overtaken by the Derry coach: there were only three inside passengers, and I was happy to make the fourth. By a whimsical coincidence for the north of Ireland (where strangers are not numerous), they were all of different countries. One was an Englishman, the other a Scotchman, and the third a Frenchman. The country we passed through was forlorn and dreary; a bleak and dismal bog was on one side, on the other were wild and barren mountains covered with heath, and destitute of inhabitants. But the evening was beautiful; the parting rays of the sun played on the streams that poured down from the craggy cliffs that hung over us; and the soft notes of a clarionet, on which the guard was playing, intermingled with the sound of the waters, and made it most delightful. Our music, however, was doomed to suffer

a melancholy interruption. The guard, having placed himself incautiously on the roof, was, by a sudden motion of the coach, thrown to the ground and killed on the spot. The body was left in a cabin near the place where the accident happened; nor could I, on driving away, restrain a sigh of commiseration for the unhappy man, whose wild notes an instant before had given me such pleasure, and who thus

“ Did play the swan,  
And die in music.”

We got into Omagh about seven o'clock. The coach stops at a house of which I have forgot the sign. I preferred the Abercorn Arms directly opposite, which, for cleanliness and civility, I found equal to almost any house I have ever been in. The landlord's name is Jenkins; he is a civil, obliging little fellow: he showed me every thing that was curious in the town and neighbourhood; and performed the part of cicerone with great success, considering it was his first appearance in that character. He assured me I was the only traveller who ever thought it worth his while to ask him a single question about Omagh, during five years he had lived in it.

The approach to this town is pretty; it is situated on a rising ground. The country round is highly cultivated, intersected with hedges, and tolerably well planted. The church spire, and a small cupola erected on the sessions-house, give it a gay and somewhat of theatric appearance. The interior of the town, however, destroys the delusion. The streets are dirty and irregular, and though there are some good houses, they are by no means so numerous as those of an opposite description; yet I saw none of those hovels, which

are described by travellers as forming the entrance to an Irish country town. In general the cabins were tolerably decent; what I allude to is the external state of the habitations of many, who no doubt belonged to the better order of inhabitants, and which indicated negligence and indolence, more than poverty and want. A number of the houses were thatched: being repaired at different periods, as necessity required, the roofs often presented a grotesque appearance, and were decked in all the colours of the year; the fresh straw of autumn on the part lately done, and the green verdure of spring in the plentiful crop of weeds which grew on the more ancient. At a distance, one might have taken it for the city of Babylon, with its gardens and green fields on the tops of the houses.

Omagh (pronounced Omay, as being softer) is the assize town of the county of Tyrone; a dignity it owes more to its central situation than to any other advantage it possesses. There is a degree of gloom about it which it is more easy to feel than to describe. If I were confined to a country town, I should not choose Omagh for my prison. It was formerly the property of the great family of the O'Neils, and takes its name from them. A learned etymologist tells me, it signifies the field of the O's. A small portion of their ancient castle still remains near the town; a large bird like an eagle, curiously cut on stone, was taken down some years ago from off one of the pillars of the grand portal. This eagle attracted great crowds of visitors to the yard into which he was thrown, and as he had no power to defend himself, he was very roughly handled; his beak was broken, his claws were clawed off, and his wings so clipped, that when I



visited him, I could not tell whether he was an eagle or an ancient Irish warrior. The Austrian eagle has not been more roughly handled by the French emperor, than this Omagh one by its curious visitors.

The only other remnant of antiquity is the remains of an old abbey; but this, like the eagle, may be any thing else as well. At Omagh, like other places, antiquarians see things invisible to common sight. It stood to reason, a man said (who came out of a house to give me its history), "it should be a *friory*, for from the shape of it, it could be no other building." I do not say it could be no other, but certainly it resembled a friory as much as any other building: he told me he recollects when part of the roof was on it. Over the front gate, likewise, there were two holes for cannon to guard it. It would appear, by his account, that they did it most effectually. At the wars of Ireland, a regiment came forward to take possession of it; at this time the friars had all fled, and only the old porter, an old woman, and a cat remained. As soon as they perceived the soldiers near enough, the old man began a brisk fire upon them, the old woman assisting all the time to load the cannon: what the employment of the cat was, my narrator could not inform me. Having lost many of his best men, the colonel came forward and demanded a parley; he begged of the old man to allow him to go in, and gave his word and honour he would do him no injury, nor suffer any one to enter but himself. The old man consented, and let him in. The colonel asked where all the people were, who had prevented his men from entering? "There was no one here at all, at all," says the old man, "but that old woman, myself, and that grey cat." "I suppose,"

said I, "the grey cat was a witch, and was the life and soul of the little garrison?" "Witch or warlock, I cannot say," said the man; "but the story is as true as you stand there, for I have heard my father tell it twenty and twenty times, when I was a little boy." The colonel, as was natural, was struck with the heroism of this gallant triumvirate (I beg pardon for the bull), and assured them that no unhallowed thing should pollute these holy walls. He was as good as his word, or rather Heaven took care of them: no heretic ever had power to enter; the ark of holy Noah was never profaned by the tread of Protestant feet. When the three brave centinels above mentioned were relieved by the course of nature, another no less formidable one started up—a ghost in a red cloak—well known in Omagh, to this day, by the name of *Auld* red cloak.

The only place of worship in Omagh is the church, which is pretty well attended. The presbyterians, who form the bulk of the inhabitants, have their meeting-house a little way out of town: both prelatists and presbyterians, I am sorry to remark, are equally rooted in their prejudices against the Catholics, as, in other places I have gone through, their religion seems one of hatred, and not of love.

A melancholy proof of this diseased state of public feeling will be found in the following narrative. In July, 1809, the protestant, or orange party, met to commemorate the battle of the Boyne; and, as is customary, were decked with orange ribands and orange lilies, in honour of their great deliverer. King William, as is well known, was called the Prince of Orange before he ascended the throne of England; and, by a

whimsical species of association, orange has since been the favourite Protestant colour. Unluckily, a party of volunteers from a regiment of militia came into town that day, on their way to England. They wore still the uniform of the regiment they had quitted, and had green facings and feathers. Green is a most obnoxious colour to the Orangemen; and, obtruded on them thus, in the midst of rejoicings, it became still more odious; nor is it unlikely, as they do not detest the Catholics more than the Catholics detest them, that the militia-men made an ostentatious display of it. They had received their bounty money, and whiskey was plenty on the road. A soldier who has money to purchase liquor, and can get it to purchase, is seldom sober. The Orangemen had met to commemorate a grand event; "it was a day of fun and jollity;" it is to be presumed, therefore, they had drunk as freely as the soldiers. Whether it was the frenzy of party or of liquor, or of both, a quarrel soon ensued; several severe blows were given on each side; but, at length, the militia were driven off the field. The Orangemen, however, had but a short time to enjoy their triumph; their antagonists returned, in a few instants, with muskets they had borrowed from the soldiers of a company quartered in town. They fired promiscuously on the group of Orangemen and inhabitants that covered the street. Five men, I believe, were killed, and a much greater number were wounded: of the men killed on the spot, not one was an Orangeman; they were merely spectators attracted by curiosity. The death of a person of the name of Hervey was attended with some extraordinary circumstances. He was endeavouring to prevent a friend from going

out to join the Orangemen : as they were struggling on the threshold, a shot struck him on the knee, and he died shortly afterwards. By the exertions of the magistrates, this unfortunate business was at length put a stop to, and the volunteers were lodged in prison ; eight of them were tried at the next assizes, but acquitted. I mention this to the honour of the jury who tried them : they were, doubtless, almost all presbyterians ; they had, therefore, strong prejudices to struggle against : but their sense of the obligation of an oath was stronger even than their hatred of Catholics.

About two miles from Omagh is R——, the beautiful demesne of Lord M——. The house is a mean-looking cottage, but, I am told, conveniently fitted up in the inside. The late Lord M—— was a benevolent character, was fond of agriculture himself, and encouraged it in others. He commanded the Dublin regiment of militia, and was killed at the battle of New Ross, in 1798. Lord O’Neille, another northern lord, was killed at Antrim a few days afterwards. It is melancholy that two of the most amiable men among the Irish peerage should have been the victims of this unfortunate rebellion. There were probably many others who could have been much better spared. The present lord is a military man likewise : he commands a legion of volunteers or yeomen, and, if not one of the most experienced, is certainly one of the *FINEST* officers in his majesty’s service. His jacket and pantaloons are loaded with gold and stars and jewels, if I am to credit popular report ; his bridle, saddle, and saddle-cloth, are equally ornamented. “ *Surr,*” said my informant, “ even his

stirrup-irons are gold." This is a bull, but it is an excusable one; it is a *hit*, but not a palpable one. Iron is the substance of which stirrups are generally made; stirrup-irons, therefore, are supposed to denote the subject only, and not the subject and the substance combined. In England a similar mode of expression is not uncommon: delicate ladies will say, "I am sick of mornings, if I do not eat a few mouthfuls of somewhat before breakfast;" and I have heard not ill-educated people say, "no; I never drink the common sort; my *tea* is always warm water with a little cream in it, and sweetened with sugar." His lordship is not only a fine officer, but a fine player likewise, another Irish Roscius, a new northern light, or dramatic luminary; acts tragedy, comedy, and farce; and what is a rare merit, and proves the man of genius, is *equally* great in them all. Farce, however, I am told, is his own favourite: he is fond of recurring to it, and something of it is to be seen even in his tragedy. He has erected a neat little theatre in his demesne; sent for a scene-painter to London, to paint gods and goddesses, heathen temples and Chinese pagodas, green fields and fat cows, with other scenic decorations. A summer or two ago, he brought down a shoal of actors and actresses from Dublin, quartered them on his tenants, and hutted them through his grounds like travelling gypsies, and opened his theatre, having previously issued cards of invitation to all the neighbouring gentry. It is needless to say he was loudly applauded, particularly by the ladies: when a man has the good fortune to be rich, young, handsome, and, though last, not least, a lord, they must be hard-hearted ladies indeed who would not be delighted with his performance. He

had something, too, to please all palates: tragedy is melancholy work, and his lordship did not wish to send his hearers weeping to their beds; tender souls might cry at the *play*, but every body brightened up at the *after-piece*. There was always an excellent supper, and wine in abundance for the audience. The gentlemen, with one accord, pronounced him a spirited, and the ladies a most ravishing performer: he is, I learn, a good-humoured and worthy man; not a philosopher, perhaps, but that is not wonderful: lords seldom are philosophers, and, to do our government justice, they seldom make philosophers lords.

I dined with the people of the inn; I found them pleasant and agreeable. When we were at table, the waiter came in, and asked for paper, pen, and ink. This is completely a Scotch mode of expression: in the same manner they say here, butter and bread, or cheese and bread, instead of bread and butter, bread and cheese. One of the young men played on the fiddle; not so well as Mr. Ware, perhaps, but well enough for Omagh. Among other tunes he played the Highland Laddie: a Scotch officer in the next room heard it; he came in to the one where we were sitting, apologised for the intrusion, and begged *leave* to *tak* a tumbler with us. "My *hert* warmed to that tune," said he, "whenever *a* heard it; for ye man ken I was borne near Inverary, and am a highland laddie myself." He was about fifty years of age, and upwards of six feet high: if he was a highland laddie, I wonder what highland men and women are! "Can ye play the *waaking* of the *fauls*?" said he to the musician. "No," the other answered. "Eh! mon, that's a pity; it's a deevil of a guid tune: I could

listen a whole night to it ; it puts me so muckle in mind of a *lang syne*. Here, Sandy, Sandy ! (starting up, and calling to his servant) : deevil tak the chap, he's ne'er to be got when he's wanted. Here, Sandy, whistle that gentleman the *waaking of the fauls* ; may be he can catch it with his feddle." The servant, who seemed to have more sense than his master, felt awkward, and did not immediately begin. " Why dinna ye begin, ye mule ye ?" said the other ; " ye would hae been whistling it by the *oor*, gin I had na asked for it." The boy then put himself in a military attitude, like Trim reading the sermon, and began whistling the waaking of the fauls so vociferously, that I walked off as precipitately as I should have done from a pair of bagpipes. The morals of the Scotch have been justly and highly applauded : their manners would not be thought so favourably of, if they were to be judged by some of the Scotch officers who come to this country. The Tay-side fencibles were quartered here some years ago. A gentleman said jocularly to one of the lieutenants, " What did you do, captain, before you turned soldier ?" " In troth, then, poor enough," said the other, " if the truth were to be told : my *fether* was a tailor, and had a *wee* bit o' land, and so I wrought sometimes on the board, and sometimes at the tak."

I was soon known to be a doctor, and as soon got a patient. Travelling doctors are greatly prized in Ireland, because they are a kind of God-send, and never take fees. It would be very unreasonable if they did, for the patients never take their prescriptions : my present one was a farmer, who lived a mile out of town. The young man who played the fiddle walked

along with me. I was shown into the room where the sick man lay. It was a very sultry evening; he lay under a treble load of blankets, and an immense fire blazed on the hearth. I moved to the window, to try to open it, but it was nailed down. Irish farmers think they have air enough in the open fields, and seldom admit it into their apartments: they would therefore be reservoirs of disease, but, happily, the same carelessness which shuts it out sometimes lets it in: panes, when once broken, are seldom mended, and even a hole in the roof is seldom hastily repaired. I felt the man's pulse, and looked at his tongue; he was in a high fever; his situation would have caused some degree of it in every human being. I desired the guid wife (as she is called) to take off some of the blankets. "I durs na, surr," she said; "he is in a greet *heet*, and would tak his death of *cauld*." "My good woman," I said, "if he takes his death (which is not unlikely), it won't be from cold, I assure you: why do you keep such a fire on this warm evening?" "In troth, surr," replied she, "and I will just tell ye. He has a grate weight about his *hert*, and the *ni'bours* advised me to put it on, and now and then to gie him a wee drap of whiskey, just to strike the weight out." "And then my guid *ni'bours* come in o' evenings," said the sick man, "to ask how I am, and crack a bit; one must have something to make them comfortable, you know." "I know," said I, "if I was in a fever, I should think of myself, and not of those who, from idle curiosity, came in to visit me, and who run the risk of taking an infectious disease, and propagating it through the country. Do you wish I should order you any medicine?" "I canna say I



do, surr; not that I would *kast* any slur on your judgment, but I am in the hands of Providence, and he is the best doctor: he knows what is guid for me better than I do myself, and, gin it be *leefe* or death, I submit myself to his will." "Providence allows second means to be made use of," I said; "as he gives corn to satisfy hunger, and water to quench thirst, so he gives medicine to cure disease: you had better let me order something." "I canna, surr, I canna; dinna be angry with me, but it would be a tempting o' Providence. Affliction does na rise from the dust, nor sorrow from the ground. Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth; he gives and he taks away; he makes sick and he makes well: blessed for ever be his holy name!" "Tell me, then," I said (I assure you I am not angry), "why were you so anxious to see me? I am no magician; you do not suppose I work miracles; I cannot cure you by a look." "Na, na, na, surr, I know ye canna; but I just wished ye to spend your opinion on me. I have a son, a bra laddie just out of his time, who works at the carpenter trade in Armagh; gin I thought I would *dee*, I would send for him, to give him my blessing and a wee bit of advice; youth is never the worse of it, and I would wish him to see what he maun one day come to himsel: but gin I am to live, I would na choose to tak him so long off his work." "My good friend," I said, "I admire your fortitude and resignation, though I cannot say I think much of your wisdom: I will tell you honestly, therefore, my opinion. If you do not resolve to throw off a portion of these clothes, to extinguish that fire, to quit cracking with your *ni'bours*, and taking their prescriptions, the sooner you send

for your son the better, and, as he is a carpenter, he may bring a coffin with him."

I believe I have said, in a former part of this work, that the belief of predestination is a comfortable doctrine for the soldier; I am sure it is not so for the doctor. How many sleek heads would be rough, how many, who now roll in chariots, would mend shoes, for want of genius to make them, if the fine ladies and gentlemen of London were to become Calvinists! "Gin I was to do the one half of what ye tauld me, and my husband to die," said the woman, as she followed me to the door, "I could *never* lift up my *heed* again; the ni'bours would say I murdered him." "At all events," I said, "you can put a clean shirt on him; the one he has on is scandalously dirty." "It's na dirty, surr, I assure ye," said she; "I put it on him the day he was taken ill, and that winna be a week till tomorrow."

This good woman's idea of clean linen reminds me of the following instance given by Doctor Gregory, the celebrated Professor of Medicine at Edinburgh, in his lectures, of what he jocularly terms Scotch cleanliness. He was attending a young lady in a fever; he several times desired the mother to change her linen; she repeatedly said she would, and at length, though reluctantly, complied. "Doctor," said she to him one morning, "I have done as you directed me; I have put a clean shift on Maria, and she finds it very refreshing." "I hope," answered he, "you took care to have it well aired?" "Oh! don't be under any uneasiness about that," replied the careful parent; "before I put it on her, I wore it two days myself." I cannot forbear mentioning another instance I have

heard of Scotch cleanliness ; though possibly it is a fabricated, rather than a real story. An English gentleman travelled once in Scotland who was very fastidious ; he disliked the cookery, and was disgusted with the dirty manner in which every thing was served up to him. He tried several inns, but found them all alike ; they could give him nothing that was clean, or nothing that he could be brought to think was so. He stopped once at a little public house ; he asked what he could have for dinner : the woman said she had a nice goose egg, which could be dressed in an instant. The poor traveller thought, at length, he had a fair chance of getting something cleanly ; he ordered her to put it down in the ashes to roast, and sat down by the fire-side to watch it. “ I think,” thought he, “ I have at length got a dish the devil himself can't spoil in the cookery. I fancy it must be done now,” said he to the landlady, who was sitting beside him. “ I'll soon tell you that,” said she, pulling a large pin out of her mouth, with which she had been picking her teeth, and thrusting it into the side of the egg :—“ Ah ! weel-a-wot, surr,” proceeded she, presenting it to him, “ it's as weel done an egg as ony in Christendom.” A few years ago, the presbyterians in the country parts of this kingdom were not much cleaner than their Scottish ancestors. The inside of a vessel was seldom washed, and the outside still seldomer. I have heard a worthy man, who had lived very much among them (when in early life he travelled as a pedler), say that the oaten bread and butter, handed about at tea, was generally spread with the thumb and fingers of the good woman of the house. The man who would have refused to eat it

on that account would have been thought a conceited coxcomb, or, in the phrase of the country, more nice than wise.

At a small distance from the house where I had been visiting is Drumra Bridge, an edifice of great antiquity, built over a beautiful winding river, called the Cammon (which is the Irish word for crooked). At the far side of the bridge are the remains of Drumra old church, founded by no less a personage than St. Patrick himself. St. Patrick was a great benefactor of Irishmen; he not only made them christians, and chased all venomous creatures from their island, but he levelled mountains, overthrew rocks, and built churches: this, at least, is the Catholic account of him. The Protestants, it must be confessed, hold him, and the whole of his fraternity, in contempt, swearing they were more sinners than saints; a kind of spiritual jugglers, who threw dust into people's eyes, and cheated them with tricks of legerdemain and sleight of hand. This has been for ages a very *gentle place*. I was at a loss to understand the meaning of gentle, thus applied, and asked an explanation. This was easily given; it has long been a favourite haunt of the fairies. Soft music is frequently heard here in summer evenings, and at midnight they generally begin their dancing. Near the church there is a small cabin, the owner of which took it into his head, a few months since, to cut down some old hawthorn trees, which grew in a field behind his house. They had not been cut down many nights, when his house became disturbed with uncommon noises, and turf, clay, and sand, were thrown about in an extraordinary manner: one of his neighbours (our inform-

ant) could safely swear he saw a sod loosening itself, rising gradually from the lower part of the wall, behind the bed, and then, just as if it had been blown from the mouth of a *bast*, it struck him plump on the *breest*, over several people's *heeds*. It did not do him the least injury; had any thing human thrown it, it certainly would have knocked him down. He had scarcely time to *bliss* himself, before his wife was struck on the side of her head with a lump of clay; and though her cap was as white as snow (being not more than three or four days washed), it was not in the least soiled. She blissed herself, and ran home as quick as possible; and the good man, from his care of her (for he wasn't in the least *afeard*), followed her immediately. The next morning they sent for the man to whom the house belonged, advised with him, and *raisoned* with him to *tak* back the hawthorn trees to the place he had brought them from, but all to no purpose. He said, that now the deed was done, there would be no use in taking them back: besides that, he had always said that the *gentry* were *gude folk*, and that he never intended to harm them by taking away the trees; but all his good speeches *behind their back* had no effect on the *gentry*, as the throwing about turf, clay, &c. still continued. They at last sent for the priest, who read prayers in the house. The *gentry* had so much respect for his holy function, as to keep tolerably quiet while he was present, but the moment his back was turned, became more noisy and obstreperous than ever.

The man who gave us all this information was decently enough dressed. He said, "that gin he was to die the next morning, he would tak it to death with

him that every word he spoke was as true as the Bible." Whether he was deceiving or deceived, I will not take on me to determine; perhaps he was both: a part he thought true, and endeavoured to strengthen it, by feigning the remainder. We are too fond of simplifying, in judging the actions of men. We think of one cause only, when there are many. The mixture of simplicity and cunning, folly and knavery, is more frequent than people are aware of. How else should we have so many miracles, saints, quack-doctors, and methodist preachers?

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## CHAPTER XX.

Stage-coach conversation—Newtown Stewart—Orangeism—English prejudice and arrogance.

### *Newtown Stewart.*

I CAME here in the coach last night. I travel by easy stages. Newtown Stewart is only eight miles from Omagh. It was dark when I took my seat. I could not see my fellow-travellers, but I heard them. Young ladies, we are told, should be seen before they are heard. In Ireland, both young ladies and old gentlemen are generally heard before they are seen. They were talking of the Jews. A man in a corner said, "it was an observation made by Grotius, that the Jews were probably scattered over the earth by a wise dispensation of Providence, to make them the means of propagating the gospel to the remotest parts of the universe." He quoted two lines of Homer, I suppose, in illustration of this: how he came to pro-

cure his authority for the conversion of the Jews first, and then of the Pagans, I am at a loss to conjecture; perhaps it would puzzle Grotius himself, if he were alive, to explain it. I said, "I had no doubt they would be successful missionaries: if they circulated the gospel as extensively as they now do English guineas, Christians would shortly be as plentiful on the earth as gold is now scarce in England." A young man told us of a great affront that had been put on him in London, some weeks before. He went (from curiosity) to the Jewish Synagogue. A person asked him some questions about the nature of the worship. "Confound ye," I said, "do you take me for a Jew?" "If he had looked in your face," said a female, "I am sure he never could have made that mistake." "Oh, mam, much obliged to you; stupid brute of an Englishman, if it had not been in a place of worship, I should have beat his snub nose as flat as a pancake." A few days afterwards, he proceeded, he was invited to a Jewish wedding. There were a great number of fine girls, and the bride could not listen to the Rabbi for looking at him. "You would have had no objection," said I, "I suppose, to have taken the form of the humblest of the tribe of Issachar if it had been a more effectual means of recommending you to these black but comely daughters of Jerusalem?" "A gentleman of his appearance," the modest dame again observed, "required no other shape than his own, to please either Jew or Christian." I record this silly chit-chat, merely to show how cautious a traveller should be in forming his opinion of a country from loose observation or casual conversation. Not one of these three persons was a native of the North of Ireland. He who quoted

Greek was a priest, and had been educated at the university of Salamanca; the young man was a citizen of New York; and the lady was a strolling player.

A little distance from Newtown Stewart, a bag of dollars, that was loosely fastened on the top of the coach, fell off, and poured a portion of its precious contents on the ground. We got out to assist the guard in picking them up. It was his own fault that he had not more numerous helpers. The country people came flocking in crowds to see what was the matter; and when they found a harvest of dollars was to be gathered, they were all willing to become labourers. What was so kindly offered, however, was most ungraciously rejected: the guard levelled his musket, and desired them to keep at a distance. "It was his majesty's *silver*," he said, "and if one of them dared to touch a *copper* of it, he would blow his brains out." The poor people retired as expeditiously as they came: whatever relish they might have for *silver*, they did not seem to have any for lead. We continued our search so long for his majesty's stray *silver*, that I do not believe we left a single *copper* for any person who came after us. I supped most deliciously on bacon and eggs. I should recommend this dish to any of my readers who may travel in Ireland, for two reasons: in the first place, he will generally find it excellent; and in the next, it is the best relish for whiskey punch I am acquainted with. I quaffed the latter off in full streams, as clear as if they had issued from Mount Helicon. They did not give inspiration, perhaps, but they did happiness, which is to the full as good a travelling companion.



I do not know that I have ever seen a more beautiful village than Newtown Stewart: situated on the declivity, and nearly at the bottom of a lofty hill, the eye ranges with delight over the fairy mansions extended in gay theatric pride before it. A pretty little spire has been lately erected on the church, which is at the head of the town, and forms a conspicuous ornament, as it elevates its glittering head among the green branches of the surrounding trees. A poet would here delight to place his imaginary Arcadia; surrounded by lofty hills, far removed from the busy haunts of folly and vice, sheltered from the stormy blast of life,

"Here reigns Content,  
And Nature's child, Simplicity, long since  
Exiled from polished realms."

But the region of a poet is proverbially fiction, and Newtown Stewart, most likely, will afford no objection to the justice of the observation. I believe, in most country towns, more cunning and trick, more envy and jealousy, more heart-burnings and dissensions, more hatred and malice, more mean, pitiful, and paltry contentions will be found than in ten times their size in the largest town in Christendom. The man who wishes for pastoral innocence and simplicity of manners must seek them in the country, not in a country town.

There are several old castles on the adjacent hills, but in general they appear to have never been of much consequence, or of any considerable strength; many of them, however, are partly composed of a very strong cement, and almost impossible to reduce, even with gunpowder. One near the town, circularly built, is said to be of great antiquity: it is called Harry Avery's castle, and I am informed was formerly the residence

of the Kings of Ulster. Part of this old castle projects eight feet beyond its base, and has the appearance of being suspended in the air, so great is the strength of the cement which keeps the stones together.

Some time since there was a review of Volunteers at Newtown Stewart: as the greater number of them were Orangemen, they attended in the colours of their order. This was one of their grand gala days, and they came ornamented in their very best manner, as they meant, after the review was over, to treat themselves with a walk to Strabane, a town about eight miles off. Strabane was very obnoxious to them: Orangeism had made little progress there; the inhabitants had good sense, and what, perhaps, is fully as rare, the magistrates had good sense likewise. They wished to discountenance, or at least to prevent the public display of those odious distinctions which separate the people of Ireland so fatally from one another. Beyond all other things, Orange processions are become offensive to the Catholics; they remind them forcibly of their ancient misfortunes, and what they think their present degradation. They regard them not only as injuries but insults, and writhe at the sight of them, with such agony as a wretch might be supposed to do at the sight of the rack on which he was to be extended. The magistrates, therefore, would allow no Orange procession to march through the town, and when some individuals had attempted it, they threatened to read the riot act if they did not immediately disperse. The Orangemen were now assembled in such numbers as to be indifferent about opposition, and to bid defiance both to magistrates and riot-acts. They could at once display their strength, gratify their revenge, and enjoy

their triumph. The people of Strabane were worse than Catholics. They had Protestant faces (in this country a man's religion is seen in his face as well as in his actions), but they were mere renegadoes who had deserted the good old cause, and cared no more about King William than King Priam; poor groveling souls, who remained at home all day stuck fast to their counters like bad shillings, instead of stalking about like may-poles dizened with flowers for the good of their country; a solemn procession might reclaim them from the evil of their ways, and teach them a more exalted manner of thinking. When the review was finished, the general addressed the volunteers with compliments on their appearance and day's performance. "He hoped," he said, "that such of the gentlemen as were Orangemen would return quietly home, and give up the idea of marching to Strabane." They took his praise as their due, but rejected his advice with as much contempt as if it had been a doctor's: he spoke to them more peremptorily; he reminded them that obedience was the great duty of a soldier. It was a duty they had never much thought of, or if they had, they chose to forget it on this occasion. After consulting a few moments together, they laid down their arms, and one of them thus spoke in the name of the rest: "There are our guns, general," said he, "and here we are *oursels*, and *deel* tak our sauls, gin we *irra* allowed to march to Strabane, if we will ever tak them up again." The general knew what kind of people he had to deal with. They might not be men of obedience, but they were of truth: they had protested too much, but he knew they would keep their word. He prudently rode off, therefore, to

avoid witnessing a breach of discipline he would not encourage, and could not prevent. The troops being now their own masters, resumed their arms, and began their march. Consternation and dismay preceded them; and when they arrived on the little hill that overlooks Strabane, the inhabitants thought they were to be overrun by a worse plague than any that befel Egypt. They did these poor Orange missionaries injustice, however: they came to reclaim, not to punish sinners. They passed through town as harmless, though not so silent, as mourners at a funeral. Except annoying a few people who had delicate ears, by their hideous yelling, opposite the door of the most obnoxious magistrate, it does not appear that they did any other mischief.

Standing at the inn door this morning, I counted no less than twenty wheel-cars laden with goods, going downwards from Dublin. These paltry wheel-barrows (as some Englishmen who visited this country have termed them) have been a never-failing subject of merriment and ridicule; yet they are admirably adapted to the local situation of Ireland. An Englishman might as well despise Irishmen for having bogs, and rocks, and mountains, while he has dead flats and unvaried plains, as laugh at them for their small horses and humble wheel-cars, while he has teams of elephants and gigantic waggons. In every country, what is universally practised must have some foundation in nature and reason. But pride will not be instructed, and indolence will not inquire. Flippancy gives itself the airs of wisdom, and to prove it, finds fault with every thing it sees. Men listen with complacency to the tale of others' disadvantages, and

rejoice in the advantages they themselves possess. Censure, therefore, will always find more readers than panegyric, and a sneer will be more relished than an argument. An Englishman is too obstinately attached to his own habits to make sufficient allowance for the habits of others, or even to be a competent judge of them : he forms his ideas from the standard of London, and whatever is different, he concludes, is wrong ; he feels no comforts in other countries, and caricatures and exaggerates all their defects : whatever is not abundance, is want ; whatever is not perfect cleanliness, is the extreme of filthiness ; whatever is not costliness, is rags : haricot of mutton is not roast beef ; Italian macaroni is not Cheshire cheese ; and French claret is not London porter. I dined about two years ago in a French coffee-house in Nassau-street, in company with a friend from Shropshire. There was a bill of fare before us as long as my arm ; the only thing my companion would eat, however, was not in it. He kept raging and bellowing for beef-steak and oyster-sauce, to the great amusement of a number of foreigners who were in the room. I hung down my head in confusion. It struck me as a brutal thing in him to be so desirous of cow's meat, for I am sure at that instant I thought him a great *calf*.

This unfortunate arrogance in the English character has been productive of many ill consequences. It has given foreigners an erroneous idea of it ; like the sun seen through a mist, its rays were dusky as the veil thrown over it. It is not amiable, and therefore it is thought not estimable. " I have now seen and mixed much with the world," said once an enlightened Italian to me ; " I owe many obligations to Englishmen, and

surely my prejudices, if they are not for, are not against them; yet, God so help me, as I declare my firm opinion, they are beyond all other men the most disagreeable, the most unaccommodating, the most arrogant, the most supercilious, and the most unamiable: I do not say that I have not met with many exceptions, and when I did meet with them, they were of the noblest kind; but the bulk of the nation are as I have described them." A Scotch officer of my acquaintance lodged some years ago at the house of a good-humoured Dutch woman, at the Cape of Good Hope. "I no like the English officers," said she on one occasion to him, "half so well as the French; Frenchman lodge in my house, he be very civil, he talk to me, he say, 'how do do, madame? how is monsieur, votre mari? how is mademoiselle, votre charmante fille?' But Englishman come in de morning, stalk, stalk; he no speak to me, he no speak to my daughter, he drinks off two great cups of tea, and then he says, 'me was d——d drunk last night.'"

There is hardly a nation in Europe which has not taken English money, for which they have given nothing in return, not even their affection or esteem. Even those who were the longest defended by us would, I fear, exult in our mortifications, rejoice in our distresses, and triumph in our overthrow. This may be great ingratitude in them; but is it not a two-edged sword which wounds either side? does it not likewise prove great mismanagement in us?

## CHAPTER XXI.

The emigrant—Reflections on emigration—Scenery—Strabane.

*Strabane.*

I DID not leave Newtown Stewart till the day was pretty far advanced. It was Sunday. The people were going to meeting, as a place of Presbyterian worship is called, and to church, as I was turning my back on them. The day was beautiful: the earth was clad in the garment of summer; the heavens were without a cloud: I was in the great temple of nature, and worshipped the Being whose bounty gave it birth. I had but a few miles to go; I sauntered, therefore, rather than walked. I was overtaken by a boy driving a car, with a chest and some furniture on it. It was followed by a good-looking young man and woman; their eyes were red, and their faces inflamed. I thought they had been drinking or quarrelling—they were crying: the man turned his head round, as if ashamed of his grief; the girl did not turn hers, she seemed even to invite my glance. In a woman's tears there is a softness that seeks sympathy; in a man's there is a sternness that rejects it. I asked her if they travelled far? "I do not," she said; "he does." "Do, Peggy, darling, do turn now," said the man; "ye *ha* gone far enough; we *man* part, and isn't it best to have it *our*?" "I'll just *gang* the length of that *auld* tree on the *tap* of the hill," replied she; "many a sorrowful parfing has been at it, and we'll put ours to the number." "The best friends must

sometimes part," I said; "you will soon, I trust, have a happy meeting." "Never, never, *surr*, in this *leefe*," said the girl; "when we *pert* now, my *hert* tells me it is for ever. Ah! man, man, *gin ye* had na been *prude*, *gin ye* had trusted to Providence, and staid at *hame*—what though we could na get the *ferm*—what though we could na live in a *stane* house, they could na keep us out of a *scraw* one. I would have wrought for ye, and slaved late and early; and *gin* we could na *ka* got bread, we could have died together." "Dinna, Peggy," said the man, "dinna break my *hert*, it has enough to bear already; *dinna* make me shame myself," again turning his head to conceal his tears: "it is a *braave* country I'm *ganging* to, woman," resumed he; "there's *nae* hard landlords nor *prude* vicars there to *tak* the poor man's mite. I *war'nt* ye, I *winna* be slothful, and whene'er I earn the price of your passage, I'll send it *our*, and then *wha* will *pert* us?" "You are going to America, I presume?" said I. "Yes, *surr*, please God; this is *no* country for a poor man to *leeve* in. I thought for a *wee* bit of land—but it's *nae* matter; God forgive them that wronged me, is the worst that I wish them." "You have been wronged, then?" I said. "A, *surr*, it's *nae* to seek that I could say—but we *winna* talk o' that now, for I wish to *gang* in peace with all men. I would na hae cared for myself; *a* know that man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards; and *wee* God's help, I dinna fear either *hertship* nor difficulty; but that poor lassie—she was *aw* to me in the world, and to *pert* with her is a sore tug—I *man* own it; but it was my fate, and I could na get *our* it," concluded he, beginning to whistle for fear he should cry.



The poor lassie walked by his side, apparently unconscious of what he was saying: she moved mechanically forward, for the large drops that every instant gathered in her eyes, and fell on the ground as she walked, must have prevented her from seeing. "Now, Peggy, honey," said he, "we are at the *tap o' the hill*; the road is rugged, ye hae a *lang way hame*, and ye *hae na me too*." Here the tears that were dropping fast prevented his proceeding. "I will never, never leave ye," said she, starting from her reverie, and clasping him in her arms; "I will never leave ye; I will go barefooted *our* the world—I will beg with ye, *sterve* with ye, *dee* with ye; one ship shall carry us, one grave shall *houlde* us—nothing but death now shall *pert* us."

Is it that passion is uniform, and makes use of similar modes of expression in every age and clime, or that the foundation of this thought was laid in ideas that were not original, but acquired? This woman was a Presbyterian, and of course had read the Scriptures; its expressions probably floated in her memory, and she used them without being conscious of it. It is impossible not to be struck with the resemblance her speech bears to the beautiful and pathetic address of Ruth to her mother-in-law:

"Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."—Her grief was too highly wrought to admit of reasoning, and both she and her companion

seemed exhausted by want of nourishment as well as affliction. I therefore took them into a little public house on the road side, and got them some oat-bread and butter, and whiskey and water. I easily convinced her how absurd it would be to think of going in that unprepared condition to America; I remarked to her that her lover was an active young man, would have a few pounds in his pocket when he landed, and probably would soon earn enough to take her over decently. They grew more composed, and parted, though with deep, yet with less frantic sorrow.

I walked a few paces on; the young man soon overtook me. "See what a beautiful day this is," I said; "the sun shines on your setting off." "Let him shine on her I left behind," said he, "and he may spare his beams to me. *Mony* and *mony* a time we ha' seen him set, from the hawthorn bush in my father's garden; but that's over now, as well as every thing else." "It is not over, I hope," I said; "you will, I trust, have as many happy hours as you have now sorrowful ones; but if you should not, remember that affliction is the common lot, and that you have no right to expect to escape it. You have health, you have youth, you have (I doubt not) the testimony of a good conscience, you have the approbation of your own mind, for manfully acting your part in life: of these your enemies cannot deprive you; they will follow you to America, and gladden the wilderness where you may chance to reside; they will sweeten the rude morsel that labour procures you; they will lull you to sleep in the sound of the torrent's roar; while greatness, that wants them, shall find its costly viands insipid, and seek, in vain, repose on its gilded sofas and beds of down. You

think the rich are to be envied; I tell you they are more to be pitied than you: they have the miseries of lassitude, of intemperance, and vice; of ill health, that folly engenders, of vice that gives no enjoyment, and of the greatest of all wants, that of having something to do. Leave them their diseases and riches; take you your poverty and health: leave them their sensuality, their gluttony, and drunkenness; take you temperance and content: leave them their close apartments, their midnight revels, their burning tapers, their gilded canopies, their luxuriant carpets; take you the air which breathes so sweetly on you, the sun which cheers you, these birds which sing around us, this immense apartment of the universe, this green and verdant earth, which Heaven itself has fitted up for the gratification of man." Having thus spoken, we cordially shook hands and parted.

Emigration from the north of Ireland to America has, these last two years, greatly diminished. This is not so much, I fear, the consequence of any melioration of the condition of the people, as of arrangements of government: they became terrified at the extent of the evil, and devised various means to stop, or at least to moderate it. I do not wonder they should have been alarmed; some years it amounted to twenty, and never, I believe, was under ten thousand: a great proportion of these were Protestants: the Catholic hardly ever emigrates; fondly attached to his country, to his friends, to his parents, he seldom leaves them, when he can at all live among them: when obliged by want or imprudence to quit his native place, he goes into the militia, or perhaps wanders as far as London. The people of England judge of the

Irish nation by his character, with equal fairness, as if a foreigner should form his opinion of English men and women by the sailors and prostitutes on Portsmouth Point; or as a sagacious captain of an Indian man judges the empire of China by the suburbs of Canton. It is most singular, indeed, the predilection of the Irish Catholic for the spot which gave him birth, and the reluctance and sorrow with which he quits it: one might suppose that the physical evils of his situation attached him more strongly to it.

“ Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;  
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,  
 Clings close and closer to the mother’s breast,  
 So, the loud torrent, and the whirlwind’s roar,  
 But bind him to his native mountains more.”

The presbyterian, like the Scotchman, wanders wherever he thinks he can best earn a livelihood:

“ All places that the eye of Heaven visits  
 Are to the wise man ports and happy havens.”

His attachment to the country is not half so strong as the Catholic’s; his energy is more and his sensibility less. Oppressed by his landlord, whose exactions hardly allow him the necessaries of life, he seeks, most commonly in America, what Ireland denies him; where his perseverance and industry soon give him independence and affluence. The departure of these men is of infinite disadvantage to their country. Active and enterprising, sober and reflecting, reading and reasoning, estimable even in their prejudices—for they are all on the side of morality and religion—they are the best friends of a good government, as they are the

bitterest enemies of a bad one: their loss, I fear, will every year be more and more sensibly felt.

“ Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.”

The population of Ireland is rapidly becoming more Catholic: this (however I may have written with what many will term an undue predilection in their favour) I consider a great evil. In every form of religion, there are many dogmas to which I cannot subscribe; but I think presbyterianism, as it *now* exists in the north of Ireland, has a tendency, beyond most others, to form useful members of society. The proportion which Protestants bear to Catholics, however, is not diminishing from emigration alone, but from various other causes. The Protestant, in general, does not marry so young: he has more of the ideas of an Englishman, and likes to have some sort of settlement before he takes a wife. In consequence, he is often thirty before he marries. At thirty the passions cool, and he seldom has a very numerous offspring. The Catholic, more thoughtless, more improvident, more amorous perhaps, takes a wife when he is yet a lad, piles up a heap of sods into a cabin, eats potatoes, and gets children like a patriarch of old. It is no unusual thing for his wife to bear ten or twelve, or even more, children: how these poor infants are supported is the wonder! “Heaven sends meat where it sends mouths,” is a common saying with the Catholic, and it must be owned he relies pretty much on the observation. We may see here how

simple and unsophisticated is nature, and how little it requires :

“ Allow not nature more than nature needs,  
Man's life is cheap as beast's.”

These poor, naked, ill-fed, and neglected children grow up hardy, stout and vigorous men, capable of enduring fatigue and facing danger, apparently regardless of cold, or wet, or hunger, or thirst. What a contrast to the sickly and delicate sons of fashion, who are nursed, and pampered, and dandled into effeminacy ! which may sail on the smooth current of prosperity, but is too frail and fragile a substance to encounter the rough and inevitable storms that agitate the ocean of human life.

The whole of my walk to-day was delightful. A northern landscape changes so frequently its forms, that the pencil has difficulty to catch it ; it would be impossible, therefore, for the pen to do it justice : my descriptive powers are not great, nor am I a great admirer of the descriptions of others ; yet I should be glad to give my London reader an idea of the country I travelled through ; it is so different from any thing he is accustomed to : here are no dead unvaried flats, whose dull uniformity wearies the eye, and oppresses the traveller. The landscape was varied by a beautiful distribution of gentle undulations and graceful eminences ; by a fine river that meandered through verdant fields on the left, and by lofty mountains which bounded the horizon in every direction. The appearance of these mountains was at once awful and pleasing ; the hand of industry had crept up their sides, overcoming heath and rock, giving

heat to coldness, drought to moisture, and fertility to sterile barrenness ; with the touch of a magician, converting dreary bogs into waving fields of corn ; while their tops, enveloped in mist, bleak and dreary, in primitive barrenness, reared their heads in gloomy but faithful evidence of the toil and labour of the men who could overcome such difficulties, and convert a dismal waste into a smiling Eden.

The approach to this town is likewise very fine. About half a mile from it, you ascend a steep hill, on which there is a neat little village and some orchards. On emerging from the village, you catch a partial view of the river underneath, and the opposite bank, which gradually swells into a gentle eminence, or rather chain of eminences, which run in a parallel direction to the hill on which I was walking. Proceeding a little farther, the town opens to the view, extending upwards of a mile along the banks of the river. It was evening ; the setting sun shed his rays on the hill which was opposite me, and threw a ray of glory on the distant mountains. The lower part of the town, surrounded by water, appeared like a city in a lake, or like a Venice in miniature. The neat little cottages of the upper part, as I caught a partial view of them through the trees, realised the visions of the poet, and transported me, as it were, to Arcadia. I do not say that Strabane will appear so to every body ; short-sighted persons have a kind of second-sight : they do not see what others see, but, to make amends, often see what others do not.

Much of this magic colouring, however, dissolves on entering the town. What was beautiful in perspective, loses its charms contemplated at hand. Strabane,

like most pictures, many men, and some women, appears to most advantage at a distance. The streets are mean and narrow, the houses (with a few exceptions) very indifferent; in the extremities of the town, carelessness and want, misery and neglect, are too apparent. This only applies to the habitations. The police of the town, as far as its power extends, seems to be excellent, and reflects credit on the magistrate who presides over it. About the centre of the town is the market-house, a neat, plain building, erected about a hundred years ago. There is a large clock placed on the top of it, which proclaims the hour with more noise than veracity, as it is universally known over the country by the title of the lying clock of Strabane. Considerably lower down, and nearly opposite each other, are the two principal inns: they were formerly gentlemen's houses, but have now shared what Goldsmith calls "the usual fate of a large mansion: having first ruined the master by good housekeeping, it at last comes to levy contributions as an inn." They are both, I believe, good houses; but of this I can only speak by hearsay: when in Strabane, I do not live at an inn.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

Psalm-singing—Massacre at Strabane in 1641—Catholics and Protestants compared—The river Mourne—Inundations—Hazards of travelling.

*Strabane.*

I SPENT the evening of my arrival in a solemn but pleasing manner. A few years ago, Sunday, in the north of Ireland, was a day of gloom and mortifica-



tion : the morning was passed in listening to long sermons, and the evening in saying long prayers ; to smile was criminal, or even to chat on indifferent subjects. This has passed away, and a decent observance of Sunday only remains. After tea, which is always drunk at seven o'clock, one of the family read a sermon of Dr. Blair's, after which we had some psalms. About a year ago, a travelling psalm-singer set up a school here, under the patronage of the Bishop of Derry. When a man has the good fortune to be patronized by a bishop, he seldom fails of success. He got a prodigious number of scholars of all ages and sexes ; grey age and youth, people who had voices, and others who had none : psalm-singing became a kind of rage ; Grammachree, Granua Uile, and the Blue Bells of Scotland, were no longer remembered. The milliner at her cap, the tailor on his board, and the smith at his anvil, chanted hymns and anthems ; the choristers of Westminster, one should have thought, had emigrated to the north of Ireland. This, however, was a temporary frenzy. The rage of psalm-singing seems to have given way to the rage of cards. Cards seem a necessary step in the stage of civilization ; as society gets further civilized, they are cast aside.

Strabane consists of one very long street, two or three short ones, and a few lanes of such unpromising aspect, that I contented myself with viewing them at a distance. In the upper part of the town, it will admit of no greater extension ; as it is bounded on the east side by a steep ridge of hill, and on the west by the precipice which overhangs the river. Building in the lower part has long been discontinued, on ac-

count of the floods to which it is exposed. The name is compounded of two Irish words, Stragh and Ban, which signifies white-home or level. Why it was called white, I cannot conjecture, unless it was christened when the snow was on the ground. It is now *lucus à non lucendo*. It is a town of some antiquity, and was burned in the grand rebellion (1641) by Sir Phelim O'Neile. The Protestant inhabitants were cruelly massacred: a number fled for protection into the castle, and defended it for some time; the barbarous ruffian ordered it to be set on fire, and these unfortunate Protestants were consumed. The lady of Strabane, as she was called, by some extraordinary means alone escaped. She lived to appear afterwards in evidence against Sir Phelim, who was justly executed for his innumerable atrocities. He was a man of violent passions, mean parts, and little education. He communicated much of his own diabolical disposition to the rebellion which he guided: perhaps, however, this was unavoidable; men of humane dispositions will seldom be at the head of revolutions; I am sure they will never be at the head of them long. The ground on which the castle stood was long considered unhallowed and accursed: imagination peopled the spot with spirits which murder had deprived of men; shrieks of woe were heard in the blast, as it passed sullen over the roofless walls; apparitions clad in white, wringing their hands and breathing the soft notes of sorrow, were seen gliding among the ruins; angels, in flowing robes and crowns of glory, were seen descending to console them; and the spectres of the blood-stained dæmons, who had inflicted such misery, fled howling at their approach.

The houses of the respectable inhabitants are generally two stories, nor are any higher than three: they do not inherit, therefore, the predilection of their Scottish ancestors in favour of lofty houses; the post of honour, in an Edinburgh house, is well known to be the fourth or fifth story. Though many of these houses are old, they have a modern appearance: leaded windows have given place to sash ones, and the projecting buttresses and old-fashioned turrets have disappeared like the hands that reared them. It is curious to remark the thickness of the walls, as well as of the timber. Our ancestors built for posterity; the present generation build (as they live) for themselves: they trouble themselves little about those who are to follow, who, in return, I suppose, will trouble themselves as little about them. It was customary, formerly, to put the date, carved on a large stone, over the door: it is astonishing to what perfection this must have been brought, in early times, in Ireland: the letters on one I have seen are exquisitely well cut, and in perfect preservation; the date is 1646.

In a periodical publication, the inhabitants of this town are made to amount to five thousand; this strikes me as a mistake, as well as the number of houses: I might inform myself with tolerable accuracy, but do not, in truth, think it worth my while to inquire: counting heads, and reckoning houses, is an equally wise method of giving an idea of a country, as that of a man of old who had a house to dispose of, and carried a brick of it in his pocket as a specimen. The proportion of Catholics and Protestants is of more importance: I should suppose more than half are presbyterians; the remainder are Ca-

tholics and members of the established church, in nearly equal numbers. As the weavers in the north of Ireland seldom reside in towns, the lower class of inhabitants are mostly mechanics and labourers: I should suppose, when they are industrious, they must earn nearly as much as people of the same description in England: but whiskey and party are the great banes of industry in Ireland, though less, perhaps, in this town, than in any other. It is, I fear, a rare occurrence, for any assemblage of Protestants and Catholics to take place, without disputing about religion first, and fighting about it afterwards. On these occasions, the Protestant generally has the advantage; many reasons concur to give him it, without attributing to him either superior strength or superior courage: he is of higher rank and importance in the community; he has been taught to value himself on his exertions in favour of government; he prides himself on being a Protestant and a freeman. The Catholic is depressed and dispirited; he hates the Protestant, but he fears him for the party to which he belongs, which is powerful, and which he thinks is supported by the magistrate and the state; but he fears the Protestant for himself by the force of habit, by the tale of his ancestors' sufferings, his misfortunes, his bloody and everlasting defeats. It would not be in human nature, that such a combination of circumstances should not produce some sense of inferiority; that, opposed to him, it should not operate, to a certain degree, in relaxing his exertions and damping his heart. A French sailor has not less natural bravery than an English one; but he fights without hope, though not without courage: he is defeated by his former defeats:

to speak in what would illnaturally be called the language of the country I am in, the battle is lost before it begins.

It has been observed that an Irishman (by which is meant a Catholic), opposed to a Protestant or Englishman, seldom fights well in his own country: that he can fight well out of it, the history of Europe is a bloody witness; as England has often experienced to her sorrow. At the battle of Fontenoy, the ever memorable English column moved undaunted through hosts of surrounding foes; assailed by numerous batteries, by the flower of the French army, it preserved itself unbroken; but retired, at length, discomfited by the charge of the Irish brigade. "The English," observes Lord Chesterfield, "had at least the satisfaction of being defeated by their own countrymen." It should have been less their satisfaction, than their shame, their sorrow, and remorse: shame for their folly in making such men their enemies, remorse for the woes they had inflicted, and sorrow that entire expiation could never be made. Several complaints were made to Louis the Fifteenth of the irregularities of the Irish brigade: "Your countrymen," said he peevishly to the general who commanded them, "give me more trouble than all my other troops beside." "Sire," replied the officer, with felicity of expression equal to the courage with which his troops fought, "all your majesty's enemies make the same complaint."

I have had occasion to look into the habitations of several mechanics, both Protestants and Catholics: I am sorry I cannot bestow much praise on them; they are confused and littered; there is a species of squalid wretchedness, more akin to neglect than to poverty—for

in reality there was not poverty;—they had the necessaries of life, and they who have the necessaries of life cannot be said to be poor. I have seen them at their meals, which were either of flesh meat or salt herrings, with potatoes and butter or milk. At one of these meals, the table was a large stool, the candle was stuck in a turf, and the potato-pot was lifted up and laid at its side: the family were all in different attitudes; one lying like an ancient Roman, another sitting cross-legged like a Turk, and a third (he who said grace, I suppose) kneeling. In their persons, however, they appear to be more cleanly; they shave tolerably regularly, and change their linen, perhaps, twice a week. The upper class of inhabitants are either merchants or shopkeepers; they carry on considerable business, and seem an industrious and respectable body of men. I do not know that there is a town in his Majesty's dominions where trade is conducted with more liberality, and less jealousy, than in Strabane.

The Mourne, which flows past Strabane, is a beautiful river, winding through a romantic country, deepening into a dark and solemn stream, overhung with wood in some parts, gurgling, as a silver brook, over shallow fords and pointed rocks, in others: it is subject, in winter, to frequent and sudden floods, which often rise high in the town, to the material inconvenience and injury of the inhabitants. A person who lives in a level country can hardly conceive the sudden change the mountain floods, pouring down in innumerable channels, produce in this river. touched as if by the gloomy wand of a magician, the fairy brook of beauty becomes a wizard's murky well; the clear

and crystal stream becomes a bleak and troubled ocean, raised into waves, roaring like thunder, and flowing with a rapidity that dizzies the sight. A flood which I saw some years ago was not more awful in its aspect than destructive in its effect; and the resistless and extended torrent, while it filled every beholder with terror, carried desolation into every habitation within its reach: from obvious causes, the poorer inhabitants of the town were most exposed to its influence; and, destitute of means to moderate its violence or to avoid its injuries, they were doomed to meet the utmost violence of the storm; which, impetuous in its progress as sudden in its origin, burst upon them, in all the fulness of accumulated fury, in a short space after the first wave had given warning of its approach. To make the calamity still greater, it occurred amidst the gloom and silence of the night, and before aid could be offered all aid was vain. I was young then, and had not seen much; slight distress appeared great in my eyes: I thought the mind could hardly conceive scenes of greater distress than those which the departure of the water exposed to my view: the unhappy sufferers were found naked and in want, with scarce a faggot to heat their famished limbs, or to expel the moisture from their damp and noisome floors; and many without a mouthful to support debilitated nature, or to cheer their spirits, sinking under the load of miseries they had undergone. I record, with pleasure, that the inhabitants of Strabane displayed, on this occasion, the same spirit of humanity by which they have generally been actuated: large sums were collected, and liberal and immediate assistance was afforded. Nor was this generous disposition

confined to Strabane or its neighbourhood ; it spread in every direction, and contributions were received from very distant parts.

It appears strange to the traveller that so injudicious a situation should have been chosen to build a town on: men seldom think, and are too apt to judge preceding generations by the one in which they live : damp and unwholesomeness were not thought of by men accustomed to fatigue and unacquainted with comfort ; flood, fire, or the devouring pestilence, were little dreaded by those who lived in continual apprehension of greater dangers. In the unfortunate times, in which the foundations of Irish towns were laid, man had no evil so immediate, no danger so imminent, no enemy so fierce and barbarous, as his fellow man : in Strabane, therefore, he availed himself of the protection which the Castle (built at the lower end of the town), as well as the confluence of the rivers Finn and Mourne into a rapid stream, afforded him. Of the wretched state of society at that time in Ireland, some idea may be formed from the following circumstances. About a quarter of a mile from this town (on what is called the Woodend road), there is a small brook called the Kissing-tree burn. When a person went on business to Derry (only fourteen miles distance), it was customary for his friends to accompany him this length, and to take leave of him, often with tears and lamentations, as of one they might never see again : even within the last fifty years, a shopkeeper going to Dublin made a will, and took a solemn leave of his acquaintances, and was welcomed back with feasting and acclamations. An Englishman, who rolls over his peaceful land in a cha-



riot or postchaise without meeting or dreaming of mischance, will think that *dæmons*, not men, were then the inhabitants of Ireland: let him reflect, however, that the Irish were two distinct nations; that they could never be said to be at peace: it was either active war, or a hollow truce. Let us suppose (the supposition is not impossible) that the French had landed in England, and got partial possession of it; that each party, exhausted by the struggle, had taken a few months' repose to enable them to renew the fatal contest; does he think that hatred and malice, fear and dread, would repose likewise? If the English were on Shooter's Hill, and the French were at Canterbury, does he think that a trip to Margate would be a jaunt of pleasure?

I hope, in Almighty God, that such an event is never likely to happen. Let us not be too confident, however: nations, no more than individuals, have all joy and no sorrow: drunk with former prosperity, we do not think of the precipice on which, perhaps, we stand: calamity has long been busy on the earth, but it has not been English calamity: we have heard the sound of war, but its rude din, before it got our length, was softened down to a gentle breeze: we have heard of countries ravaged, plains desolated, and thousands massacred, but they were distant countries, distant plains, distant thousands: did we ever ask ourselves whose turn might come next?

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Ulster—Sir John Courcy's invasion—Error of English policy with respect to Ireland—Elizabeth's efforts to secure Ireland—The Irish massacre—Reflections.

*Strabane.*

THE province of Ulster is encompassed on three sides by the sea. It is about one hundred and sixteen miles in length, and one hundred in breadth. It contains nine counties, three hundred and sixty-five parishes, one archbishoprick, and six bishopricks. The air is temperate and salubrious; being cooled by various winds in summer, and qualified by frequent rains in winter. The temperature, therefore, is milder than in England, both with respect to cold and heat, especially the former. Snow of a month's duration on the ground is a rare phenomenon; and some winters are seen without it altogether. The seasons are later than in England. The spring and autumn more tardy in their approach, as also the winter. The fall of the leaf is later here than in England. Tradition and history both inform us that few countries of equal extent were better timbered than Ulster. But the natives, repeatedly harassed by the inroads and encroachments of the English, frequently found asylum in their forests from the swords of their invaders. These became, therefore, an object of equal jealousy and vengeance, and the destroying axe generally accompanied the sword in the joint extirpation of woods and men. Ulster then became denuded; and the long continuance of civil discord, the fluctuation of property, and the hopeless

despondency which hung over this devoted province, have left it destitute of its ancient beauties for several ages. The aspect of Ulster, therefore, is dreary to the eye accustomed to the shady groves, the extensive plantations, and numerous forests of England. The want of hedges, the numerous bogs, the appearance of many of the habitations, and of many of their inhabitants, no doubt heighten this; and an Englishman, who seldom takes more than a cursory glance of the countries he travels over, is apt to pronounce it a spot for which nature has done little, and man has done less. He is wrong in both these conclusions; nature has been bountiful, and man has not ill-performed his part; better than could be expected, when the history of this ill-fated province is considered. The waves which break upon its rocky shores, the tempests which howl over its lofty mountains, are the peaceful circles of a lake, the soft breezes of the south, compared to the storms which avarice and ambition, hatred and malice, fanaticism and bigotry have raised; and which are still felt in their consequences, after a lapse of some hundreds of years. The history of man is said to be the history of his crimes and his woes. I hope not in the former, but certainly in the latter, Ulster stands in melancholy pre-eminence. I know of no equal extent of country, where equal misery has been inflicted for an equal number of years: like the lightning-struck tree on a solitary common, it still bears in its withered trunk and leafless branches the marks of the judgments with which Heaven (no doubt for wise purposes) has visited it.

It was first invaded in the year 1177, by Sir John Courcy, a gallant knight who had served under King

**Henry the Second**, in his wars in England and France. He set out from Dublin in January with twenty-two knights, fifty esquires, and about seven hundred foot soldiers; all chosen men, on whose courage he could depend: he marched through Meath and Louth, and arrived at Down without any molestation: here he found provisions and other necessaries for his small company, who had been half famished in Dublin. **O'Donnell**, the Ulster chieftain, having assembled a large army, purposed to besiege him in Down; when **Sir John**, judging it better to adventure the fight in the field, than to be shut up and famished in the town, came to an engagement, and forced O'Donnell, after the loss of numbers, to retreat before him. After this successful introduction to his conquests, he fought four other great battles, in all of which he was victorious; he penetrated as far as Dunluce, in the most northern part of the province, overcame all opposition, and subdued the whole of Ulster to the obedience of **Henry the Second**. He was requited for this service, by being the first Englishman dignified with any title of honour in Ireland by a formal creation: the king, in 1181, creating him Earl of Ulster, and annexing thereto the Lordship of Connaught, with a grant by patent, to him and his heirs, that they should enjoy all the land in Ireland he could gain by his sword, together with the donation of bishopricks and abbeys, reserving from him only homage and fealty. It was to this lord, and his successors, the heirs male of his family, that **King John** granted the extraordinary privilege (their first obeisance being paid) of being covered in the royal presence of him, and his successors, kings of England. The reader unacquainted with it will find

a curious account of this transaction in Hanmer's Chronicle, or Sir Richard Cox's History of Ireland. The privilege of being covered in the king's presence is to this day enjoyed by the Lord Kinsale, as the lineal heir male of his body. Almoricus, the twenty-third baron, asserted it by walking to and fro with his hat on his head, in the presence chamber, before King William. The king observing him, sent one of his nobles to inquire the reason of his appearing before him with his head covered. To whom he replied, he very well knew in whose presence he stood, and the reason why he wore his hat that day was, because he stood before the King of England. This answer being told the king, and his lordship approaching nearer the throne, was required by his majesty to explain himself; which he did to this effect. "May it please your majesty, my name is Courcy, and I am Lord of Kinsale in your kingdom of Ireland: the reason of my appearing covered in your majesty's presence is to assert the ancient privilege of my family, granted to Sir John de Courcy, Earl of Ulster, and his heirs, by John, King of England, for him and his successors for ever." The king replied, "that he remembered he had such a nobleman, and believed the privilege he asserted to be his right;" and, giving him his hand to kiss, his lordship paid his obeisance, and remained uncovered. John, the twenty-fifth lord, being presented in September, 1762, to his present majesty by the Earl of Hertford, had again the honour of asserting the ancient privilege of his family, by wearing his hat in the royal presence.

The submission of Ulster to the English government, as might be expected, was short-lived. It was

extorted by force, and, when that was removed, the desire of independence returned. For upwards of four centuries after its nominal subjugation, it continued a prey to anarchy and confusion, to slaughter and devastation. In turn the Irish and English prevailed, and wreaked their vengeance on each other. Constant contest engendered the most violent hatred; constant danger, the most deadly malice; and constant slaughter, the most ferocious cruelty. It is hard to say which of the parties was the worst, nor is it now of much consequence to inquire. By a singular refinement on misfortune, religion, which should have been the healing balsam of these rancorous passions, was poured like molten lead upon their scalding sores. Englishmen and Irishmen murdered each others' happiness on earth. Protestants and Catholics, like demons, stopped not here. Witnessing the tortures of their expiring victims, they rejoiced that those tortures were but the beginning of those which should last for ever beyond the grave.

The great fault of English dominion in Ulster, and in every part of Ireland, was, that a sufficient number of men was not sent at once effectually to subdue the island, and retain it in subjection, till its desire of independence had passed away. The system pursued was the most unfortunate that could have been devised. A dwarf in mercy, but in cruelty a giant; alternately defeating and defeated, ravaging and ravaged, torturing and tortured, it was too feeble to be manly, too poor to be generous, too much injured to forget, and too much injuring to forgive. An officer in Queen Elizabeth's service acquaints us, that those placed in authority would draw together, perhaps, three or four

hundred of the unsuspecting country people, under pretence of doing them service, when soldiers would be ordered to make a sudden attack upon them and cut them off. The same author likewise asserts, that if a man had done wrong, submitted and received pardon; upon being charged with a subsequent offence, though he would voluntarily appear before a public session, to answer to the accusation, he would, without being admitted to trial, be executed for his former offence.

In the latter part of her reign, Queen Elizabeth became fully sensible of the importance of Ireland to England. She was a wise princess, and as the reasons which impressed this conviction on her have even greater force at the present day, it may not be unwise in us to make ourselves acquainted with them. Philip the Second, King of Spain, was the most implacable enemy of England: Partial invasions of Ireland were attempted by him, several years before the sending out of his invincible armada. The courage of the British navy, with the assistance of a storm, having defeated this formidable armament, seventeen of the ships that escaped were forced by tempestuous weather on the coast of Ulster. The intercourse of the Spaniards with the natives, occasioned by this accident, tended to increase their discontents against government, and to prepare their minds for insurrection and rebellion. To assist them in it, stores and money were given them from the ships, and the most liberal assistance was promised from Spain. Spain, of all foreign countries, is the most favourably situated for an intercourse with Ireland. The Spanish coast stretches so far out into the Atlantic Ocean, as to lie to the westward of most

of the Irish harbours. Westerly winds, which mostly prevail there, are favourable for coming from Cape Finisterre to Cork, Waterford, &c. The northern Spanish shore in fact lies both east and west of the Irish coast; and Spain is better situated for constant communication with Ireland than France, or perhaps than any English harbour within the British Channel. England thus found herself in danger of being beset on east and west by the power of Spain, and of lying in the middle, between the land forces of the Spaniards, then centred in the Netherlands, and their naval strength and armaments, which might be stationed in the harbours of Ireland.

These considerations determined Queen Elizabeth to make uncommon efforts to secure the possession of Ireland. An army of twenty thousand men, well provided, was sent, which, assisted by successive reinforcements from England, effected a complete reduction of all the different lords and chiefs, who, till then, had ruled in the island, after a war that lasted about seven years. The province of Ulster was the last in submitting. The war was carried on by Lord Essex, and some generals who preceded him, with indifferent success. Charles Blunt, Lord Mountjoy, was more fortunate; less daring, but more cunning, he wielded a weapon which the generous and noble Essex would have disdained. The sword was slow and uncertain. He called in a powerful auxiliary which was effectual. He destroyed the cultivated fields, and every thing which afforded the natives the means of subsistence. A famine ensued with its shocking consequences; thousands of the wretched insurgents, driven from their desolated habitations, wandered into woods and



fastnesses, where, utterly destitute of the means of subsistence, they perished for want. The common highways exhibited spectacles of misery, which the compassionate traveller could not behold without feeling his breast glow with indignation against those cruel passions of pride, of avarice, and ambition, which produced effects so shocking and disgraceful to humanity. "No spectacle," says Morrison, in his History of Ireland, "was more frequent in the ditches of towns, and especially in wasted countries, than to see multitudes of these poor people dead, with their mouths all coloured green by eating nettles, docks, and all things they could rend up above ground." Many to appease the rage of hunger devoured human carcasses, of which a horrid instance was witnessed by Sir Arthur Chichester, Sir Richard Morrison, and other officers of the Queen's troops, who beheld three children, the eldest of whom was not above ten years of age, in the act of eating the flesh of their deceased mother, with circumstances too shocking for a particular statement here. The most enthusiastic ardour for freedom and independence could not long support itself under such complicated wretchedness. All opposition to the authority of the English government was put an end to. The spirit of Ulster resistance was brayed, to use the expression of Sir John Davies, as it were in a mortar, with the sword, famine, and pestilence altogether.

The English government being now universally established by force of arms, there was a probability that the enmities of former parties would be in time forgotten; that those inhabitants who had been compelled to adopt the English laws and customs would gradually accommodate themselves to them, and that a

lasting peace might prevail in Ulster ; but she had not yet arrived at the consummation of her suffering ; and events unfortunately took place a few years afterwards, which gave rise to animosities and contests as obstinate and bloody as those which had been lately terminated. The peace which was sown in blood, was not watered by mercy. The Catholics were subdued by force, and no attempts were made to gain them by kindness. They were outraged and insulted, plundered and persecuted ; robbed of their lands and deprived of the free exercise of their religion. That they did not endeavour to soften the resentment of their conquerors by unqualified submission, rather than heighten it by desperate but unavailing opposition, is deeply to be regretted, but little to be wondered at. In the year 1641, availing themselves of the situation of England, which was distracted by the dissensions between the king and parliament, they broke into a dreadful insurrection, well known by the name of the Irish massacre : a rebellion which, taken in all its horrors, is almost unparalleled in the history of the world, and which has cast as foul a stain on this province as is to be met with in the annals of any country whatsoever. As the Protestants were taken by surprise, they had no opportunity of concerting measures for their mutual defence. Each man separately endeavoured to protect himself, in consequence of which the Catholics met with a very feeble resistance. But when their fears subsided, they united in several places under the command of the gentlemen who had received commissions, and had been speedily supplied with arms by government, and used vigorous efforts for their preservation. They defeated the in-

surgents upon one or two occasions. Enraged by this, several of the Catholic leaders gave themselves up without restraint to the impulse of sanguinary passions. Numbers of helpless and unoffending Protestants were put to death in cold blood ; others robbed of their property, and driven from their habitations to open fields, where they were exposed to perish by the accumulated evils of cold, nakedness, famine, and sorrow. Such was the conduct of the Catholics : in their ignorance, in their fears, in their miseries and oppressions, some palliation may be found ; but what can be alleged in favour of the Protestants, who tortured and massacred the helpless and unoffending in their turn ? Of the punishments inflicted in Dublin by order of government, I shall not speak ; because they are but imperfectly known. I shall only mention what is on record. The English parliament, in their first indignation against the design of engaging Catholic forces to fight against them in England, voted that no quarter should be given to these forces ; or, in the less offensive language of their own resolutions, “ that they should be tried by martial law in the place where they should be taken.” Swanly, a commander of one of their ships, took a transport vessel, with one hundred and fifty men, bound for Bristol. The merciless wretch selected seventy of his captives who were of Irish birth, and though they had faithfully served the king, instantly plunged them into the sea. The Scottish soldiers who had reinforced the garrison of Carrickfergus issued out one fatal night into an adjacent district, called Island-Magee, where a number of the poorer Catholics resided, unoffending and untainted by the rebellion.

If we may believe one of the leaders of this party, thirty families were assailed by them in their beds, and massacred with calm and deliberate cruelty.

A like desolation followed this rebellion as the preceding one. "About the year 1652 and 1653," says an author who was an ocular witness of the state of things, "the plague and famine had so swept away whole countries, that a man might travel twenty or thirty miles, and not see a living creature. Our soldiers would tell stories of the places where they saw a smoke; it was rare to see either smoke by day, or fire or candle by night; and when we did meet with two or three poor cabins, none but very aged men and women, and children, were found in them; and these with the prophet might have complained, 'we are become as a bottle in the smoke, our skin is black like an oven, because of the terrible famine.' I have seen those miserable creatures plucking stinking carrion out of a ditch, black and rotten; and have been credibly informed that they digged corpses out of the grave to eat."

But general misery makes little impression. We read, without emotion, of thousands who perish, because our minds have only general ideas, because all we know of these thousands is, that they lived and that they died. But let us take a group: the contemplation of misery is good for man; it softens and subdues his heart; it abates somewhat of the pride and arrogance, which is the great source of his misfortunes and his crimes. Let us take one family only of that immense multitude, of all ages and sexes, of husbands, and fathers, and sons, of wives, and mothers, and daughters, massacred, starved, violated, whose blanched

bones, were they brought together, would form a heap from which ambition might attempt to scale the heavens after having satiated its fell appetite upon earth. See that little valley—a brook flows through it; see that cabin shadowed by trees; it is humble and mean, but it is the abode of sensibility and happiness; a crowd dances before the door—it is a wedding; the village lad takes a partner, gay and thoughtless as himself; he is just entering into life—joy sparkles in his eye, his heart beats high with hope; his parents partake his felicity, the bed-ridden grandmother crawls out to view it, to bless him, and to die. This is happiness, if happiness is to be found upon earth. Turn the picture: the happiness is flown; the demons of war have entered the valley of peace; the crowd is dispersed, the murderers are at their heels; the bridegroom too—look at his bridal bed; see her who sorrows over him, who alone does not fly, she is his bride; she would have shared his little cabin, and smoothed his cares—she looked forward to years of happiness, but now curses, in the bitterness of her heart, the barbarous authors of her woes; but not long she curses: sorrow for the murdered is swallowed up in fear for herself; for, lo! the brutal crew return; another demon rules them now; their rage of blood has given place to the rage of lust. She calls to him who loved her; his ear is closed, he hears not; his eye is dim, he sees not; his heart is cold, it beats not: happy insensibility! he sees not violation, which he could not prevent; he sees not expiring innocence, which at length finds in death a welcome release from the outrages of men, and which, even in death, casts a glance to Heaven to ask why it permitted this. Behold the unfortunate father, and

the remainder of his offspring who gather round; behold helpless innocence, that smiles in the murderer's face; sickness that a few hours would have destroyed, inhumanly butchered. One solitary son, whom chance, not humanity, has saved, only remains; unhappy chance, which has reserved him for misery greater than all: the brook affords him water, but the earth gives him no food, the berries, the brambles, the leaves have already been devoured by men. Oh, the days, the hours of famine, of slow consuming death, which he spends! how is his frame wrecked with convulsions—how often does the heart die within him—how often does the cold damp of the grave stand in large drops upon his forehead, and again disappear! Famine subdues affliction, hunger triumphs over piety, over nature; the sorrowing mourner is become a ravenous beast; in frenzy he gnaws his flesh, and sucks his own blood. Oh horror, horror! his father's corpse too! he drives away the flies that had settled on it, makes a meal, and expires!

Ill-fated inhabitants of Ireland, how little seems your guilt compared to your woes! Never was misery like your misery, never was sorrow like your sorrow: your noble natures have been degraded, your glowing hearts have been chilled by the fiend's grasp; the milk of human kindness has been curdled in your breasts, and the seeds of all misery, and all vice, have been sown, even in the bosom of virtue itself; for endless years your harp has been unstrung; few have been the notes to which it has vibrated, and those were not the notes of joy. Oh, what a wreck of human happiness have ambition and bigotry made! how have they dimmed the emerald! how have they dyed your green

island with blood ! what misery have they not inflicted on those whom they murdered ! how much more on those who survived ! Oh, what a record would that be, which contained one year of the misery of these long and dreary years ! could it trace the ferocity that curdled the blood, that froze the marrow in the bones of Irish happiness ; that poisoned the fountain of your enjoyment, even in the source.

An author of respectability wishes that the massacres I have mentioned should be buried in everlasting oblivion. I am not of his opinion : I would hold them up as a beacon to the present and all succeeding generations, to avoid the unfortunate rock, on which the prosperity of Ulster has made such fatal shipwreck ; for it is not, I fear, in the nature of things that such a portentous comet should not drag a long tail of misery (of which the end is not yet come) after it. Is there a heart so obdurate, that does not feel compassion for the woes I have described ? that does not shrink with horror at the idea of a possibility of a repetition of them ? Yet the repetition is not possible only, but probable, if some means are not speedily found to conciliate the Catholics of Ireland—by concession and kindness ; but (it would be useless to disguise it) it must be great conciliation, great kindness. It is impossible in the present state of Europe to govern them much longer by force : the advice of so humble an individual as I am will be little attended to. Yet for the sake of England, of Ireland, and of humanity, I wish that I could communicate to the breasts of others of greater influence, the one half of what presses on my heart at this instant. In the deep stillness and gloom of the atmosphere, I see the greatness of the gathering

storm ; in the tremulous movements of the earth, I feel the sullen approach of the earthquake which is to overthrow Irish prosperity. The thunderbolt is forging which is again to shiver the rock of Irish happiness. May Heaven avert the stroke !

Protestants, Catholics (I fear I shall make this subject tiresome, yet I cannot have done), you are struggling on the brink of a precipice which yawns to swallow you both. You who guard so strongly your unnatural supremacy—you who contend so strenuously for imagined rights—you who view each other with scowling eye—you whose glance, had it the fabled basilisk's force, would strike each other dead, think on the scenes I have described : think on your suffering country ; her ravaged plains, her reeking houses, her overturned altars. Is all that you would withhold, is all that you could acquire, worth the risk of one month's renewal of horrors such as these ? Mark, I say it, Protestant, if you do not conciliate, if you do not forego your pride, your arrogance, your supremacy—Catholic, if you do not abate your violence, if you do not forget, if you do not forgive, if once you launch on the hideous ocean of civil war, you will be a prey to the heavy evils which afflicted your forefathers. Your fields will again be without living, and your ditches be filled with the dead. The air will be putrid with exhalations, the winds of heaven will scatter pestilence, and the sun will be dimmed with the steam of human woe. Protestants, do you think that four millions of people will live contented, in submissive obedience to one ? Catholics, do you think that Protestants, whose energies you know, will be conquered without a struggle ? and should you conquer (which I do not deny is pro-



bable), will it be a bloodless victory? Will you suffer no loss? will no Catholic blood be shed? You cannot think this: will it be a joyful victory, even—no, not joyful, for you are men, and when unwarped by prejudice, have humane and benevolent hearts. You would not rejoice over thousands, and tens of thousands of your countrymen, whose livid corpses, whose streaming blood, and gaping wounds, would rise up in judgment to Heaven against you. Revenge dies with what it feeds on. Hatred would be buried in the graves of the Protestants, but remorse would survive to gnaw your own hearts. Your ancestors suffered much misery in the last century: I regret as much as you that they did; but men were barbarous then, you should be now more civilized. It would be no consolation to you to inflict misery in your turn. The real evils of life are many, and we cannot escape from them; do not disquiet yourselves too much about artificial ones. That you greatly exaggerate yours, is to me evident; they wound your pride, but they do little other injury; they would break little on the sober current of life, if you would let it flow its course; cultivate domestic virtues; enjoy present blessings; forgive, if you cannot forget former wrongs. Happy are they, if they knew their own happiness, who have no greater misfortunes to complain of, than that they cannot command armies, preside as judges, or have seats in parliament.

“ In every government, though terrors reign,  
 Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,  
 How small, of all that human hearts endure,  
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!  
 Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,  
 Our own felicity we make or find:  
 With secret course which no loud storms annoy,  
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.”

## CHAPTER XXIV.

English and Irish vices contrasted—Mavey Cann's parlour—Murderer haunted by a spectre—Bulls—Caricatures of the Irish character—Mutual conduct of Ireland and England towards each other.

*Strabane.*

FOR reasons it is unnecessary to mention, I stay longer here than I originally proposed: beside motives of propriety, I have some of inclination: like the rich man in the parable, I fare sumptuously every day; I hope there the comparison ends, and that I am not to go farther and fare worse. The inhabitants of Strabane possess, I hope, the industry of their Scottish ancestors; they certainly possess a virtue of genuine Irish growth, more acceptable perhaps to the traveller than either—they are as hospitable as if they were descended from the ancient Milesians, or King Brian Borrome himself. I have been frequently invited both to dinner and evening parties: though the company sit long at table on those occasions, I saw little disposition to excess; every person was at liberty to drink as he pleased. The hour on such occasions is five o'clock, and the dinner is in a profusion that is extraordinary: this is the more astonishing, as the men in general seem very temperate eaters; many of them dined off one dish, and very few tasted the confectionary, which was in a very great abundance. Virtue and vice, as well as good and evil, are pretty equally balanced; drunkenness is the vice of Irishmen,

as gluttony is of Englishmen ; which is the worst ? an Englishman will say drunkenness of course ; but he is a party, and cannot be admitted a judge. I do not say that gluttony is the worst, but certainly it is the most degrading :

“ The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines  
To seem but mortal e'en in sound divines.”

The wines on the table were Teneriffe, Sherry, and Port, yet very little of them was drunk ; punch is the national liquor : wine is taken, without pleasure, as a matter of course ; but the approach of the whiskey is hailed with rapture, as it makes its appearance immediately after the cloth is removed. Most unaccountable is the prepossession of nationality, and influence of habit, on the mind of man. This liquor has a strong and disagreeable flavour of the turf, or peat, by which it is distilled ; yet, to the initiated, this smoky flavour is one of its choicest, indeed its choicest perfection.

It is pleasing to find that the irritation of party I have seen so much of elsewhere is hardly known in this town : yet it is but a short-lived pleasure ; for, alas ! of what avail is one grain of sense in a bushel of folly ? one pebble of beauty on a strand of deformity ? Like a fertile spot in the deserts of Arabia, it only serves to make the surrounding wilderness more hideous.

The Repeal of the Union (a question which so much agitates the public mind in Dublin) is neither talked of, nor wished for here, nor, I believe, in any other part of the north of Ireland. The presbyterians of Ulster are fond of trade and of quietness, and

are again, I hope, beginning to be fond of England and of Englishmen. Beside this, there is no community of feeling in Ireland, no continuity of substance; the Catholic is one, the Protestant is one, Dublin is one: they must be amalgamated together, either by good government, or by blood; I fear it is to be by the latter.

Routs are frequent in Strabane, and, as in London, the rooms are as full as they can hold: folly flies with the wings of an eagle, while wisdom travels with the pace of a snail: turnpike-roads and mail-coaches whirl the fashions of London, with their newest gloss, to the most remote parts of these kingdoms; and, in a few years, if we wish to contemplate pastoral innocence, we must seek it in the wilds of America.

There are some sweet romantic walks about this town: I soon tire of the society of the people, and wander for hours amidst rocks and solitary glens; I climb mountains, I dive into valleys, I overleap precipices, I worship the great Author of Nature, who, shadowed in darkness, presides over this gloomy and terrific sublime. I was seated, about two hours ago, in a deep glen, by the side of a sparkling brook, and in sight of an immense cataract, which broke into white foam on the rocks below. The projection of rock, under which I sat, forms the covering of what is called Mavey Cann's Parlour. Mavey in Irish signifies old witch. Witches were formerly well known in England, and are still in great vogue in this country. With the usual inaccuracy of village narration, Mavey Cann is said to have drunk tea here long before it was known in Ireland: I do not know what sort of tea she made, but I am sure she has excellent

water : I stooped down, and quenched my thirst at the fountain in front of her abode.

About half a mile from Strabane, on the opposite side of the river, is the beautifully-situated little town of Lifford : it would be called a village in England ; but, by the courtesy of Ireland, every assemblage of houses is a town, as almost every woman is a lady, and every man, when written to, an esquire. This is an English colony, and some remains of the accent may even yet be found : until a few years ago, they retained the name of English, and frequent battles took place between them and the Scotch laddies, as the young men of Strabane were called.

About three miles beyond Lifford is a little hill, called Stumpy's Bray. A pedler was murdered in a house near this, with circumstances of the most atrocious cruelty : he struggled long against the assassin, and the marks of his fingers in blood were imprinted on the walls ; his legs were cut off, and he was crammed into a box for the purpose of concealment : he haunted the murderer every where. " Go where you will," said the apparition, " I'll follow you ; where you'll be to-night I'll be to-morrow-night." The conscience-struck villain, appalled by the spectre of his own imagination, fled to America. The night after his arrival, he looked fearfully through his bed-curtains—the mutilated figure, pale as the tomb, in his blood-stained garments, stood on the hearth : " Go where you will," said he, " I'll follow you ; where you'll be to-night I'll be to-morrow-night." The man, the next morning, confessed his crime to a magistrate, was sent over to Ireland, and executed.

I went into a public-house near Lifford to have

some spirits and water : an old woman was reading at the kitchen fire ; she civilly took her spectacles off, and laid the book down ; perhaps it was not so much civility, as the *cacoethes loquendi* ; an old woman, who preferred reading to talking, would indeed be a phenomenon. I threw my eyes over the book ; it was a London magazine, and, with a great deal of other silly matter, contained the following bull : “ After the battle of Fontenoy, Louis the Fifteenth observed to an Irish officer, ‘ Dillon’s regiment behaved well ; several were wounded.’ ‘ Yes,’ replied the officer ; ‘ but Clarke’s did better still, for we were all killed.’ ” Does the inventor of this bull know that he is himself guilty of one, or at least that he labours under a most lamentable confusion of ideas ? From some peculiarity in his native language, the low Irishman, in speaking English, uses the word kil’t in a ridiculous manner. But the king of France and the Irish officer did not converse in English, surely ; and the mistake, which was barely possible in it, could never have occurred in any other language.

That the Irish, formerly, more frequently made bulls than their neighbours, I think is probable ; as well from the universality of the observation, as for the following reasons : English was long to the Irish a foreign language, acquired after they had arrived at years of manhood, spoken with difficulty, and reluctantly ; they translated, therefore ; they thought in one language, and they expressed themselves in another. Every person acquainted with French knows how ridiculous an Englishman’s mode of speaking it generally is ; but the construction of the Irish differs much more from the English than the English does

from the French ; it is more poetical, more animated, more glowing ; it abounds in interrogation and hyperbole ; almost universally (it is said), the subject or substantive is mentioned first, and the quality or attribute afterwards ; this latter is one of the great beauties of the Irish, as it is of the Latin and Greek languages ; but it is preposterous in English, and is called, in derision of the Irish, putting the cart before the horse.

Independent of language, however, the peculiar disposition and temperament of the Irish may make them more liable, than many other nations, to commit blunders : they have great vivacity, acute feelings, and warm fancies ; they may therefore be supposed to burst out in those quick sallies, which overleap the regular concordance of words, oftener than their more cold-blooded neighbours : but, having made these allowances, it is but justice to add, that there has been much mischievous misrepresentation on this subject ; and that well-educated Irishmen, at present, make bulls nearly as seldom as the English. English is the language which they speak from infancy, and the warm tide of their boiling veins has been cooled by the mixture of English blood ; but when a particular character has been affixed to a country, or a town, they hardly ever get rid of it : thus, Edinburgh is still described as dirty, though it is actually one of the cleanest cities in Europe ; Irishmen of all classes still make blunders, because it is probable the lower class of them once did so : authors serve up the repast which suits the public taste, and manufacture Irish bulls in their garrets, as vintners do port in their cellars, as unlike Irish modes of expression, as the latter

is to the real wine of Oporto. I think I cannot use a stronger simile.

- For a dramatic writer there is some excuse; his trade is fiction, and his purpose is amusement; "he lives to please, and therefore must please to live:" the audience come to see the Irishman they have been accustomed to; a being of the stage, and not of nature; and he must quarrel, make love, make bulls, and swear by Jasus: but for a tourist there is no such apology; he must be a man of some fortune, and therefore does not write from mere necessity: he professes to give a picture, not a caricature; he comes abroad to observe men and manners, and proposes to instruct, not to amuse; he may be deceived in his judgement, but he is bound to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I am sorry to remark that the conduct of most Irish tourists has been very different from this: they follow the lead of those who preceded them; they find it easier to copy than inquire, more lucrative to gratify prejudice than to correct it; they go about, therefore, twisting and perverting the most innocent expressions, and when they cannot find bulls, they make them.

The effects of these misrepresentations have been most mischievous; they have served to feed the arrogance of the English, to increase their contempt of Irishmen, to make them heedless of their clamours, their wrongs, and their claims, because they have rendered them blind to their talents, their virtues, and their strength. On the other hand, they have wounded deeply the feelings of a proud and high-spirited people, who can bear injury better than contempt. This at all times would be a very great evil,



but it is particularly so at the present time. England wages war for her existence; a great proportion of her army and navy must necessarily be Irish; kind treatment will make them subjects; ill usage, insult, and contempt, will make them mercenaries: what the fate of all countries, who depended on mercenaries, has been, I need not say.

England and Ireland have inflicted much misery on each other, and are probably nearly equally to blame. England was proud in strength, Ireland was obstinate in independence; she struggled till she was exhausted, and even then she bit at the hand which held her to the ground. England inflicted misery, but she conferred kindness; and had Ireland consented to become English, she would have given happiness: but Ireland forgot the kindness, and only remembered the injury. Let us hope, however, that some means may speedily be found to make Ireland happy in her own way, since she will not in the way England would have had her; let us hope that concord may be attained, at this moment, when discord may be ruin—of both the ruin; for, could Ireland succeed in pulling down the edifice of English freedom, she may rest assured that, like Samson, she would herself be buried in the ruins. Oh! what a pity that two nations so well adapted to each other, which were so cut and tallied, that the protuberances of the one seemed to fit the notches of the other, should thus, by unlucky circumstances, by melancholy misconceptions, be repelled and alienated from each other: that Ireland should be Catholic when England was Protestant; that Ireland should be royalist when England was republican; that Ireland

should be revolutionary when England was steadily loyal: united by nature, like man and wife, to sweeten each other's cup in life, that they should have been always opposite when they should have agreed the most; that the virtues of one should become vices to the other; that the blessings of England should be the curses of Ireland; and that now, when England struggles (greatly struggles) for her name and independence as a nation, that Ireland should hail her wounds as her own balsam, her danger as her own escape, her present misery as her own future happiness.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

Mountain scenery—Character and intelligence of the peasantry  
—Irish music and poetry—Sonnet.

*A*——.

I WRITE this from a farm-house sixteen miles from Strabane: it might be six hundred; the change in climate, soil, and manners, is so great. In England, a man may travel much and see little: Gloucester is Lincoln, and a man or maid of Kent little different from a man or maid of Salop; but in the north of Ireland we have every progression of climate, soil, and manners, in the course of a few hours' riding, or even walking.

The people with whom I am are Presbyterians; they are industrious and wealthy; their house is what a farm-house ought to be, comfortable and neat, with-

out finery or fashion ; it is situated in a most dreary country, and may be said to be on the very verge of civilization in this quarter : before my windows rise the immense mountains which separate the county of Tyrone from the counties of Donegal and Fermanagh. The appearance of these mountains, though gloomy and forlorn, is not uninteresting : they are covered with a sort of brown heath, interspersed with scanty green rushes, and scantier blades of green grass : they are such scenes as Ossian would love to describe, and probably many of his heroes did tread those heaths over which the wind now passes in mournful gusts, and moves in melancholy unison with the memory of years that are gone.

For an extent of several miles forward, there are only a few cabins, inhabited by the herdsmen of my friend : they are called shepherds, but *heu quantum mutati ab illis* which the imagination pictures ! This is no Arcadia : the shepherd's life in these mountains has little embellishment, little for poetry or fancy to exercise itself on : here is no bright sun, no verdant mead or daisied bank for love to repose on, no sound of pastoral music, or rustic pipe, to beguile care and gladden the sorrowing heart. Life, like the mountains which sustain it, like the wind which howls over them, like the mists which almost ever rest upon them, and now come slowly down in thick and drizzling rain, is solemn and lugubrious : yet the herdsmen have a kind of song or chant, as they bring their cattle home, which, were it not for the indistinct ideas one attaches to shepherds and their flocks, would not be unpleasing.

These mountains are inhabited entirely by Catho-

lics : in ancient times, they were the asylum of those unfortunate people, and they were not dispossessed of them ; probably, because no other people would live in them. In these mountains, therefore, we meet with a people purely Irish, professing what may be well called the Irish religion, and retaining most of the old Irish customs, usages, opinions, and prejudices. I hold long conversations with them, as I meet them on the roads, or sit with them in their own houses : hardly a day has passed since my arrival, that I have not walked from eight to ten miles, and either address, or am addressed by, every person I meet. In almost every instance, I have been impressed with their singular acuteness of intellect, and extensive information of what is passing in the world : a London tradesman could not detail the wonderful events we are daily witnessing more correctly, and, probably, would not half so energetically. An Irish peasant, like a Frenchman, speaks with every part of his body, and his arms and countenance are as eloquent as his tongue.

I was invited to-day to a christening, but was prevented from going by the weather. It has been raining the greatest part of the day, and I have passed my time (not unpleasantly passed it) between the kitchen and parlour of my friend's house : parlours are pretty much the same every where, I shall, therefore, say nothing of his : I cannot, however, pass the kitchen over so quietly ; I do not say that there never was a merrier one ; but certainly it was a very merry, a very noisy, and, at the last, a very musical one.

In the forenoon it was occupied by the churn : my host makes great quantities of butter for sale ; it is, therefore, an immense one, and so is the churn-staff ;

this latter is made of the mountain ash, or rowan tree, as it is commonly called. Superstition attaches to the rowan tree as many valuable properties as it does to the witch-elm, and churn-staffs are universally made of it :

“ Then no planets strike,  
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,  
So hallowed and so gracious is the wood.”

I cannot here forbear throwing out, as a conjecture, that, perhaps, the passage in Macbeth which has so much puzzled commentators, instead of the usual reading, might be better rendered thus :

“ A row'nt thee, witch ! the rump-fed ronyon cries.

I recollect asking poor Mr. Malone's opinion of this emendation the last time I was in his company : he was about to answer me, when a lady coming up interrupted him, and I can never more ask it of him now.

After the churning was finished, the servants and labourers were set down to their dinner at the kitchen table : they had a most abundant one ; it consisted of milk, butter, potatoes, and greens, pounded together, and oaten cake : this is Wednesday, or else, in addition to the milk and butter, they would have had bacon, or hung beef. Wednesdays and Fridays are perpetual fasts of the church of Rome, and no luxury or dainty could tempt the poor Irish peasant to eat flesh-meat on either of those days, or during the whole course of Lent. Admirable forbearance ! when the hardship of his situation is considered ; and admirable must the religion be which so strongly inculcates it. Let others talk of the doctrines of the

church of Rome—I revere it for its observance of Lent. What is the value of every doctrinal point of every religion in the universe compared to that blessed one, which twice a week, and for six weeks in every year, preaches peace and good-will, not to man alone, but to the birds who carol in the air, to the beasts which bound on the lawn; which preserves the turtle to his dove, the lark to his song, and saves from slaughter the helpless chicken and the sportive lamb, to which it is the perfection of innocence to be compared?

As soon as the kitchen was cleaned up after tea, the maids sat down to their wheels; the fire was, if possible, made more blazing, and the fire-place more cleanly swept. I seated myself in a corner, and pretended to fall asleep. The maiden's song makes the hum of the wheel an instrument of wild music, and I wished that it should flow free and unconstrained.

I continued sleeping, and the spinners continued singing, for several hours. To say that I was gratified, would be saying little: I was delighted; I was riveted, as it were, by a spell; and regretted when a summons to supper (a daylight supper, and soon finished, as I write this after it) compelled me to awake. I do not deny, however, but that a part of the pleasure I received may have depended on my being well acquainted with the tunes. Music is an emanation from Heaven, and partakes of the unperishable nature of its origin; it owes none of its charms to novelty, but grows more and more delightful by time and association: yet I think it impossible but that the simple pathos and melancholy wildness of Irish music,

even when first heard, must find their way to the heart of every person of sensibility : to me there are times when its plaintive wailings seem scarcely human, and resemble rather the noise of the wind mournfully complaining through the valleys, or the subdued sounds of murder and woe, as fancy forms them, when in dreams we wander alone, and at midnight, on some waste heath.

I speak here of Irish music in its original state, not in the form in which Sir John Stevenson has thought proper, lately, to present it to the English world : I respect Sir John's talents as a general composer, but he appears to me to be totally unfitted to do justice to Irish music ; in almost every instance, he seems to have substituted, in place of the wonderful charm of melody, the ostentation of science, and mere trick of execution. Nor has another composer of the name of Bunting, I think, succeeded much better : they have both built on an entirely wrong foundation : it is wonderful, indeed, how any men, who have hearts in their bosoms, should be so far misled by the ear, as not to perceive that native Irish music would lose its charm the instant that it was shackled by the symphony and accompaniment of modern art : it is like taking the lark from the forest, and bidding it pour forth its " wood notes wild" in a cage. Shall I give a stronger illustration ? It is like putting a madman in a strait waistcoat, when, if we wish to contemplate him in his grandeur, we must see him alone, and wandering beneath the moon.

The wild melancholy of Irish music has been remarked by all, and attempted to be explained by

many: an elegant writer attributes it to the depressing influence of the English invasion. "Sinking beneath the weight of sorrow, the bards," he remarks, "became a prey to melancholy, and the sprightly Phrygian (to which they were before wholly inclined) gave place in all their subsequent compositions to the grave Doric or soft Lydian measure."

This is ingenious, and probably, in a degree (a small degree), is true. But I have doubts whether ever Irish music was essentially other than grave Doric or soft Lydian. Melancholy is its essence, and incidents could do no more than heighten it. Climate, soil, and descent must have combined with events to give it this character. Were I to seek another cause, I should, perhaps, find it in the great susceptibility of the passion of love in the native Irish. Some of their songs breathe the soul of tenderness and affection, and would do honour to any age or nation. It would be well for many writers of the present day, who give the debasing ravings of desire instead of the ennobling passion of love, could they catch a portion of the pure spirit that pervades them. Would it be believed that the beautiful song in the Duenna,

"How oft, Louisa, hast thou said,"

is a literal translation of an old Irish ballad, and that Mr. Sheridan even *borrowed* with it the air to which it was sung?

The following is the production of an obscure poet, who died many years ago. I do not understand Irish, but I am assured that it is as literally translated as the idiom of the two languages will allow.



## SONNET.

Thou dear seducer of my heart,  
 Fond cause of every struggling sigh !  
 No more can I conceal love's smart,  
 No more restrain the ardent eye.  
 What though this tongue did never move,  
 To tell thee all its master's pain ;  
 My eyes, my look—have spoke my love.  
 Alvina ! shall they speak in vain ?  
 For still imagination warm  
 Presents thee at the noon-tide beam,  
 And sleep gives back thy angel form,  
 To clasp thee in the midnight dream.  
 Alvina ! though no splendid store  
 Of riches more than merit move ;  
 Yet, charmer ! I am far from poor,  
 For I am more than rich in love.  
 Pulse of my beating heart ! shall all  
 My gay seductive hopes be fled ?  
 Unheeded wilt thou hear my fall ;  
 Unpitied wilt thou see me dead ?  
 I'll make a cradle of this breast,  
 Thy image all its child shall be ;  
 My throbbing heart shall rock to rest  
 The cares that waste thy life and me.

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 CHAPTER XXVI.

Minecherin—Cabins—Hardships and comforts of the peasantry  
 —Advantages attending their habits of living—Oppressions  
 suffered by them.

A——.

I WALKED this morning to the little town (as it is  
 called) of Minecherin. It is situated in the very heart

of the mountain, and, at a little distance, might be taken for a part of it. It consists of twenty or thirty little cabins. To each of these are attached a few acres of land; a portion is a potatoe garden, and the remainder gives grass for a cow, and produces a little oats. To an Englishman nothing would seem more wretched than the situation of these cabins. The ground on which they stand is half-reclaimed bog, and heaps of manure are piled and scattered round them, which render entrance a matter of considerable difficulty. Nor does the state of the interior appear to make amends for the exterior. In mid-day the darkness of midnight rests upon it. The chimney is seldom so well constructed as to carry away the smoke, through which some women, blear-eyed, shrivelled, and blackened, seated on their three-legged stools, like so many sibyls in the act of prophecy, gradually become visible. A cow, a calf, and a pig, generally fill up the background. The appearance of the furniture corresponds with that of the inhabitants; a few earthen vessels, tin porringers, and wooden noggins on the dresser, two or three stools around the fire, and a bed or beds covered by a coarse and black rug, make up the whole of it.

All this (it will be said) is wretchedness, surely, or there is no such thing as wretchedness upon earth.

To many, very many, no doubt it would be so; but happily the people most interested are not wretched; very far from it: and many good reasons might be given why they should not.

In the first place, neither they nor their immediate fathers ever knew a better way of living. This in itself is almost every thing. Man is the mere creature of habit, and all those tastes which have the most in-

fluence over him are acquired ones: no man ever was born with a love of snuff, of coffee, of pepper, or of claret.

In the next place, the bogs on which (in which I should rather say) they live give them plenty of turf. The poorest man has (if it is not his own fault) an inexhaustible abundance of firing. Chilled, and as it were impregnated, with the damp and moisture of his mountains, even the smoke of his cabin gives him pleasure. He is not a creature who lives in a medium way, nor is he, perhaps, the more to be pitied on that account. He has the rapid alternation of heat and cold, of drought and moisture, and if he is often chilled and drenched during the day, he has a more exquisite relish for the fire during the night, and when he is dried and baked, as it were in an oven, he returns again with cheerfulness to the open air.

His food is simple; but he has it in tolerable abundance. It is wholesome food likewise: vegetables and milk, potatoes, butter, onions, and oaten-bread. Onions and garlic are of a most cordial nature. These vegetables composed part of the diet which enabled the Israelites to endure, in a warm climate, the heavy tasks imposed upon them by their Egyptian masters. They were likewise eaten by the Roman farmers to repair the waste of their strength by the toils of harvest. When, notwithstanding their cordial properties, he feels uneasy sensations in his stomach from the ascendent qualities of their food, nature kindly extends her hand to him, with a medicine drawn from his own mountains; a medicine which he does not take reluctantly, but readily and cheerfully—whiskey; which, when not drunk to excess, is perhaps as well-suited to

his temperament and necessities, as wine is to a Frenchman's, or ale to an Englishman's.

Milk and vegetable diet humanize the heart, and if they do not create, cherish benevolent dispositions. All fierce animals are carnivorous, all gentle ones are graminivorous. An Irish mountaineer is mild, humane, and affectionate, and he shrinks—yes, paradoxical as it will be reckoned by many—he shrinks beyond most other men from the idea of inflicting misery, or of shedding blood. This is his natural and quiescent character.

But he is social, and he has extraordinary sensibility. His sympathy is easily excited, and he catches the flame of enthusiasm with an ardour inconceivable to persons of a more phlegmatic temperament. The quarrel, therefore, of his neighbour, his friend, his relation, is his own quarrel: he kindles as he goes along, passion takes entire possession of him, and under the influence of this temporary frenzy, he is capable of committing the greatest excesses. Women are more tender, more humane and affectionate than men; but when in a passion they have much less self-government, and have, perhaps, done more atrocious deeds.

The wretched condition of society in Ireland, the contest which has so long subsisted between the two great sects into which it is divided, the occasional arrogance and oppression of the Protestant, plant the thorns of envy, jealousy, and hatred in the poor Catholic's breast, which never fail to shoot forth into a plenteous crop of resentment whenever an opportunity presents itself. On such an occasion he does not scrupulously discriminate between the Protestant his bene-

factor, and the Protestant his oppressor: in his ordinary and insulated state, he thinks only of the man; in his artificial and gregarious state, he thinks only of the Protestant.

But besides his great susceptibility of impression, his great tendency to association, and his political situation, there is another reason why the incidental character of the Irish mountaineer should so often predominate over his intrinsic one. I mean his great tendency to drunkenness; which, after all, he has only in common with the inhabitants of other mountainous countries. The craving and longing of man in a cold and damp climate for ardent spirits is so universal, that it seems an instinct given by nature for his preservation, rather than a pernicious habit which leads to his destruction. It has been remarked, that the Indians have diminished every where in America, since their connexion with the Europeans. This has been justly ascribed to the Europeans having introduced spirituous liquors among them. In the same period the Irish peasantry have every where increased, nor is there, perhaps, a healthier body of men in the universe.

But to return to the other advantages of the poor mountaineer's condition. I return to them with pleasure, for sweet it is to find that the flower of human happiness will not wither, even when stuck in the bosom of what at first view appears wretchedness itself.

Milk and vegetable diet not only mend his heart and humanize his disposition, but give him, if not better health, at least longer life. Animal food is a much higher stimulus than vegetable. It quickens the circulation much more, and sooner wears out the

powers of life. The lamp burns the brighter, perhaps (and only perhaps), but it burns the quicker. I have felt the pulses of a number of English and Irish peasants, and have generally found those of the latter slower than those of the former.

Constant intercourse with his cattle, sharing with them his room and his roof, gives him health to enjoy life. Nature, which made man and those animals equally necessary to each other, has kindly prevented any inconvenience from their living together. On the contrary, to repay him for affording them shelter, she has done more. She has endowed them with the power of destroying the effects of marsh exhalations, and of preventing fever.

Constant living out of doors during the day gives him more health, more enjoyment. Happiness not only depends on objects but on capacities; not only on the application of those to the nerves, but on the state of the nerves themselves. When they are not in a state of proper tension, impressions made upon them will be feeble and unattractive.

To the healthy state of the nervous system, frequent and almost continued exposure to the open air, which, beyond even sleep, is chief nourisher in life's feast, is indispensable; and I will venture to assert, that the English tradesman or manufacturer, whose avocations exclude him so entirely from it, though he has so much more of what the world calls comfort, has not the one half of the enjoyment of the Irish peasant, who labours in wet, and cold, and snow, on an immense morass or dreary mountain, but whose heart is fanned by the storm which passes over him, whose imagination is quickened by the solemnity around him,

and whose nature is ennobled by the intercourse of those airy beings with whom in fancy he associates.

One more (a very great one), and I have done. The bounty of nature has by one gift, in a great measure, levelled the conditions of men. A simple weed brought from America has put on an equal footing the king on his throne, the lord in his castle, and the peasant on his mountain; perhaps, with benevolence beyond justice, has given the superiority to the latter. I question whether one of those poor Irish mountaineers, seated by his blazing fire, drying his drenched garments, resting his wearied limbs, and inhaling from his little soot-covered pipe oblivion to his cares, his hardships, and his wants, quickening his imagination at each breath, to revel in ideal communication with the fairies of the stream which flows near him, to listen in astonishment to the song of the witches in the storm which passes over him, does not for one pleasurable sensation which fastidious prosperity, shut up in a close apartment, picking dainties, for which the best of all sauces is wanting, sipping the finest wines, which to its jaded palate have lost all their relish, ever experiences, enjoy a hundred.

Are then these poor people, perhaps it may be asked, perfectly satisfied and content?

Alas! no; who are content? The rich London merchant who heaps thousands on thousands—the mighty conqueror who adds provinces to kingdoms, as a girl strings beads, merely to be scattered again—are they content?

These poor people, like all other men, are sufficiently alive to the evils of their present condition. Like all other men they do not live in the present alone, but in

the future, and in the past, and while they have hope to brighten, have recollection to darken their path.

Into these mountains their ancestors were driven. They were driven and pent up like sheep, and left upon black bog, and dun heath, and barren rock, to mourn over their fallen greatness, their ancient possessions, their fertile vales, their flocks, and their fields.

In these mountains even they could not worship their God in quietness. Insult and injury followed them even here, and the pious and venerable priest, who would have raised their thoughts from earth to heaven, was driven, with tauntings and mockery, from the black rock which sheltered his grey locks from the storm, from the simple sod of earth, which was the only altar he could raise to the Almighty, and from the dark lake, which mournfully reflected his own still darker fate.

In these mountains their generous hearts became ulcerated, their souls corrosive, their judgments perverted, and they preyed in large gangs on the lands and properties of the inhabitants of the valleys, as a matter of right, of inheritance, and of revenge. In these mountains, when resentment dared no longer openly show itself, it became, perhaps, only the stronger for concentration. Protestant magistrates, Protestant landlords, Protestant masters, to bow down to, to flatter, and to obey. To bow down to those who had injured them, to flatter those they hated. Dreadful condition! which Homer, whose knowledge of human nature will not be doubted, makes in a special manner the wretchedness even of the wretched Priam himself.

“ Prostrate his children’s murderer to implore,  
And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore.”



And if to these mountains, in poverty and depression, some of their descendants continue to cling, when a brighter sky, and warmer sun, and happier land, invite them from the other side of the Atlantic, because religion teaches them to view in the storms which shake the earth, the judgments of an avenging God, and prophecy tells them that the hour of their deliverance is nigh, would it be thought wonderful or strange? But on this ungracious subject I will not dwell: it would be worse than ungracious in me.

Simple and warm-hearted people! because I had in a light work written a few lines in your favour, because I had done you a faint kind of justice, how expressive were your feelings, how warm was your gratitude, and how sincere were your thanks!

Oh, how repeated must have been the injuries which deadened those feelings of kindness; how deep the sense of the injustice, which shut up those kind and glowing hearts, which plucked the damask rose of love, and turned its opening leaves to livid barrenness! Oh, how it is to be lamented, that of late years, feeling, rather than calculation, has not predominated in the councils of England; the soul of generosity, rather than the measure of policy; and that the great and god-like statesman was not spared, whose spirit might have moved dove-like on the waters, and hushed them into quietness!

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Reflections on disease—Leprosy—Consumption—Epilepsy—Singular cures for it—An Irish wake—Remarks on dying persons—Tales of superstition—Irish mourning-cry.

A——.

THE comparative merits of a state of high and low civilization is a question which has been often discussed: I shall not enter into it; I shall only mention one advantage of the latter, which counterbalances many advantages of the former; I mean its greater freedom from disease: of health may be truly, what is fancifully said of liberty, that

“ It makes the gloomy face of nature gay,  
Gives beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.”

When disease stretches the sons of affluence, listless and wakeful, on their couches of down, health gives peaceful slumbers and pleasing dreams to the rude inhabitant of the mountain on his bed of straw.

To enumerate the diseases of civilization would be a task as wearisome as disgusting: I shall say all that is necessary on the subject when I mention that, according to Doctor Cullen's Nosology, they amount to thirteen hundred and eighty-seven; the single class of nervous diseases furnishes six hundred and twelve of that number: so tremendous are the evils which gluttony, sensuality, pride, avarice and ambition, have inflicted upon man. The diseases of these mountains are few in number, and are mostly fevers, consumptions, cutaneous eruptions, and convulsions.

Nothing can be more simple than the general treatment of those fevers: the patient is left entirely to nature, which seldom fails to restore him: he swallows no medicine; he takes no nourishment, because he has no desire for it; he drinks plenty of cold water, because he has an ardent longing for it: when the disease proves fatal, it is almost always in consequence of the interference of some person pretending to medical skill: a sweat, as it is called, is the remedy most commonly recommended, which is attempted to be forced out in some preposterous manner: the poor patient then dies, as the rich one often does, not of the disease, but of the doctor.

Diseases, like fashions, change: the cutaneous eruptions of these mountains are the lingering remains of the leprosy, a disorder now happily almost unknown; how much it prevailed in the middle ages may be conceived, when I mention that there were nineteen thousand hospitals, for lepers only, in Christendom: Lewis the eighth, king of France, in the thirteenth century, bequeathed legacies to two thousand leprous hospitals in his own kingdom. Consumptions are very prevalent, not only in these mountains, but among all ranks and descriptions of people in every part of Ireland; I hardly know a family that has not lost a member by this afflicting disorder; the most promising and beautiful member, it mournfully relates. It is the nature of man, while he undervalues what he possesses, to exaggerate the value of what he has lost: but consumption, in reality, is most apt to attack young people of the sanguine temperament, of great liveliness of imagination, and, if it does not find them beautiful, it almost ever makes them so: I can hardly conceive a

more interesting object than a lovely young woman, decked with the enchantress flowers of this disorder, like an unconscious victim moving to her own early funeral: and when I gaze on her aërial form, on the deep hectic of her cheek, and the soft blue of her transparent veins, through which the blood scarcely circulates, she seems an angel of whom the earth is unworthy, and who is about to return to her native skies.

It was my fortune once to see a very young lady die of this disorder: she was perfectly aware of her approaching dissolution, and perfectly resigned; yet she had some reasons to wish to live, for she loved, and the object for whom she had renounced all her friends was at her side; she consoled him, comforted him, and (as he was afterwards told) gave up her last breath in ejaculations for him: I remember the scene as if it were yesterday, for it made a strong impression on me.

I should attribute the prevalence of consumption in Ireland as much to the variableness of its climate, as to the dampness of its soil: women are more subject to it than men, as well from their going more lightly clad, as from the greater delicacy of their organization. It is the law in England, that every person must be buried in woollen: there never was a law to compel the living to wear flannel, yet it would be a more useful one.

I have said above, that convulsive diseases are common in these mountains: as there is nothing that I know of, in the climate or soil, to occasion them, they may be, perhaps, in some degree owing to the intemperate use of ardent spirits: I have seen, however, many

cases of epilepsy in young persons of both sexes, which could not be attributed to this cause.

Epilepsy is a disorder about which all nations have entertained extraordinary opinions: it was in ancient times called *morbis sacer*, and persons affected with it were supposed to be inspired: the extravagance of its writhings and contortions might very naturally excite such an idea in a superstitious people, the more particularly as they were very similar to those of an oracle in the act of prophecy: it has at times a strong tendency to injure the faculties, and sometimes leads to downright idiotism; yet there are instances where it has had a directly opposite effect, and where it appears, in common with many other diseases, to have quickened, rather than slackened, the mental powers: Julius Cæsar, a man, perhaps, of the greatest talents that ever existed, was subject to frequent fits of it; and Buonaparte is said to be liable to attacks of catalepsy, which is only one of its modifications.

The greatest men, indeed, I have little doubt, will be generally found among the delicate and sickly: nature is fond of equality, and where she gives bodily weakness she gives mental strength: but even supposing mental strength to be equal in the healthy and sickly, the temperance and sobriety which the latter is obliged to practise give him infinite advantages over the former: temperance and sobriety elevate man to the Deity; gluttony and drunkenness degrade him to the brute.

A number of singular medicines are in vogue here for the cure of the disorder I have been speaking of: rain water, collected from the lettered cavities of a tombstone, drank at midnight; the moss that grows

in a dead man's skull swallowed fasting; rubbing the face and neck with a dead or a hanged man's hand, are a few of them: doubtless they are often effectual in stopping the nervous movements, by inspiring the mind with horror, awe, and dread.

On the same principle I should account for the efficacy of the grand medicine, which is never had recourse to except on desperate occasions, and when every other has failed. The epileptic is brought with great solemnity before the priest, who prays over him, and then throws round his neck an amulet, or little silken bag, containing a slip of paper, on which is written the following verse from the first chapter of the gospel of St. John: "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." This remedy is in almost equal repute with the low Protestant and Catholic: they may differ a little, indeed, with regard to its source, for while the latter piously ascribes it to God, the former most generally attributes it to the devil. This he more naturally does, because, if he avail himself of the charm, he renounces his religion, for it ceases to operate the instant he enters a church door, and (*horribile dictu*) the convulsions immediately return.

I was called down a few days ago to the *low country*, to see the son of a Catholic in easy circumstances, on whom the charm had been tried, and was found wanting: by the time I got to him, he was under the influence of a more potent spell, and all human assistance was unavailing: the casual sight of him, however, imposed on me the necessity of attending his wake and funeral.

An Irish wake has been often described, and often

ridiculed ; I saw nothing ridiculous in the present one : though every apartment in the house was crowded, the most perfect order and decorum prevailed ; the kitchen was filled with servants and labourers, to whom tea and tobacco were liberally given ; in the parlour were assembled the neighbouring farmers and shopkeepers ; wine and punch were on the table ; but they were taken sparingly, and several did not take them at all ; these were Catholics : of late years, they are not permitted to drink at wakes : this is a regulation of their clergy,—a most laudable one, as disgusting scenes of drunkenness, doubtless, often occurred : nothing more forcibly marks the influence the Catholic clergy possess over the middle and lower classes of their own order than this circumstance ; if they gave up whiskey, they would give up any thing.

Two large candles were placed on a table in the room where the corpse lay : they gave a gloomy and sepulchral kind of light, as superstition does not allow them to be snuffed : the bed was hung round with white ; the body was dressed in a shroud and a cap with black riband ; a plate of salt was laid on the breast, not, as has been supposed, in the expectation of its keeping the dead from corruption, but on account of its preserving the living from infection ; possibly, likewise, from some fanciful analogy between corporeal and spiritual corruption.

I approached the dead body and uncovered the face : I contemplated it long : I scarcely know a more sublime object than the face of a dead man : the passions that distorted it are fled ; there is no longer either joy or sorrow ; all is silent as the dark mansion in which it is to be enclosed.

I have witnessed the last struggles of many dying persons: in general, I am happy to state (for in the last struggles of poor human nature we are all interested), they seemed to suffer much less than would be supposed: convulsions passed over, but seldom much distorted, the face; a smile, even, would often play upon the lips while they stood quivering on the cheeks and temples; a celestial expression would shine in their eyes, as they imitated, with their hands on the bed-clothes, the pretty movements of gathering flowers, and talked in broken and indistinct language of green fields and falling waters: who can tell but at those moments they had lofty glimpses of thought, more sublime than ever entered into the conception of a poet? who can tell but at those moments they had a bright foretaste of the happiness of Heaven in the verdant meadows, the shady bowers, and cooling streams, in which, in fancy, they were wandering?

They gradually sank down lower and lower in the bed; a slight heaving of the shoulders, and drawing up of the limbs, were almost immediately followed by their stretching themselves out to everlasting quietness. Cæsar, when he found his fate inevitable, drew his robes around him, that he might fall with dignity; in falling so, he did no more than is done by the commonest man: the attitude of death is ever a graceful one.

The company in this apartment were relations of the deceased, and mostly women; for where sorrow is, women are mostly to be found.

In England, relations generally keep away on such occasions; I suppose, because it is not accounted wise to indulge in unavailing sorrow: it *is wise* to indulge



in it; for, "by the sadness of the countenance, the heart is made better:" it is wise to contemplate, often to contemplate, what we must one day be ourselves: we may run away from our friend's funeral, we cannot run away from our own.

The conversation was carried on in an under voice, and turned on death and judgment, and ghosts and apparitions: more stories were told of these latter than I can remember: I was as forcibly struck with the look and tone of terror and affright, with which they were told and listened to, as I was with the importance they showed man is of to himself, who cannot die but that hundreds of imaginary beings are conjured up to bewail his dissolution, and give warning of it.

The Banshee (a spiritual being who foretels death by the most plaintive cries), a cousin of the deceased related, was heard wailing the live-long night of his death, and, just before it happened, vanished, clapping her hands, and crying, "Oh, Katty Galbraith (the young man's mother)! Katty Galbraith! but you are going to get a sore heart."

The sudden death, a short time before, of a young lady in the neighbourhood, was talked of, and lamented, as a most unexpected and unaccountable circumstance. "Dear heart! dear heart!" said an old woman, "I might have told of it weeks and weeks before. Didn't I see, with my own eyes, her *wraith* going up the bank of the river, behind her father's house, with a water-bottle in her hand?"

A wraith is such a shadowy representation of a living person, as a ghost is of a dead one: whenever it is seen, it is a sure sign that the person, man or woman, to whom it belongs, is shortly to die.

From death, I know not by what transition, they came to talk of marriage. In marriage, as well as in hanging, there has always been supposed a destiny, and fate was powerful in these marriages. It is an article of popular belief in Ireland, as well as in Scotland, that if certain ceremonies are performed at midnight on Allhallows eve, the person who performs them shall see the figure of his or her future wife or husband: the beautiful poem of Halloween, by Robert Burns, contains a faithful and amusing account of these lingering superstitions of other days: to those, if there be any, who have not read it, the following will give a faint idea of them.

Two girls went out at the dark of the moon, and washed their shifts in south running water, in the devil's name; they hung them before the fire in the room where they lay, keeping awake and silent, as the charm requires. Towards morning, two apparitions came in and turned them: the one was that of a man with a rope about his neck, the other was that of a man in a coffin. Shortly afterwards, the two girls were married to men bearing the forms in question: one of these was hanged for horse-stealing, and the other died the day after his marriage.

A comely servant maid of a neighbouring farmer went out, in a similar manner, to wash her shift in the devil's name: the apparition of her master passed; as she had left him asleep in bed, she was in a terrible fright: she came in, and told the circumstance to her mistress, who persuaded her to go out a second time, and to take with her a pair of scissors: the apparition once again slowly passed; she, unobserved, cut off a piece from the skirt of its coat, and returned with it

to her mistress. "Well!" said the good woman, "what must be must; you will be his second wife; and be kind to my children, for I have but a short time to live." The servant maid, however, forgot this injunction; and when married to her master, which she was about twelve months afterwards, proved a very step-mother.

At the dawn of day, the whole company, with one voice, uttered a wild and sudden shriek: this is an ancient custom, and appears to me a natural one: the first rays of new-born day break dismally on the brilliant halls of rejoicing, and give the gay figures, who glide over their figured floors, a sad and livid hue; they may well be supposed to make death more ghastly, and its apartment more sorrowful.

At eight o'clock the funeral went out: the frantic sorrow of the mother and sisters, as the coffin was removing, it would be impossible to describe; they hung round it, tore their hair, which they flung in handfuls on it, clasped it in their arms, beat on it with their hands, called on the deceased by his name, by a thousand tender, by a thousand almost reproachful names, to hear, to answer, to come forth: they called on their Saviour, who had raised Lazarus from the grave, to burst the bands of death, and bid him come forth—in his winding-sheet, in putrefaction, in corruption, to come forth: the mother flung herself across the head of the little stairs to block up the passage, and it was only by stepping over her, that the body could at length be brought down.

I felt as if the weight of a mountain were taken off my breast, when I got out of hearing (which was not for a long time) of her, and of her daughters' cries.

The priest stopped at a field near the church: the coffin was laid at his feet, and the people ranged themselves round, while he read the funeral service of the church of Rome in a solemn and impressive manner. Fondly attached to their ancient burying-places, which they regard as holy ground, the Catholics still bear their dead to them, though they are mostly now Protestant churchyards. It is almost superfluous to say, that they are not allowed to perform there the ceremonies of their religion, and that the body is laid in the clay, and that the earth falls lumbering upon it, with no solemn mass said or dirge sung. This, to the eye of reason that resides in a large town, will appear a slight evil, but to the heart of sensibility that dwells in the country it is a great one. The more, indeed, I reflect on the evils of the people of Ireland, I am the more disposed to refer a portion of them to feeling, as much as to condition, and to believe that, had they people of feeling to deal with (which statesmen rarely are), they might be got rid of.

The service was succeeded by the mournful cry of death, which continued until we reached the churchyard. To my ears—perhaps attuned to it by the lamentations they just had heard—it seemed a sadly pleasing strain, such as sorrow well might utter, and pensiveness might love to hear. Many who will not allow the Irish cry to be musical, have admitted that it is melancholy; and have thereby admitted their own want of knowledge of music. No concourse of sounds can be melancholy without being musical, nor, paradoxical as it may appear, can any, I think, be fully musical without being melancholy. Music, as well as poetry, issues from heaven, and never can reside in its

perfection with noisy mirth or broad-faced laughter. Let any person try the simple experiment of listening to a German waltz, and afterwards to an English country dance, and, probably, he will be nearly of a similar opinion.

Mourning over the dead, in a manner nearly similar to that in use with the Irish, was practised by almost all ancient nations. Many passages in the sacred writings show that it was the custom of the Hebrews.

“ Call for the mourning women, that they may come ;” “ We have mourned unto you, but you have not lamented ;” “ Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets,” are a few of them.

Artificial mourners stand round the corpse of Hector, as well as Hecuba and Andromache, and, alternately with the natural ones, bewail his loss and sing his praises.

“ A melancholy choir attend around,  
With plaintive sighs, and music’s solemn sound ;  
Alternately they sing, alternate flow  
The obedient tears, melodious in their woe,  
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,  
And nature speaks at every pause of art.”

A similar display of sorrow over the dead body of Pallas, is to be found in the eleventh book of the *Æneid*.

“ Circum omnis famulûmque manus, Trojanaque turba,  
Et mœstæ Iliades crinem de more solutæ.  
Ut vero *Æneas* foribus sese intulit altis,  
Ingentem gemitum tunsis ad sidera tollunt  
Pectoribus, mœstoque immugit regia luctu.”

The high antiquity of the Irish cry, indeed, is unquestionable, from the circumstance of its obstinately

refusing the accompaniment of the base. No kind of base accompaniment, as has been remarked by Doctor Burney, was known to the Greeks or Romans. That, however, which would be classic beauty in them, is hideous deformity in the native Irish, and their Keenagh, as it is most frequently called, has been a never-failing subject of derision and contempt.

It generally combines with lamentations the eulogy of the deceased. In the one I have been describing, the mourners sorrowfully dwelt on the extreme youth of the young man, and bewailed, in no rude strains, his untimely fate. With a little correction from the hand of taste, it would have spoken nearly such language as the following :

The autumn winds rushing  
 Waft the leaves that are searest,  
 But our flower was in flushing  
 When blighting was nearest.  
 Like the dew on the mountain,  
 Like the foam on the river,  
 Like the bubble on the fountain,  
 Thou art gone and for ever.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Society in the north of Ireland—Character of the Northerners—  
 Instances of their success in life—Colonel T———Lord  
 Moira's commendation of Ulster—Female manners—Conclu-  
 sion.

*A——.*

SINCE writing my last I have met with a slight accident. I must confine myself for a few weeks to

my chamber, and forego the pleasure I proposed to myself, in visiting the Giant's Causeway. I hope to enjoy it, however, on some future occasion. As it is probable, therefore, I may again resume this subject, I shall only make (in addition to those I have already made) a few general remarks on the inhabitants of the north of Ireland.

In other parts of Ireland, it is to be lamented that there are only two classes in society, and that the third, which is the best, is wanting—it is not wanting here. But there are not only three classes, but it may likewise be said, three nations. The gentry, who are the English Irish. The merchants, shopkeepers, and manufacturers, who are the Scotch Irish, and the servants, small farmers, and labourers, who are mostly composed of the native Irish. The second class is the most rational, the most enlightened, and by far the most industrious body; equally removed from the extremes of want and wealth, it is in the middle state, between poverty and riches, in which the royal preacher wished to be placed. It must be admitted, however, that profusion on the one hand, and the exactions of landlords on the other, are inclining it to the side of poverty. In most other countries the gentry give the tone to society; it is the middle class (in a great degree, at least,) that gives it here—it is the link which unites the other two: to a certain degree, correcting their errors and softening their hatreds. In consequence of this, the gentry of the north are milder in their manners, “and bear their faculties more meekly,” than in the west and south of Ireland.

It is, therefore, among the Presbyterians of Ulster that the provincial character is to be sought; and I

am happy to be able to remark that, after attentive examination, I find their virtues far more numerous than their defects. In general they are great readers of the Bible. It is the first book that is put into their hands, and all their ideas take a tinge from it, and often their phrases; they are accustomed to reflect, and to talk on the doctrines it contains, and are, therefore, great reasoners on theological, as well as on other subjects. A simple countryman has been known to stand up in the meeting-house, and address the preacher, on what he called false doctrine.

There are few great farmers; the country people are mostly weavers, and have a few acres of land only. This is the ancient, and almost patriarchal mode of life, more favourable to happiness and morality, to national prosperity, though not perhaps to bloated national greatness, than any other. The character and appearance of the English people have been materially injured by crowding such immense numbers of men and women into vast manufactories in large towns. The children of such people are weak, ricketty, and generally as deformed in mind as in body. I have remarked that ricketty people are almost always malevolent. Envy, perhaps, may have some share in this.

The better class of country people live in great abundance; wine is not much used, but they have great plenty of what they like better, and what is, perhaps, better adapted to the climate, which is whiskey punch. They are slovenly in their habits, and an Englishman would often feel disgust at the state in which their houses are kept. These are in general large unhewn masses of stone, with little ornament



without, and little cleanliness within. Only what is necessary is attended to, utility alone is thought of, rarely beauty. A northern farm-house, therefore, is an accurate resemblance of the northern character; it is a picture without a frame, a bed without a curtain, a drawing-room without a carpet. It is astonishing how little idea Presbyterians have of pastoral beauty; the Catholic has ten times more fancy—but a Presbyterian minds only the main chance. If he builds a cottage, it is a prison in miniature; if he has a lawn, it is only grass; the fence of his grounds is a stone wall, seldom a hedge; his garden has kale, but rarely has flowers; nature may give him the honeysuckle, but he seldom plants the rose.

The truth is, that a Presbyterian has a sluggish imagination: it may be awakened by the gloomy or terrific, but seldom revels in the beautiful. The sweet delusions, therefore, with which fancy loves to deck poor, weak, naked human nature, he is a stranger to. For this reason works of poetry are little relished by the Northerners. I know of only one instance of a poet of any eminence being born here: Farquhar, the author of the *Beaux Stratagem*, and other esteemed dramatic works, and I should suppose from the name that he was of an ancient Irish family. This latter remark may appear fanciful, but it is just. The ancient Irish retain, with the names, much of the ancient expression of feature, and much of the ancient character. When a descendant of one of them marries a woman of Scottish blood, we see, in the children, the varied predominance of Scottish steadiness and frugality, or Irish thoughtlessness and impetuosity, as their features resemble either of the parents. This is

a most curious circumstance, and a man of observation, who resided long enough here to collect a sufficient number of facts, might throw much light on a very dark subject. The natives of the place never attend to this, and would, probably, laugh at it if it was proposed to them. Men never think strange what they are long accustomed to, but they think strange, probably silly, the man who thinks it so. The peasant, perched on some alpine cliff which overlooks the precipice, does not admire the wisdom of the Englishman, who forsakes his verdant meads to climb those perilous rocks, and shiver in that boundless snow. The fisherman, whose hut is on the strand, sees no grandeur in the ocean, feels no terror from the tempest's roar.

In the Northern character there is much probity, much integrity and friendliness; but it has few of the lighter virtues which grace many other nations. It is estimable, therefore, rather than amiable; it is desirable more as a friend than acquaintance; it is a piece of massy plate, valued for its weight and solidity, but not for its fashion. Man is, here, more as he came from the hands of nature: rough and headlong, boiling and bubbling from the rock, he is like one of his own mountain torrents, which dashes against immense stones, rude projections, and has not yet formed to itself a passage and bed; he has not the mild and mitigated tones, the gentle manners, which now characterise English society; he is more peremptory in contradiction, more familiar in his address, and louder in his laugh. I do verily believe, paradoxical as it may appear, that Irish morals (I mean northern Irish) are preferable to English, but in manners they are far short of them. But this, perhaps, is unavoidable; we

cannot have the graces of perfect civilization with the manly virtues of a less advanced state. We cannot at once smell the blossoms of spring, and gather the fruit of autumn. Nor, perhaps, is this very high polish of civilization desirable. Time, which mellows the colours of the picture, destroys likewise the canvas on which they are laid.

Though the Northerners possess so little suavity of manners at home, I know no people who acquire it sooner abroad, or who sooner get rid of their provincial features and accent. They have been very successful in making their way in England, by regular and combined effort. Their conduct is orderly and proper; but as their original accent is Scotch, and they soon acquire an English one, they are seldom taken for natives of Ireland: nor, when the prejudice against that country is considered, is it very wonderful that they should not be in a hurry to claim connexion with it? Ireland is therefore in a great measure deprived of the advantage of their good character. Several most respectable physicians in London are natives of this part of the country, but hardly any of them are known there to be such. Lord Castlereagh is another strong instance of the facility with which they acquire the manners of Englishmen. When Lord Melville, and other Scotchmen, were high in office, even at the time their conduct was most approved of, they were viewed with some jealousy by the people; but Lord Castlereagh blended more naturally with them; his politics might not be approved of, but there was no feeling of national distinctness either in him to them, or in them to him. Little as I approve of some parts of the public conduct of this noble lord, I am happy to bear testimony

to the many estimable qualities he displays in private life. I know from unquestionable authority, that on more than one occasion during the late rebellion, his *humanity* saved those whom justice would have condemned. A poor lad, the son of a blind harper, wandered barefooted and barelegged a few years ago from the town of Strabane: he returned some time afterwards, a reverend Dean of the church, and is now a Bishop.

Colonel T——, chief secretary to the commander-in-chief, is another fortunate Northern. He went into the army at a very early period of life, unknown and unfriended. The polish of his manners, the elegance of his address, and the integrity of his conduct, soon procured him patrons. The Duke of York, in a particular manner, took an active share in promoting his interest. He sent him as military secretary along with General Whitelock, to South America. After the unsuccessful termination of that expedition, he took him into his own office at the Horse-Guards. In the discharge of its duties, Colonel T—— has given universal satisfaction; he presents a fair picture of the Northern character, modified no doubt, by early association with the army and people of rank. He is not deficient in that judicious *assentation*, without which it is impossible long to please any great man; yet with none of the servility of which the Scotch have been accused. The native Irish, from their want of this assentation, seldom make their way well in life: not that they are incapable of flattery, but their habitual flightiness makes it liable to many interruptions. The folly or passion of an hour, oftentimes destroys the labour of years.

Long before the abolition of the slave-trade in the

West Indies, it was put a stop to in the island of St. Helena by the indefatigable exertions of the governor, who is a native of the county of Cavan, in this province. He had much misrepresentation, obloquy, and even danger to encounter ; hut his philanthropy made him regardless of them all. On such conduct comments are unnecessary. To the virtuous belongs a reward superior to the praises of men—the approbation of their own hearts ; yet I cannot forego the gratification of inscribing on those pages the name of Colonel Robert Brooke.

Lord Moira, in one of his speeches in the House of Lords, said, that there was more information in the province of Ulster, than in any other country in the universe of equal extent. This, I think, is exaggerated praise ; they are (as far as my observation extends) a rational and thinking, rather than a reading people ; their natural good sense, however, enables them to talk with great propriety on most subjects of conversation. They are, if I may so express myself, workmen who do much with few tools ; they are musicians who ring many changes on few bells. I know of but one periodical publication in the whole province ; a magazine printed in Belfast ; a work replete with sound sense and just observation, delivered in plain and perspicuous language. In these respects, it is a striking contrast to the general run of Dublin compositions ; the authors of which, from their eager solicitude to please, often fail to do it : they substitute tinsel for gold, and shadow for substance ; the matter is overwhelmed with its ornaments ; the man is smothered in his armour. I have often, on reading a page of fine writing in a Dublin newspaper, exclaimed, with the Greeks of old,

“ what is all this to Hercules !” If my advice had any weight with these gentlemen, I should recommend them “ more matter with less art.” The desire to be brilliant, and to dazzle, is too obvious, and is almost universal. The judge on the bench, and the bishop in the pulpit, are equally guilty of it. They write and speak of a subject, but they think of themselves. They resemble a handsome servant-maid, who appears busy in putting the flowers in her mistress’s head, but is all the time adjusting herself in the mirror before her.

It would be unpardonable in a sketch of this kind, not to say a few words of the ladies. In general they are fair and well-looking. They are not unsuccessful copyists of English fashions, and have a good deal the appearance of English women. If there is a shade of difference, it is that their features are larger, and their persons rather more masculine. They are very fond of dancing ; in which they display more vivacity and rapidity of movement than elegance or grace. This, perhaps, may be no evil. Young women who are taught the steps of opera-dancers, are often apt (if I may be allowed the pun) to make *false steps*.—They are chaste in a degree that hardly any country this day can boast of. Adultery, or an intrigue even, is unknown among females in the middle class. A married woman may be violent, may be a termagant ; an unmarried one may be pert, may be ignorant, may be flippant, but they are

“ Chaste as the icicle  
That hangs on Dian’s temple.”

To an Englishman, as may be easily conceived, the plainness of their accent would at first be unpleasant. But his ear would soon accommodate itself to it, per-

haps even find beauty in it; a great beauty in a female, an apparent freedom from affectation and assumption.

The northern Irish accent, as I have elsewhere remarked, is neither a Scotch nor an Irish one, but a mixture of both, as the people are. Their pronunciation is broad, with a considerable degree of asperity in some places, and with some degree of it in all. In common with the inhabitants of every other part of Ireland, they give the letter *a* the open sound in almost all those words in which the English give it the long and slender one. In the course of this work I have marked the very general substitution of *i* for *e*. Another peculiarity of their pronunciation, is an unpleasant thickening or doubling of the letter *r*; thereby rendering this rough and jarring consonant still rougher and harsher.

As I have already mentioned that the native Irish in this province are mostly servants, small farmers (cotters, in Irish phrase), and labourers, it would be unfair to judge the general character by men in their situation. They appear to me to have many of the good qualities, and many of the bad ones, which have been attributed to them. They are warm-hearted, friendly, cheerful, and affectionate; but they are regarded with distrust: they are, therefore, cunning; they are drunken, and in that condition, turbulent and quarrelsome; long trampled on too and oppressed, they are subservient when they are not turbulent, and thoughtless of remote consequences, and fondly attached to the country, to the soil, which they deem their own, they eagerly take land at any rent, and bow down before greatness, or its representation, in all that lowliness of prostration which delegated greatness in a particular manner so loves. In a contest for land,

therefore, they are as sure to outbid, as, of late years at least, they are to be preferred to their more unbending Presbyterian antagonists; and scarcely are they settled when they take wives, and beget children to inherit their miseries, and possibly to avenge them.

The Presbyterians of Ulster will, I have no doubt, be found by every traveller who views them without prejudice, to be what I have described them, a sedate and orderly people. Whether they are so because they are Presbyterians; or are Presbyterians because they are sedate and orderly, I shall not positively determine; but I should suspect the latter. Men at length settle into the religion the best suited to their temperaments, as every man after forty is said to be his own best doctor. Modes of religion are modified by disposition and climate, and those which are adopted by one people, would be rejected, and with reason, by another. The cold and unadorned religion of Scotchmen would little suit the warm and glowing imaginations of Italians or Greeks. Religion is uniform and universal; the modes of it partial, and as varied as our countenances and complexions,—of no more importance (could men be brought to think so) than the garment of the preacher. The pure and benevolent heart is the only offering worthy of the Deity, and equally acceptable, I trust, whether it ascends from the Catholic chapel, or the Protestant cathedral; the Turkish mosque or the Pagan temple; the gorgeous dome of civilization, the clay-built altar of the savage, or the barbarous hut of the Esquimaux.

THE END.



*recently published,*

CHAILTON:

OR,

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A TALE.

BY JOHN GAMBLE, Esq.

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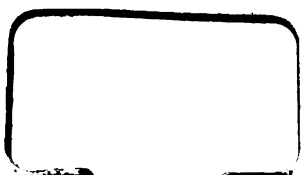








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The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry, no matter how small, should be recorded to ensure the integrity of the financial data. This includes not only sales and purchases but also expenses and income. The document provides a detailed list of items that should be tracked, such as inventory levels, accounts payable, and accounts receivable. It also outlines the procedures for recording these transactions, including the use of double-entry bookkeeping to ensure that the books are balanced.

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